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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.¹

IV.

THE next morning Grace was sitting beside her patient, with whom she had spent the night. It was possibly Mrs. Maynard's spiritual toughness which availed her, for she did not seem much the worse for her adventure: she had a little fever, and she was slightly hoarser; but she had died none of the deaths that she projected during the watches of the night, and for which she had chastened the spirit of her physician by the repeated assurance that she forgave her everything, and George Maynard everything, and hoped that they would be good to her poor little Bella. She had the child brought from its crib to her own bed, and moaned over it; but with the return of day and the duties of life she appeared to feel that she had carried her forgiveness far enough, and was again remembering her injuries against Grace, as she lay in her morning gown on the lounge which had been brought in for her from the parlor.

"Yes, Grace, I shall always say, if I had died — and I may die yet — that I did n't wish to go out with Mr. Libby, and that I went purely to please you. You forced me to go. I can't understand why you did it; for I don't suppose you wanted to *kill* us, whatever you did."

Grace could not lift her head. She bowed it over the little girl whom she had on her knee, and who was playing with the pin at her throat, in apparent unconsciousness of all that was said. But she had really followed it, with glimpses of intelligence, as children do, and now at this negative accusal she lifted her hand, and suddenly struck Grace a stinging blow on the cheek.

Mrs. Maynard sprang from her lounge. "Why, Bella! you worthless little wretch!" She caught her from Grace's knee, and shook her violently. Then, casting the culprit from her at random, she flung herself down again in a fit of coughing, while the child fled to Grace for consolation, and, wildly sobbing, buried her face in the lap of her injured friend.

"I don't know what I shall do about that child!" cried Mrs. Maynard. "She has George Maynard's temper right over again. I feel dreadfully, Grace!"

"Oh, never mind it," said Grace, fondling the child, and half addressing it. "I suppose Bella thought I had been unkind to her mother."

"That's just it!" exclaimed Louise. "When you've been kindness itself! Don't I owe everything to you? I should n't be alive at this moment if it were not for your treatment. Oh, Grace!" She began to cough again; the

paroxysm increased in vehemence. She caught her handkerchief from her lips; it was spotted with blood. She sprang to her feet, and regarded it with impersonal sternness. "Now," she said, "I *am* sick, and I want a *doctor*!"

"A doctor," Grace meekly echoed.

"Yes. I can't be trifled with any longer. I want a *man* doctor!"

Grace had looked at the handkerchief. "Very well," she said with coldness. "I shall not stand in your way of calling another physician. But if it will console you, I can tell you that the blood on your handkerchief means nothing worth speaking of. Whom shall I send for?" she asked, turning to go out of the room. "I wish to be your friend still, and I will do anything I can to help you."

"Oh, Grace Breen! Is *that* the way you talk to me?" whimpered Mrs. Maynard. "You *know* that I don't mean to give you up. I'm not a stone; I have *some* feeling. I did n't intend to dismiss you, but I thought perhaps you would like to have a consultation about it. I should think it was time to have a consultation, should n't you? Of course, I'm not alarmed, but I know it's getting serious, and I'm afraid that your medicine is n't active enough. That's it; it's perfectly good medicine, but it is n't active. They've all been saying that I ought to have something active. Why not *try* the whisky with the white-pine chips in it? I'm sure it's indicated." In her long course of medication she had picked up certain professional phrases, which she used with amusing seriousness. "It would be active, at any rate."

Grace did not reply. As she stood smoothing the head of the little girl, who had followed her to the door, and now leaned against her, hiding her tearful face in Grace's dress, she said, "I don't know of any homœopathic physician in this neighborhood. I don't believe there's one nearer than Boston, and I

should make myself ridiculous in calling one so far for a consultation. But I'm quite willing you should call one, and I will send for you at once."

"And would n't you consult with him, after he came?"

"Certainly not. It would be absurd."

"I should n't like to have a doctor come all the way from Boston," mused Mrs. Maynard, sinking on the lounge again. "There *must* be a doctor in the neighborhood. It can't be so healthy as *that*!"

"There's an allopathic physician at Corbitant," said Grace, passively. "A very good one, I believe," she added.

"Oh, *well*, then!" cried Mrs. Maynard, with immense relief. "Consult with *him*!"

"I've told you, Louise, that I would not consult with anybody. And I certainly would n't consult with a physician whose ideas and principles I knew nothing about."

"Why, but Grace!" Mrs. Maynard expostulated. "Is n't that rather prejudiced?" She began to take an impartial interest in Grace's position, and fell into an argumentative tone. "If two heads are better than one, — and everybody says they are, — I don't see how you can consistently refuse to talk with another physician."

"I can't explain to you, Louise," said Grace. "But you can call Dr. Mulbridge, if you wish. That will be the right way for you to do, if you have lost confidence in me."

"I have n't lost confidence in you, Grace. I don't see how you can talk so. You can give me bread pills, if you like, or *air* pills, and I will take them, gladly. I believe in you perfectly. But I do think that in a matter of this kind, where my health, and perhaps my life, is concerned, I ought to have a *little* say. I don't ask you to give up your principles, and I don't dream of giving you up, and yet you won't — just to please me! — exchange a few words

with another doctor about my case, merely because he's allopathic. I should call it bigotry, and I don't see how you can call it anything else." There was a sound of voices at the door outside, and she called cheerily, "Come in, Mr. Libby, — come in! There's nobody but Grace, here," she added, as the young man tentatively opened the door, and looked in. He wore an evening dress, even to the white cravat, and he carried in his hand a crush hat: there was something anomalous in his appearance, beyond the phenomenal character of his costume, and he blushed consciously as he bowed to Grace, and then at her motion shook hands with her. Mrs. Maynard did not give herself the fatigue of rising; she stretched her hand to him from the lounge, and he took it without the joy which he had shown when Grace made him the same advance. "How very swell you look! Going to an evening party this morning?" she cried; and after she had given him a second glance of greater intensity, "Why, what in the world has come over you?" It was the dress which Mr. Libby wore. He was a young fellow far too well made, and carried himself too alertly, to look as if any clothes misfitted him; his person gave their good cut elegance, but he had the effect of having fallen away in them. "Why, you look as if you had been sick a month!" Mrs. Maynard interpreted.

The young man surveyed himself with a downward glance. "They're Johnson's," he explained. "He had them sent down for a hop at the Long Beach House, and sent over for them. I had nothing but my camping flannels, and they haven't been got into shape yet, since yesterday. I wanted to come over and see how you were."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard. "I never thought of *you*! How in the world did you get to your camp?"

"I walked."

"In all that rain?"

"Well, I had been pretty well sprinkled, already. It was n't a question of wet and dry; it was a question of wet and wet. I was going off bareheaded, — I lost my hat in the water, you know, — but your man, here, hailed me round the corner of the kitchen, and lent me one. I've been taking up collections of clothes ever since."

Mr. Libby spoke lightly, and with a cry of "Barlow's hat!" Mrs. Maynard went off in a shriek of laughter; but a deep distress kept Grace silent. It seemed to her that she had been lacking not only in thoughtfulness, but in common humanity, in suffering him to walk away several miles in the rain, without making an offer to keep him and have him provided for in the house. She remembered now her bewildered impression that he was without a hat when he climbed the stairs and helped her to the house; she recalled the fact that she had thrust him on to the danger he had escaped, and her heart was melted with grief and shame. "Mr. Libby" — she began, going up to him, and drooping before him in an attitude which simply and frankly expressed the contrition she felt; but she could not continue. Mrs. Maynard's laugh broke into the usual cough, and as soon as she could speak she seized the word.

"Well, there, now; we can leave it to Mr. Libby. It's the principle of the thing that I look at. And I want to see how it strikes him. I want to know, Mr. Libby, if you were a doctor," — he looked at Grace, and flushed, — "and a person was very sick, and wanted you to consult with another doctor, whether you would let the mere fact that you had n't been introduced have any weight with you!" The young man silently appealed to Grace, who darkened angrily, and before he could speak Mrs. Maynard interposed. "No, no, you shan't ask her. I want your opinion.

It's just an abstract question." She accounted for this fib with a wink at Grace.

"Really," he said, "it's rather formidable. I've never been a doctor of any kind."

"Oh, yes, we know that!" said Mrs. Maynard. "But you are now, and now would you do it?"

"If the other fellow knew more, I would."

"But if you thought he did n't?"

"Then I would n't. What are you trying to get at, Mrs. Maynard? I'm not going to answer any more of your questions."

"Yes, — one more. Don't you think it's a doctor's place to get his patient well any way he can?"

"Why, of course!"

"There, Grace! It's just exactly the same case. And ninety-nine out of a hundred would decide against you every time."

Libby turned towards Grace in confusion. "Miss Breen — I did n't understand — I don't presume to meddle in anything — You're not fair, Mrs. Maynard! I have n't got any opinion on the subject, Miss Breen; I have n't, indeed!"

"Oh, you can't back out, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, joyously. "You've said it."

"And you're quite right, Mr. Libby," said Grace haughtily. She bade him good-morning; but he followed her from the room, and left Mrs. Maynard to her triumph.

"Miss Breen — Do let me speak to you, please! Upon my word and honor, I did n't know what she was driving at; I did n't, indeed! It's pretty rough on me, for I never dreamt of setting myself up as a judge of your affairs. I know you're right, whatever you think; and I take it all back; it was got out of me by fraud, any way. And I beg your pardon for not calling you Doctor — if you want me to do it; the other comes

more natural; but I wish to recognize you in the way you prefer, for I do feel most respectful — reverent" —

He was so very earnest and so really troubled, and he stumbled about so for the right word, and hit upon the wrong one with such unflinching disaster, that she must have been superhuman not to laugh. Her laughing seemed to relieve him even more than her hearty speech. "Call me how you like, Mr. Libby. I don't insist upon anything, with you; but I believe I prefer Miss Breen."

"You're very kind! Miss Breen it is, then. And you'll forgive my siding against you?" he demanded radiantly.

"Don't speak of that again, please. I've nothing to forgive you."

They walked down-stairs and out on the piazza. Barlow stood before the steps, holding by the bit a fine bay mare, who twitched her head round a little at the sound of Libby's voice, and gave him a look. He passed without noticing the horse. "I'm glad to find Mrs. Maynard so well. With that cold of hers, hanging on so long, I didn't know but she'd be in an awful state this morning."

"Yes," said Grace, "it's a miraculous escape."

"The fact is, I sent over to New Leyden for my team, yesterday. I did n't know how things might turn out, and you're so far from a lemon, here, that I thought I might be useful in going errands."

Grace turned her head, and glanced at the equipage. "Is that your team?"

"Yes," said the young fellow, with a smile of suppressed pride.

"What an exquisite creature!" said the girl.

"Is n't she!" They both faced about, and stood looking at the mare and the light, shining open buggy behind her. The sunshine had the after-storm glister; the air was brisk, and the breeze blew balm from the heart of the pine forest. "Miss Breen," he broke out,

"I *wish* you 'd take a little dash through the woods with me. I've got a broad-track buggy, that's just right for these roads. I don't suppose it's the thing at all to ask you, on such short acquaintance, but I wish you would! I know you'd enjoy it! Come!"

His joyous urgency gave her a strange thrill. She had long ceased to imagine herself the possible subject of what young ladies call attentions, and she did not think of herself in that way now. There was something in the frank, eager boyishness of the invitation that fascinated her, and the sunny face turned so hopefully upon her had its amusing eloquence. She looked about the place with an anxiety of which she was immediately ashamed: all the ladies were out of sight, and probably at the foot of the cliff.

"Don't say no, Miss Breen," pleaded the gay voice.

The answer seemed to come of itself. "Oh, thank you, yes, I should like to go."

"Good!" he exclaimed, and the word which riveted her consent made her recoil.

"But not this morning. Some other day. I—I—I want to think about Mrs. Maynard. I—ought n't to leave her. Excuse me, this morning, Mr. Libby."

"Why, of course," he tried to say with unaltered gayety, but a note of disappointment made itself felt. "Do you think she's going to be worse?"

"No, I don't think she is. But"—She paused, and waited a space before she continued. "I'm afraid I can't be of use to her any longer. She has lost confidence in me—it's important she should trust her physician." Libby blushed, as he always did when required to recognize Grace in her professional quality. "It's more a matter of nerves than anything else, and if she does n't believe in me I can't do her any good."

"Yes, I can understand that," said

the young man, with gentle sympathy; and she felt, somehow, that he delicately refrained from any leading or prompting comment.

"She has been urging me to have a consultation with some doctor about her case, and I—it would be ridiculous!"

"Then I would n't do it!" said Mr. Libby. "You know a great deal better what she wants than she does. You had better make her do what you say."

"I did n't mean to burden you with my affairs," said Grace, "but I wished to explain her motive in speaking to you as she did." After she had said this, it seemed to her rather weak, and she could not think of anything else that would strengthen it. The young man might think that she had asked advice of him. She began to resent his telling her to make Mrs. Maynard do what she said. She was about to add something to snub him, when she recollected that it was her own willfulness which had precipitated the present situation, and she humbled herself.

"She will probably change her mind," said Libby. "She would if you could let her carry her point," he added, with a light esteem for Mrs. Maynard, which set him wrong again in Grace's eyes: he had no business to speak so to her.

"Very likely," she said, in stiff withdrawal from all terms of confidence concerning Mrs. Maynard. She did not add anything more, and she meant that the young fellow should perceive that his audience was at an end. He did not apparently resent it, but she fancied him hurt in his acquiescence.

She went back to her patient, whom she found languid and disposed to sleep after the recent excitement, and she left her again, taking little Bella with her. Mrs. Maynard slept long, but woke none the better for her nap. Towards evening she grew feverish, and her fever mounted as the night fell. She was restless and wakeful, and between her dreamy dozes she was incessant in her

hints for a consultation to Grace, who passed the night in her room, and watched every change for the worse with a self-accusing heart. The impending trouble was in that indeterminate phase which must give the physician his most anxious moments, and this inexperienced girl, whose knowledge was all to be applied, and who had hardly arrived yet at that dismaying stage when a young physician finds all the results at war with all the precepts, began to realize the awfulness of her responsibility. She had always thought of saving life, and not of losing it.

V.

By morning Grace was as nervous and anxious as her patient, who had momentarily the advantage of her in having fallen asleep. She went stealthily out, and walked the length of the piazza, bathing her eyes with the sight of the sea, cool and dim under a clouded sky. At the corner next the kitchen she encountered Barlow, who, having kindled the fire for the cook, had spent a moment of leisure in killing some chickens at the barn; he appeared with a cluster of his victims in his hand, but at sight of Grace he considerably put them behind him.

She had not noticed them. "Mr. Barlow," she said, "how far is it to Corbitant?"

Barlow slouched into a conversational posture, easily resting on his raised hip the back of the hand in which he held the chickens. "Well, it's accordin' to who you ask. Some says six mile, and real clever folks makes it about four and a quarter."

"I ask you," persisted Grace.

"Well, the last time I was there, I thought it was about sixty. 'Most froze my fingers goin' round the point. 'N' all I was afraid of was gettin' there too soon. Tell you, a lee shore ain't a

pleasant neighbor in a regular *old* north-easter. 'F you go by land, I guess it's about ten mile round through the woods. Want to send for Dr. Mulbridge? I thought mebbe" —

"No, no!" said Grace. She turned back into the house, and then she came running out again; but by this time Barlow had gone into the kitchen, where she heard him telling the cook that these were the last of the dommyneckers. At breakfast several of the ladies came and asked after Mrs. Maynard, whose restless night they had somehow heard of. When she came out of the dining-room Miss Gleason waylaid her in the hall.

"Dr. Breen," she said in a repressed tumult, "I hope you won't give way. For woman's sake, I hope you won't! You owe it to yourself not to give way. I'm sure Mrs. Maynard is as well off in your hands as she can be. If I did n't think so, I should be the last to advise your being firm; but, feeling as I do, I do advise it most strongly. Everything depends on it."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Gleason," said Grace.

"I'm glad it has n't come to you yet. If it was a question of mere professional pride, I should say, By all means, call him at once. But I feel that a great deal more is involved. If you yield, you make it harder for other women to help themselves hereafter, and you confirm such people as these in their distrust of female physicians. Looking at it in a large way, I almost feel that it would be better for her to *die* than for you to give up; and feeling as I do" —

"Are you talking of Mrs. Maynard?" asked Grace.

"They are all saying that you ought to give up the case to Dr. Mulbridge. But I hope you won't. I should n't blame you for calling in another female physician" —

"Thank you," answered Grace. "There is no danger of her dying. But it seems to me that she has too many

female physicians already. In this house I should think it better to call a man." She left the barb to rankle in Miss Gleason's breast, and followed her mother to her room, who avenged Miss Gleason by a series of inquisitorial tortures, ending with the hope that, whatever she did, Grace would not have that silly creature's blood on her hands. The girl opened her lips to attempt some answer to this unanswerable aspiration, when the unwonted sound of wheels on the road without caught her ear.

"What is that, Grace?" demanded her mother, as if Grace were guilty of the noise.

"Mr. Libby," answered Grace, rising.

"Has he come for you?"

"I don't know. But I am going down to see him."

At sight of the young man's face, Grace felt her heart lighten. He had jumped from his buggy, and was standing at his smiling ease on the piazza steps, looking about as if for some one, and he brightened joyfully at her coming. He took her hand with eager friendliness, and at her impulse began to move away to the end of the piazza with her. The ladies had not yet descended to the beach; apparently their interest in Dr. Breen's patient kept them.

"How is Mrs. Maynard, this morning?" he asked; and she answered, as they got beyond earshot, —

"Not better, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the young man. "Then you won't be able to drive with me, this morning? I hope she is n't seriously worse?" he added, recurring to Mrs. Maynard at the sight of the trouble in Grace's face.

"I shall ask to drive with you," she returned. "Mr. Libby, do you know where Corbitant is?"

"Oh, yes."

"And will you drive me there?"

"Why, certainly!" he cried, in polite wonder.

"Thank you." She turned half

round, and cast a woman's look at the other women. "I shall be ready in half an hour. Will you go away, and come back then? Not sooner."

"Anything you please, Miss Breen," he said, laughing in his mystification. "In thirty minutes, or thirty days."

They went back to the steps, and he mounted his buggy. She sat down, and taking some work from her pocket, bent her head over it. At first she was pale, and then she grew red. But these fluctuations of color could not keep her spectators long; one by one they dispersed and descended the cliff; and when she rose to go for her hat the last had vanished, with a longing look at her. It was Miss Gleason.

Grace briefly announced her purpose to her mother, who said, "I hope you are not doing anything impulsive;" and she answered, "No, I had quite made up my mind to it last night."

Mr. Libby had not yet returned when she went back to the piazza, and she walked out on the road by which he must arrive. She had not to walk far. He drew in sight before she had gone a quarter of a mile, driving rapidly. "Am I late?" he asked, turning and pulling up at the roadside, with well-subdued astonishment at encountering her.

"Oh, no; not that I know." She mounted to the seat, and they drove off in a silence which endured for a long time. If Libby had been as vain as he seemed light, he must have found it cruelly unflattering, for it ignored his presence and even his existence. She broke the silence at last with a deep-drawn sigh, as frankly sad as if she had been quite alone, but she returned to consciousness of him in it. "Mr. Libby, you must think it is very strange for me to ask you to drive me to Corbitant without troubling myself to tell you my errand."

"Oh, not at all," said the young man. "I'm glad to be of use on any terms. It is n't often that one gets the chance."

"I am going to see Dr. Mulbridge," she began, and then stopped so long that he perceived she wished him to say something.

He said, "Yes?"

"Yes. I thought this morning that I should give Mrs. Maynard's case up to him. I should n't be at all troubled at seeming to give it up under a pressure of opinion, though I should not give it up for that. Of course," she explained, "you don't know that all those women have been saying that I ought to call in Dr. Mulbridge. It's one of those things," she added bitterly, "that make it so pleasant for a woman to try to help women." He made a little murmur of condolence, and she realized that she had thrown herself on his sympathy, when she thought she had been merely thinking aloud. "What I mean is that he is a man of experience and reputation, and could probably be of more use to her than I, for she would trust him more. But I have known her a long time, and I understand her temperament and her character, — which goes for a good deal in such matters, — and I have concluded not to give up the case. I wish to meet Dr. Mulbridge, however, and ask him to see her in consultation with me. That is all," she ended rather haughtily, as if she had been dramatizing the fact to Dr. Mulbridge in her own mind.

"I should think that would be the right thing," said Libby, simply, with uncalled-for approval; but he left this dangerous ground abruptly. "As you say, character goes for a great deal, in these things. I've seen Mrs. Maynard at the point of death before. As a general rule, she does n't die. If you have known her a long time, you know what I mean. She likes to share her sufferings with her friends. I've seen poor old Maynard" —

"Mr. Libby!" Grace broke in. "You may speak of Mr. Maynard as you like, but I cannot allow your disrespectful-

ness to Mrs. Maynard. It's shocking. You had no right to be their friend, if you felt toward them as you seem to have done."

"Why, there was no harm in them. I liked them!" explained the young man.

"People have no right to like those they don't respect!"

Libby looked as if this were rather a new and droll idea, but he seemed not to object to her tutoring him. "Well," he said, "as far as Mrs. Maynard was concerned, I don't know that I liked her any more than I respected her."

Grace ought to have frowned at this, but she had to check a smile in order to say gravely, "I know she is disagreeable at times. And she likes to share her sufferings with others, as you say. But her husband was fully entitled to any share of them that he may have borne. If he had been kinder to her, she would n't be what and where she is now."

"Kinder to her!" Libby exclaimed. "He's the kindest fellow in the world! Now, Miss Breen," he said earnestly, "I hope Mrs. Maynard has n't been talking against her husband to you?"

"Is it possible," demanded Grace, "that you don't know they're separated, and that she's going to take steps for a divorce?"

"A divorce? No! What in the world for?"

"I never talk gossip. I thought of course she had told you" —

"She never told me a word! She was ashamed to do it! She knows that I know Maynard was the best husband in the world to her. All she told me was that he was out on his ranch, and she had come on here for her health. It's some ridiculous little thing that no reasonable woman would have dreamt of caring for. It's one of her caprices. It's her own fickleness. She's tired of him, — or thinks she is, — and that's all about it. Miss Breen, I beg you

won't believe anything against Maynard!"

"I don't understand," faltered Grace, astonished at his fervor, and the light it cast upon her first doubts of him. "Of course, I only know the affair from her report, and I have n't concerned myself in it, except as it affected her health. And I don't wish to misjudge him. And I like your—defending him," she said, though it instantly seemed a patronizing thing to have said. "But I could n't withhold my sympathy where I believed there had been neglect and systematic unkindness, and finally desertion."

"Oh, I know Mrs. Maynard; I know her kind of talk. I've seen Maynard's neglect and unkindness, and I know just what his desertion would be. If he's left her, it's because she wanted him to leave her; he did it to humor her, to please her. I shall have a talk with Mrs. Maynard, when we get back."

"I'm afraid I can't allow it at present," said Grace, very seriously. "She is worse to-day. Otherwise I should n't be giving you this trouble."

"Oh, it's no trouble"—

"But I'm glad—I'm glad we've had this understanding. I'm very glad. It makes me think worse of myself and better of—others."

Libby gave a laugh. "And you like that? You're easily pleased."

She remained grave. "I ought to be able to tell you what I mean. But it is n't possible—now. Will you let me beg your pardon?" she urged, with impulsive earnestness.

"Why, yes," he answered, smiling.

"And not ask me why?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you. Yes," she added hastily, "she is so much worse that some one of greater experience than I must see her, and I have made up my mind. Dr. Mulbridge may refuse to consult with me. I know very well that there is a prejudice against women physicians, and I could n't especially blame him for

sharing it. I have thought it all over. If he refuses, I shall know what to do." She had ceased to address Libby, who respected her soliloquy. He drove on rapidly over the soft road, where the wheels made no sound, and the track wandered with apparent aimlessness through the interminable woods of young oak and pine. The low trees were full of the sunshine, and dappled them with shadow as they dashed along; the fresh, green ferns springing from the brown carpet of the pine-needles were as if painted against it. The breath of the pines was heavier for the recent rain, and the woody smell of the oaks was pungent where the balsam failed. They met no one, but the solitude did not make itself felt through her preoccupation. From time to time she dropped a word or two, but for the most she was silent, and he did not attempt to lead. By and by they came to an opener place, where there were many red field-lilies tilting in the wind.

"Would you like some of those?" he asked, pulling up.

"I should, very much," she answered, glad of the sight of the gay things. But when he had gathered her a bunch of the flowers she looked down at them in her lap, and said, "It's silly in me to be caring for lilies at such a time, and I should make an unfavorable impression on Dr. Mulbridge if he saw me with them. But I shall risk their effect on him. He may think I have been botanizing."

"Unless you tell him you haven't," the young man suggested.

"I need n't do that."

"I don't think any one else would do it."

She colored a little at the tribute to her candor, and it pleased her, though it had just pleased her as much to forget that she was not like any other young girl who might be simply and irresponsibly happy in flowers gathered for her by a young man. "I won't tell him,

either!" she cried, willing to grasp the fleeting emotion again; but it was gone, and only a little residue of sad consciousness remained.

The woods gave way on either side of the road, which began to be a village street, sloping and shelving down toward the curve of a quiet bay. The neat weather-gray dwellings, shingled to the ground and brightened with doorway flowers and creepers, straggled off into the boat-houses and fishing-huts on the shore, and the village seemed to get afloat at last in the sloops and schooners riding in the harbor, whose smooth plane rose higher to the eye than the town itself. The salt and the sand were everywhere, but though there had been no positive prosperity in Corbitant for a generation, the place had an impregnable neatness, which defied decay; if there had been a dog in the street, there would not have been a stick to throw at him.

One of the better, but not the best, of the village houses, which did not differ from the others in any essential particular, and which stood flush upon the street, bore a door-plate with the name Dr. Rufus Mulbridge, and Libby drew up in front of it without having had to alarm the village with inquiries. Grace forbade his help in dismantling, and ran to the door, where she rang one of those bells which sharply respond at the back of the panel to the turn of a crank in front; she observed, in a difference of paint, that this modern improvement had displaced an old-fashioned knocker. The door was opened by a tall and strikingly handsome old woman, whose black eyes still kept their keen light under her white hair, and whose dress showed none of the incongruity which was offensive in the door-bell: it was in the perfection of an antiquated taste, which, however, came just short of characterizing it with gentlewomanliness.

"Is Dr. Mulbridge at home?" asked Grace.

"Yes," said the other, with a certain hesitation, and holding the door ajar.

"I should like to see him," said Grace, mounting to the threshold.

"Is it important?" asked the elder woman.

"Quite," replied Grace, with an accent at once of surprise and decision.

"You may come in," said the other reluctantly, and she opened a door into a room at the side of the hall.

"You may give Dr. Mulbridge my card, if you please," said Grace, before she turned to go into this room, and the other took it, and left her to find a chair for herself. It was a country doctor's office, with the usual country doctor's supply of drugs on a shelf, but very much more than the country doctor's usual library: the standard works were there, and there were also the principal periodicals and the latest treatises of note in the medical world. In a long upright case, like that of an old hall clock, was the anatomy of one who had long done with time; a laryngoscope and some other professional apparatus of constant utility lay upon the leaf of the doctor's desk. There was nothing in the room which did not suggest his profession, except the sword and the spurs which hung upon the wall opposite where Grace sat beside one of the front windows. She spent her time in study of the room and its appointments, and in now and then glancing out at Mr. Libby, who sat statuesquely patient in the buggy. His profile cut against the sky was blameless; and a humorous shrewdness which showed in the wrinkle at his eye and in the droop of his yellow mustache gave its regularity life and charm. It occurred to her that if Dr. Mulbridge caught sight of Mr. Libby before he saw her, or before she could explain that she had got one of the gentlemen at the hotel — she resolved upon this prevarication — to drive her to Corbitant in default of another conveyance, he would have his impres-

sions and his conjectures, which doubtless the bunch of lilies in her hand would do their part to stimulate. She submitted to this possibility, and waited for his coming, which began to seem unreasonably delayed. The door opened at last, and a tall, powerfully framed man of thirty-five or forty, dressed in an ill-fitting suit of gray Canada homespun, appeared. He moved with a slow, pondering step, and carried his shaggy head bent downwards from shoulders slightly rounded. His dark beard was already grizzled, and she saw that his mustache was burnt and turned tawny at points by smoking, of which habit his presence gave stale evidence to another sense. He held Grace's card in his hand, and he looked at her, as he advanced, out of gray eyes that, if not sympathetic, were perfectly intelligent, and that at once sought to divine and class her. She perceived that he took in the lilies and her coming color; she felt that he noted her figure and her dress.

She half rose in response to his questioning bow, and he motioned her to her seat again. "I had to keep you waiting," he said. "I was up all night with a patient, and I was asleep when my mother called me." He stopped here, and definitively waited for her to begin.

She did not find this easy, as he took a chair in front of her, and sat looking steadily in her face. "I'm sorry to have disturbed you" —

"Oh, not at all," he interrupted. "The rule is to disturb a doctor."

"I mean," she began again, "that I am not sure that I am justified in disturbing you."

He waited a little while for her to go on, and then he said, "Well, let us hear."

"I wish to consult with you," she broke out, and again she came to a sudden pause; and as she looked into his vigilant face, in which she was not sure there was not a hovering derision, she

could not continue. She felt that she ought to gather courage from the fact that he had not started, or done anything positively disagreeable when she had asked for a consultation; but she could not, and it did not avail her to reflect that she was rendering herself liable to all conceivable misconstruction, — that she was behaving childishly, with every appearance of behaving guiltily.

He came to her aid again, in a blunt fashion, neither kind nor unkind, but simply common sense. "What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" she repeated.

"Yes. What are the symptoms? Where and how are you sick?"

"I am not sick!" she cried. They stared at each other in reciprocal amazement and mystification.

"Then excuse me if I ask you what you wish me to do!"

"Oh!" said Grace, realizing his natural error, with a flush. "It is not in regard to myself that I wish to consult with you. It's another person — a friend" —

"Well," said Dr. Mulbridge, laughing with the impatience of a physician used to making short cuts through the elaborate and reluctant statements of ladies seeking advice, "what is the matter with your friend?"

"She has been an invalid for some time," replied Grace. The laugh, which had its edge of patronage and conceit, stung her into self-possession again, and she briefly gave the points of Mrs. Maynard's case, with the recent accident and the symptoms developed during the night. He listened attentively, nodding his head at times, and now and then glancing sharply at her, as one might at a surprisingly intelligent child.

"I must see her," he said decidedly, when she came to an end. "I will see her as soon as possible. I will come over to Jocelyn's this afternoon, — as soon as I can get my dinner, in fact."

There was such a tone of dismissal in

his words that she rose, and he promptly followed her example. She stood hesitating a moment. Then, "I don't know whether you understood that I wish merely to consult with you," she said; "that I don't wish to relinquish the case to you" —

"Relinquish the case — consult" — Dr. Mulbridge stared at her. "No, I don't understand. What do you mean by not relinquishing the case? If there is some one else in attendance" —

"I am in attendance," said the girl firmly. "I am Mrs. Maynard's physician."

"You? Physician" —

"If you have looked at my card" — she began, with indignant severity.

He gave a sort of roar of amusement and apology, and then he stared at her again with much of the interest of a naturalist in an extraordinary specimen. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "I *did n't* look at it;" but he now did so, where he held it crumpled in the palm of his left hand. "My mother said it was a young lady, and I *did n't* look. Will you — will you sit down, Dr. Breen?" He bustled in getting her several chairs. "I live off here in a corner, and I have never happened to meet any ladies of — our profession, before. Excuse me, if I spoke under a mistaken impression. I — I — I should not have — ah — taken you for a physician. You" — He checked himself, as if he might have been going to say that she was too young and too pretty. "Of course, I shall have pleasure in consulting with you in regard to your friend's case, though I've no doubt you are doing all that can be done." With a great show of deference, he still betrayed something of the air of one who humors a joke; and she felt this, but felt that she could not openly resent it.

"Thank you," she returned, with dignity, indicating with a gesture of her hand that she would not sit down again. "I am sorry to ask you to come so far."

"Oh, not at all. I shall be driving over in that direction, at any rate. I've a patient near there." He smiled upon her with frank curiosity, and seemed willing to detain her, but at a loss how to do so. "If I had n't been stupid from my nap I should have inferred a scientific training from your statement of your friend's case." She still believed that he was laughing at her, and that this was a mock; but she was still helpless to resent it except by an assumption of yet colder state. This had apparently no effect upon Dr. Mulbridge. He continued to look at her with hardly concealed amusement, and visibly to grow more and more conscious of her elegance and style, now that she stood before him. There had been a time when, in planning her career, she had imagined herself studying a masculine simplicity and directness of address; but the over-success of some young women, her fellows at the school, in this direction had disgusted her with it, and she had perceived that after all there is nothing better for a girl, even a girl who is a doctor of medicine, than a lady-like manner. Now, however, she wished that she could do or say something aggressively mannish, for she felt herself dwindling away to the merest femininity, under a scrutiny which had its fascination, whether agreeable or disagreeable. "You must," he said, with really unwarrantable patronage, "have found that the study of medicine has its difficulties, — you must have been very strongly drawn to it."

"Oh, no, not at all; I had rather an aversion at first," she replied, with the instant superiority of a woman where the man suffers any topic to become personal. "Why did you think I was drawn to it?"

"I don't know — I don't know that I thought so," he stammered. "I believe I intended to ask," he added bluntly; but she had the satisfaction of seeing him redden, and she did not volun-

teer anything in his relief. She divined that it would leave him with an awkward sense of defeat if he quitted the subject there; and in fact he had determined that he would not. "Some of our ladies take up the study abroad," he said; and he went on to speak, with a real deference, of the eminent woman who did the American name honor by the distinction she achieved in the schools of Paris.

"I have never been abroad," said Grace.

"No?" he exclaimed. "I thought all American ladies had been abroad;" and now he said, with easy recognition of her resolution not to help him out, "I suppose you have your diploma from the Philadelphia school."

"No," she returned, "from the New York school, — the homœopathic school of New York."

Dr. Mulbridge instantly sobered, and even turned a little pale, but he did not say anything. He remained looking at her as if she had suddenly changed from a piquant mystery to a terrible dilemma.

She moved towards the door. "Then I may expect you," she said, "about the middle of the afternoon."

He did not reply; he stumbled upon the chairs in following her a pace or two with a face of acute distress. Then he broke out with "I can't come! I can't consult with you!"

She turned and looked at him with astonishment, which he did his best to meet. Her astonishment congealed into *hauteur*, and then dissolved into the helplessness of a lady who has been offered a rudeness; but still she did not speak. She merely looked at him, while he halted and stammered on.

"Personally, I — I — should be — obliged — I should feel honored — I — I — It has nothing to do with your — your — being a — a — a — woman — lady. I should not care for that. No. But surely you must know the reasons — the obstacles — which deter me?"

"No, I don't," she said, calm with the advantage of his perturbation. "But if you refuse, that is sufficient. I will not inquire your reasons. I will simply withdraw my request."

"Thank you! But I beg you to understand that they have no reference whatever to you in — your own — capacity — character — individual quality. They are purely professional — that is, technical — I should say, disciplinary, — entirely disciplinary. Yes, disciplinary." The word seemed to afford Dr. Mulbridge the degree of relief which can come only from an exactly significant and luminously exegetic word.

"I don't at all know what you mean," said Grace. "But it is not necessary that I should know. Will you allow me?" she asked, for Dr. Mulbridge had got between her and the door, and stood with his hand on the latch.

His face flushed, and drops stood on his forehead. "Surely, Miss — I mean Doctor — Breen, you must know why I can't consult with you! We belong to two diametrically opposite schools — theories — of medicine. It would be impracticable — impossible — for us to consult. We could find no common ground. Have you never heard that the — ah — regular practice cannot meet homœopaths in this way? If you had told me — if I had known — you were a homœopathist, I could n't have considered the matter at all. I can't now express any opinion as to your management of the case, but I have no doubt that you will know what to do — from your point of view — and that you will prefer to call in some one of your own — persuasion. I hope that you don't hold me personally responsible for this result!"

"Oh, no!" replied the girl, with a certain dreamy abstraction. "I had heard that you made some such distinction — I remember, now. But I could n't realize anything so ridiculous."

Dr. Mulbridge colored. "Excuse me," he said, "if, even under the cir-

cumstances, I can't agree with you that the position taken by the regular practice is ridiculous."

She did not make any direct reply. "But I supposed that you only made this distinction, as you call it, in cases where there is no immediate danger; that in a matter of life and death you would waive it. Mrs. Maynard is really" —

"There are no conditions under which I could not conscientiously refuse to waive it."

"Then," cried Grace, "I withdraw the word! It is *not* ridiculous. It is monstrous, atrocious, inhuman!"

A light of humorous irony glimmered in Dr. Mulbridge's eye. "I must submit to your condemnation."

"Oh, it is n't a *personal* condemnation!" she retorted. "I have no doubt that personally you are not responsible. We can lay aside our distinctions as allopathist and homœopathist, and you can advise with me" —

"It's quite impossible," said Dr. Mulbridge. "If I advised with you, I might be — A little while ago, one of our school in Connecticut was expelled from the State Medical Association for consulting with" — he began to hesitate, as if he had not hit upon a fortunate or appropriate illustration, but he pushed on — "with his own wife, who was a physician of your school."

She haughtily ignored his embarrassment. "I can appreciate your difficulty, and pity any liberal-minded person who is placed as you are, and disapproves of such wretched bigotry."

"I am obliged to tell you," said Dr. Mulbridge, "that I don't disapprove of it."

"I am detaining you," said Grace. "I beg your pardon. I was curious to know how far superstition and persecution can go in our day." If the epithets were not very accurate, she used them with a woman's effectiveness, and her intention made them descriptive. "Good-

day," she added, and she made a movement toward the door, from which Dr. Mulbridge retired. But she did not open the door. Instead, she sank into the chair which stood in the corner, and passed her hand over her forehead, as if she were giddy.

Dr. Mulbridge's finger was instantly on her wrist. "Are you faint?"

"No, no!" she gasped, pulling her hand away. "I am perfectly well." Then she was for a time silent before she added by a supreme effort, "I have no right to endanger another's life, through any miserable pride, and I never will. Mrs. Maynard needs greater experience than mine, and she must have it. I can't justify myself in the delay and uncertainty of sending to Boston. I relinquish the case. I give it to you. And I will nurse her under your direction, obediently, conscientiously. Oh!" she cried, at his failure to make any immediate response. "Surely you won't refuse to take the case!"

"I won't refuse," he said, with an effect of difficult concession. "I will come. I will drive over at once, after dinner." She rose, now, and put her hand on the door-latch.

"Do you object to my nursing your patient? She is an old school friend. But I could yield that point, too, if" —

"Oh, no, no! I shall be only too glad of your help, and your" — he was going to say advice, but he stopped himself, and repeated — "help."

They stood inconclusively a moment, as if they would both be glad of something more to say. Then she said, tentatively, "Good-morning," and he responded experimentally, "Good-morning;" and with that they involuntarily parted, and she went out of the door, which he stood holding open even after she had got out of the gate.

His mother came down the stairs. "What in the world were you quarreling with that girl about, Rufus?"

"We were not quarreling, mother."

"Well, it sounded like it. Who was she?"

"Who?" repeated her son, absently.

"Dr. Breen."

"Doctor Breen? That girl a doctor?"

"Yes."

"I *thought* she was some saucy thing. Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulbridge. "So *that* is a female doctor, is it? Was she sick?"

"No," said her son, with what she knew to be professional finality. "Mother, if you can hurry dinner a little, I shall be glad. I have to drive over to Jocelyn's, and I should like to start as soon as possible."

"Who was the young man with her? Her beau, I guess."

"Was there a young man with her?" asked Dr. Mulbridge.

His mother went out without speaking. She could be unsatisfactory, too.

VI.

No one but Mrs. Breen knew of her daughter's errand, and when Grace came back she alighted from Mr. Libby's buggy with an expression of thanks that gave no clue as to the direction or purpose of it. He touched his hat to her with equal succinctness, and drove away, including all the ladies on the piazza in a cursory obeisance.

"We must ask *you*, Miss Gleason," said Mrs. Alger. "Your admiration of Dr. Breen clothes you with authority and responsibility."

"I can't understand it at all," Miss Gleason confessed. "But I'm sure there's nothing in it. He is n't her equal. She would feel that it was n't right — under the circumstances."

"But if Mrs. Maynard was well it would be a fair game, you mean," said Mrs. Alger.

"No," returned Miss Gleason, with the greatest air of candor, "I can't admit that I meant that."

"Well," said the elder lady, "the presumption is against them. Every young couple seen together must be considered in love till they prove the contrary."

"I like it in her," said Mrs. Frost. "It shows that she is human, after all. It shows that she is like other girls. It's a relief."

"She is n't like other girls," contended Miss Gleason, darkly.

"I would rather have Mr. Libby's opinion," said Mrs. Merritt.

Grace went to Mrs. Maynard's room, and told her that Dr. Mulbridge was coming directly after dinner.

"I knew you would do it!" cried Mrs. Maynard, throwing her right arm round Grace's neck, while the latter bent over to feel the pulse in her left. "I knew where you had gone, as soon as your mother told me you had driven off with Walter Libby. I'm so glad that you've got somebody to consult! Your theories are perfectly right, and I'm sure that Dr. Mulbridge will just tell you to keep on as you've been doing."

Grace withdrew from her caress. "Dr. Mulbridge is not coming for a consultation. He refused to consult with me."

"Refused to consult? Why, how perfectly ungentlemanly! *Why* did he refuse?"

"Because he is an allopathist and I am an homœopathist."

"Then, what is he coming for, I should like to know!"

"I have given up the case to him," said Grace wearily.

"Very well, then!" cried Mrs. Maynard. "I won't be given up. I will simply die! Not a pill, not a powder, of his will I touch! If he thinks himself too good to consult with another doctor, and a lady at that, merely because she does n't happen to be allopathist, he can go along! I never heard of anything so conceited, so disgustingly mean, in my life. No, Grace! Why, it's horrid!"

She was silent, and then, "Why, of course," she added, "if he comes, I shall have to *see* him. I *look* like a fright, I suppose."

"I will do your hair," said Grace, with indifference to these vows and protests; and without deigning further explanation or argument she made the invalid's toilet for her. If given time, Mrs. Maynard would talk herself into any necessary frame of mind, and Grace merely supplied the monosyllabic promptings requisite for her transition from mood to mood. It was her final resolution that when Dr. Mulbridge did come she should give him a piece of her mind; and she received him with anxious submissiveness, and hung upon all his looks and words with quaking and with an inclination to attribute her unfavorable symptoms to the treatment of her former physician. She did not spare him certain apologies for the disorderly appearance of her person and her room.

Grace sat by and watched him with perfectly quiescent observance. The large, somewhat uncouth man gave evidence to her intelligence that he was all physician, and that he had not chosen his profession from any theory or motive, however good, but had been as much chosen by it as if he had been born a physician. He was incredibly gentle and soft in all his movements, and perfectly kind, without being at any moment unprofitably sympathetic. He knew when to listen and when not to listen, — to learn everything from the quivering bundle of nerves before him without seeming to have learnt anything alarming; he smiled when it would do her good to be laughed at, and treated her with such grave respect that she could not feel herself trifled with, nor remember afterwards any point of neglect. When he rose and left some medicines, with directions to Grace for giving them and instructions for contingencies, she followed him from the room.

"Well?" she said anxiously.

"Mrs. Maynard is threatened with pneumonia. Or, I don't know why I should say threatened," he added; "she *has* pneumonia."

"I supposed — I was afraid so," faltered the girl.

"Yes." He looked into her eyes with even more seriousness than he spoke. "Has she friends here?" he asked.

"No; her husband is in Cheyenne, out on the plains."

"He ought to know," said Dr. Mulbridge. "A great deal will depend upon her nursing — Miss — ah — Dr. Breen."

"You need n't call me Dr. Breen," said Grace. "At present, I am Mrs. Maynard's nurse."

He ignored this as he had ignored every point connected with the interview of the morning. He repeated the directions he had already given with still greater distinctness, and, saying that he should come in the morning, drove away. She went back to Louise: inquisition for inquisition, it was easier to meet that of her late patient than that of her mother, and for once the girl spared herself.

"I know he thought I was very bad," whimpered Mrs. Maynard, for a beginning. "What is the matter with me?"

"Your cold has taken an acute form; you will have to go to bed" —

"Then, I'm going to be down sick! I knew I was! I knew it! And what am I going to do, off in such a place as this? No one to nurse me, or look after Bella! I should think you would be satisfied now, Grace, with the result of your *conscientiousness*: you were so very sure that Mr. Libby was wanting to flirt with me that you drove us to our death, because you thought he felt guilty and was trying to fib out of it."

"Will you let me help to undress you?" asked Grace, gently. "Bella shall be well taken care of, and I am going to nurse you myself, under Dr.

Mulbridge's direction. And once for all, Louise, I wish to say that I hold myself to blame for all" —

"Oh, yes! Much good *that* does *now!*" Being got into bed, with the sheet smoothed under her chin, she said, with the effect of drawing a strictly logical conclusion from the premises, "Well, I should think George Maynard would want to be with his family!"

Spent with this ordeal, Grace left her at last, and went out on the piazza, where she found Libby returned. In fact, he had, upon second thoughts, driven back, and put up his horse at Jocelyn's, that he might be of service there in case he were needed. The ladies, with whom he had been making friends, discreetly left him to Grace, when she appeared, and she frankly walked apart with him, and asked him if he could go over to New Leyden, and telegraph to Mr. Maynard.

"Has she asked for him?" he inquired, laughing. "I knew it would come to that."

"She has not asked; she has said that she thought he ought to be with his family," repeated Grace, faithfully.

"Oh, I know how she said it: as if he had gone away willfully, and kept away against her wishes and all the claims of honor and duty. It would n't take her long to get round to that if she thought she was very sick. Is she so bad?" he inquired, with light skepticism.

"She's threatened with pneumonia. We can't tell how bad she may be."

"Why, of course I'll telegraph. But I don't think anything serious *can* be the matter with Mrs. Maynard."

"Dr. Mulbridge said that Mr. Maynard ought to know."

"Is that so?" asked Libby, in quite a different tone. If she recognized the difference, she was meekly far from resenting it; he, however, must have wished to repair his blunder. "I think you need n't have given up the case to

him. I think you're too conscientious about it" —

"Please don't speak of that, now," she interposed.

"Well, I won't," he consented. "Can I be of any use here to-night?"

"No, we shall need nothing more. The doctor will be here again in the morning."

Libby did not come in the morning till after the doctor had gone, and then he explained that he had waited to hear in reply to his telegram, so that they might tell Mrs. Maynard her husband had started; and he had only just now heard.

"And has he started?" Grace asked.

"I heard from his partner. Maynard was at the ranch. His partner had gone for him."

"Then, he will soon be here," she said.

"He will, if telegraphing can bring him. I sat up half the night with the operator. She was very obliging when she understood the case."

"She?" repeated Grace, with a slight frown.

"The operators are nearly all women, in the country."

"Oh!" She looked grave. "Can they trust young girls with such important duties?"

"They did n't in this instance," replied Libby. "She was a pretty old girl. What made you think she was young?"

"I don't know. I thought you said she was young." She blushed, and seemed about to say more, but she did not.

He waited, and then he said, "You can tell Mrs. Maynard that I telegraphed on my own responsibility, if you think it's going to alarm her."

"Well," said Grace, with a helpless sigh.

"You don't like to tell her that," he suggested, after a moment, in which he had watched her.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know. And some day I will tell you how — if you will let me."

It seemed a question; and she did not know what it was that kept her silent and breathless, and hot in the throat. "I *don't* like to do it," she said, at last. "I hate myself whenever I have to feign anything. I knew perfectly well that you did *n't* say she was young," she broke out desperately.

"Say Mrs. Maynard was young?" he asked stupidly.

"No!" she cried. She rose hastily from the bench where she had been sitting with him. "I must go back to her now."

He mounted to his buggy, and drove thoughtfully away at a walk.

The ladies, whose excited sympathies for Mrs. Maynard had kept them from the beach till now, watched him quite out of sight before they began to talk of Grace.

"I hope Dr. Breen's new patient will be more tractable," said Mrs. Merritt. "It would be a pity if she had to give him up, too, to Dr. Mulbridge."

Mrs. Scott failed of the point. "Why, is Mr. Libby sick?"

"Not very," answered Mrs. Merritt, with a titter of self-applause.

"I should be sorry," interposed Mrs. Alger, authoritatively, "if we had said anything to influence the poor thing in what she has done."

"Oh, I don't think we need distress ourselves about undue influence!" Mrs. Merritt exclaimed.

Mrs. Alger chose to ignore the suggestion. "She had a very difficult part; and I think she has acted courageously. I always feel sorry for girls who attempt anything of that kind. It's a fearful ordeal."

"But they say Miss Breen was *n't* obliged to do it for a living," Mrs. Scott suggested.

"So much the worse," said Mrs. Merritt.

"No, so much the better," returned Mrs. Alger.

Mrs. Merritt, sitting on the edge of the piazza, stooped over with difficulty and plucked a grass-straw, which she bit as she looked rebelliously away.

Mrs. Frost had installed herself as favorite since Mrs. Alger had praised her hair. She now came forward, and, dropping fondly at her knee, looked up to her for instruction. "Don't you think that she showed her sense in giving up at the very beginning, if she found she was *n't* equal to it?" She gave her head a little movement from side to side, and put the mass of her back hair more on show.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Alger, looking at the favorite not very favorably.

"Oh, I don't think she's given up," Miss Gleason interposed, in her breathless manner. She waited to be asked why, and then she added, "I think she's acting in consultation with Dr. Mulbridge. He may have a certain influence over her, — I think he has; but I know they're acting in unison."

Mrs. Merritt flung her grass-straw away. "Perhaps it is to be Dr. Mulbridge, after all, and not Mr. Libby."

"I have thought of that," Miss Gleason assented, candidly. "Yes, I have thought of that. I have thought of their being constantly thrown together, in this way. It would not discourage me. She could be quite as true to her vocation as if she remained single. Truer."

"Talking of true," said Mrs. Scott, "always does make me think of blue. They say that yellow will be worn on everything this winter."

"Old gold?" asked Mrs. Frost.

"Yes, more than ever."

"Dear!" cried the other lady. "I don't know what I *shall* do. It perfectly kills my hair."

"Oh, Miss Gleason!" exclaimed the young girl. "Do you believe in character coming out in color?"

"Yes, certainly. I have always believed that."

"Well, I've got a friend, and she wouldn't have anything to do with a girl that wore magenta more than she would fly."

"I should suppose," explained Miss Gleason, "that all those aniline dyes implied something coarse in people."

"Is n't it curious," asked Mrs. Frost, "how red-haired people have come in fashion? I can recollect, when I was a little girl, that everybody laughed at red hair. There was one girl at the first school I ever went to, — the boys used to pretend to burn their fingers at her hair."

"I think Dr. Breen's hair is a very pretty shade of brown," said the young girl.

Mrs. Merritt rose from the edge of the piazza. "I think that if she has n't given up to him entirely she's the most submissive consulting physician I ever saw," she said, and walked out over the grass towards the cliff.

The ladies looked after her. "Is Mrs. Merritt more pudgy when she's sitting down or when she's standing up?" asked Mrs. Scott.

Miss Gleason seized her first chance of speaking with Grace alone. "Oh, do you know how much you are doing for us all?"

"Doing for you all? How, doing?" faltered Grace, whom she had whisperingly halted in a corner of the hall leading from the dining-room.

"By acting in unison, — by solving the most perplexing problem in women's practicing your profession." She passed the edge of her fan over her lips before letting it fall furled upon her left hand, and looked luminously into Grace's eyes.

"I don't at all know what you mean, Miss Gleason," said the other.

Miss Gleason kicked out the skirt of her dress, so as to leave herself perfectly free for the explanation. "Practicing in harmony with a physician of

the other sex. I have always felt that there was the great difficulty, — how to bring that about. I have always felt that the *true* physician must be *dual*, — have both the woman's nature and the man's; the woman's tender touch, the man's firm grasp. You have shown how the medical education of women can meet this want. The physician can actually be dual, — be two, in fact. Hereafter, I have no doubt we shall always call a physician of each sex. But it's wonderful how you could ever bring it about, though *you* can do anything! Has n't it *worn* upon you?" Miss Gleason darted out her sentences in quick, short breaths, fixing Grace with her eyes, and at each clause nervously tapping her chest with her re-opened fan.

"If you suppose," said Grace, "that Dr. Mulbridge and I are acting professionally in unison, as you call it, you are mistaken. He has entire charge of the case; I gave it up to him, and I am merely nursing Mrs. Maynard under his direction."

"How splendid!" Miss Gleason exclaimed. "Do you know that I admire you for giving up, — for knowing *when* to give up? So few women do that! Is n't he magnificent?"

"Magnificent?"

"I mean, psychically. He is what I should call a strong soul. You must have felt his masterfulness; you must have enjoyed it! Don't you like to be dominated?"

"No," said Grace, "I should n't at all like it."

"Oh, I do! I like to meet one of those forceful masculine natures that simply bid you *obey*. It's delicious. Such a sense of self-surrender," Miss Gleason explained. "It is n't because they are men," she added. "I have felt the same influence from some women. I felt it, in a certain degree, on first meeting *you*."

"I am very sorry," said Grace, cold-

ly. "I should dislike being controlled myself, and I should dislike still more to control others."

"You're doing it now!" cried Miss Gleason, with delight. "I could not do a *thing* to resist your putting me down! Of course you don't know that you're doing it; it's purely involuntary. And you would n't know that he was dominating you. And he would n't."

Very probably Dr. Mulbridge would not have recognized himself in the character of all-compelling, lady's-novel hero which Miss Gleason imagined for him. Life presented itself rather simply to him, as it does to most men, and he easily dismissed its subtler problems from a mind preoccupied with active cares. As far as Grace was concerned, she had certainly roused in him an unusual curiosity; nothing less than her homœopathy would have made him withdraw his consent to a consultation with her, and his fear had been that in his refusal she should escape from his desire to know more about her, her motives, her purposes. He had accepted without scruple the sacrifice of pride she had made to him; but he had known how to appreciate her scientific training, which he found as respectable as that of any clever young man of their profession. He praised, in his way, the perfection with which she interpreted his directions and intentions in regard to the patient. "If there were such nurses as you, Miss Breen, there would be very little need of doctors," he said, with a sort of interrogative fashion of laughing peculiar to him.

"I thought of being a nurse once," she answered. "Perhaps I may still be one. The scientific training won't be lost."

"Oh, no! It's a pity that more of them have n't it. But I suppose they think nursing is rather too humble an ambition."

"I don't think it so," said Grace, briefly.

"Then you did n't care for medical distinction."

"No."

He looked at her quizzically, as if this were much droller than if she had cared. "I don't understand why you should have gone into it. You told me, I think, that it was repugnant to you; and it's hard work for a woman, and very uncertain work for any one. You must have had a tremendous desire to benefit your race."

His characterization of her motive was so distasteful that she made no reply, and left him to his conjectures, in which he did not appear unhappy. "How do you find Mrs. Maynard today?" she asked.

He looked at her with an instant coldness, as if he did not like her asking, and were hesitating whether to answer. But he said at last, "She is no better. She will be worse before she is better. You see," he added, "that I have n't been able to arrest the disorder in its first stage. We must hope for what can be done, now, in the second."

She had gathered from the half-jocose ease with which he had listened to Mrs. Maynard's account of herself, and to her own report, an encouragement which now fell to the ground. "Yes," she asserted, in her despair, "that is the only hope."

He sat beside the table in the hotel parlor, where they found themselves alone for the moment, and drubbed upon it with an absent look. "Have you sent for her husband?" he inquired, returning to himself.

"Yes; Mr. Libby telegraphed the evening we saw you."

"That's good," said Dr. Mulbridge, with comfortable approval; and he rose to go away.

Grace impulsively detained him. "I won't ask you whether you consider Mrs. Maynard's case a serious one, if you object to my doing so."

"I don't know that I object," he said

slowly, with a teasing smile, such as one might use with a persistent child whom one chose to baffle in that way.

She disdained to avail herself of the implied permission. "What I mean — what I wish to tell you is — that I feel myself responsible for her sickness, and that if she dies I shall be guilty of her death."

"Ah?" said Dr. Mulbridge, with more interest, but the same smile. "What do you mean?"

"She did n't wish to go that day when she was caught in the storm. But I insisted; I forced her to go." She stood panting with the intensity of the feeling which had impelled her utterance.

"What do you mean by forcing her to go?"

"I don't know. I — I — persuaded her."

Dr. Mulbridge smiled, as if he perceived her intention not to tell him something she wished to tell him. He looked down into his hat, which he carried in his hand.

"Did you believe the storm was coming?"

"No!"

"And you did n't make it come?"

"Of course not!"

He looked at her and laughed.

"Oh, you don't at all understand!" she cried.

"I'm *not* a doctor of divinity," he said. "Good-morning."

"Wait, wait!" she implored. "I am afraid — I don't know — Perhaps my being near her is injurious to her; perhaps I ought to let some one else nurse her. I wished to ask you this" — She stopped, breathlessly.

"I don't think you have done her any harm as yet," he answered lightly. "However," he said, after a moment's consideration, "why don't you take a holiday? Some of the other ladies might look after her a while."

"Do you really think," she palpitated,

"that I might? Do you think I ought? I'm afraid I ought n't" —

"Not if your devotion is hurtful to her?" he asked. "Send some one else to her for a while. Any one can take care of her for a few hours."

"I could n't leave her — feeling as I do about her."

"I don't know how you feel about her," said Dr. Mulbridge. "But you can't go on at this rate. I shall want your help by and by, and Mrs. Maynard does n't need you now. Don't go back to her."

"But if she should get worse while I am away" —

"You think your staying and feeling bad would make her better? Don't go back," he repeated; and he went out to his ugly rawboned horse, and, mounting his shabby wagon, rattled away. She lingered, indescribably put to shame by the brutal common sense which she could not impeach, but which she still felt was no measure of the case. It was true that she had not told him everything, and she could not complain that he had mocked her appeal for sympathy if she had trifled with him by a partial confession. But she indignantly denied to herself that she had wished to appeal to him for sympathy.

She wandered out on the piazza, which she found empty, and stood gazing at the sea in a reverie of passionate humiliation. She was in that mood, familiar to us all, when we long to be consoled and even flattered for having been silly. In a woman this mood is near to tears; at a touch of kindness the tears come, and momentous questions are decided. What was perhaps uppermost in the girl's heart was a detestation of the man to whom she had seemed a simpleton; her thoughts pursued him, and divined the contempt with which he must be thinking of her and her pretensions. She heard steps on the sand, and Libby came round the corner of the house from the stable.

W. D. Howells.

KOSHCHEI THE DEATHLESS; OR, THE DIFFUSION OF FAIRY- TALES.

UNTIL the beginning of the present century, by far the greater portion of Aryan mythology existed only, like an unwritten language, on the lips of the common people. The Vedas, the great Sanskrit epics and the dramas of Kalidasa, the Homeric poems, the immortal Attic tragedies and the works of the Greek logographers, as well as the collection of sacred books known as Zendavesta, did indeed form a literature thousands of years old, to which in later times the Icelandic Edda, with the Heimskringla of Sturluson and other Norse sagas, and the German Lay of the Nibelungs, were added; and in this mass of literature all the most conspicuous features of Aryan mythology are no doubt to be found, as well as many important clues by which to interpret them. A far greater mass of legendary lore, however, at least if we consider its bulk only, was preserved from age to age by word of mouth, in the shape of fairy-tales, nursery rhymes and ballads, popular superstitions and proverbs. From the loftier mythology which deals with gods and sublime heroes, and is thus associated with religious ideas, this humble material of tradition is customarily distinguished as "folk-lore," but no one would pretend to draw any boundary line between folk-lore and mythology. Through the whole warp of the more serious mythology runs the homely woof of folk-lore, so that our opinion about Athene or Odysseus is worth but little until we have given due attention to Little Red Riding Hood and her happier cousin Cinderella.

Of this humble but very important portion of mythology, very little, I said, was reduced to writing until the present century. In the Middle Ages the two great storehouses of popular lore were

the *Directorium Humanæ Vitæ*, by John of Capua, and the famous Book of the Seven Wise Masters, by Dame Jehans, a French monk. The first of these was translated toward the end of the thirteenth century from a Hebrew version of an Arabic version of a Pehlevi version made seven hundred years before at the court of Khosrou Nushirwan. The original which passed through so many metamorphoses was the Sanskrit *Pantcha Tantra*, or Five Books of fable, and in one form or another the work is variously known as the Fables of Bidpai or Pilpay, the *Auvar-i Suhaili* or Lights of Canopus, or the book of *Kalila and Dimna*. The Book of the Seven Wise Masters had an equally complicated career. In 1550 the first modern collection of folk-lore appeared in the *Piacevole Notte* of Straparola, which was followed in the next century by the *Pentamerone* of Basile, a work of much higher character. Sixty years later, Perrault published his *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*, the original of our Mother Goose, and about the same time the Countess D'Aulnoy set the fashion of writing such stories as the *Beneficent Frog*, *Princess Carpillon*, and *The Hind in the Wood*, which used to interest children, but are of little or no value to the student of folk-lore. The two great mediæval collections, with the books of Perrault, Basile, and Straparola, the monkish tales known as the *Gesta Romanorum*, and the peerless *Arabian Nights*, comprise pretty much all the literature of folk-lore known in Europe before the present century. In 1812, an event of the first importance in the study of mythology occurred when the brothers Grimm published the first volume of their household tales, gathered orally from nurses, children, and gran-

nies at a hundred German firesides. Everybody knows what this book is. It has taken its place by the side of the Arabian Nights, and can be understood at a still earlier age. I have often thought that if any man ever achieved a thoroughly enviable reputation, that man was Jacob Grimm. The greatest scholar of modern times, and one of the chief inaugurators of the comparative method in linguistics, mythology, and jurisprudence, master in two such distinct lines of inquiry as those now represented by Max Müller and Sir Henry Maine, and author of one of the most colossal works in philology that have ever been published, — at the same time his name has become and will long remain a household word wherever there are dear little rosy-cheeked boys and girls to be interested in the misfortunes of Faithful John, or tickled by the adventures of Hans-in-Luck. Of this latter fame, however, his brother William is entitled to an equal share. This work of the Grimms “proceeded on the principle of faithfully collecting traditions from the mouths of the people, without adding one jot or tittle, or in any way interfering with them, except to select this or that variation as most apt or beautiful.”¹ The example having thus been set, other explorers and collectors followed it, and the amount of folk-literature that has thus grown up within the past fifty years is simply enormous. Next in interest and merit to the Grimm collection are the Norse tales of Asbjörnson and Moe, translated into English by Dasent, — a book which ought to be in every household. Among other such works of first importance are Campbell’s Tales of the West Highlands, Kennedy’s Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts, the great Russian collection by Afanasief, portions of which have been made accessible to English readers by Mr. Ralston, and the interesting volume entitled Old Deccan Days, dictated to Miss

¹ Dasent, op. cit. p. cl.

Frere by a family servant in Southern India. But I have not set out to give the bibliography of this subject. The literature of popular mythology to-day fills thousands of volumes, and could hardly be mastered in an ordinary lifetime. It is fortunate that such zeal has been shown in this work, but much still remains to be done, and should be done without delay. For in this age of railroads and telegraphs and daily newspapers the native growth of folk-lore is likely ere long to die out. When a nation gets to be so literary that in every farmer’s house you find a copy of Harper’s Magazine or the Atlantic Monthly, there is not much chance left for folk-lore, except in so far as it has taken shape in literature, like everything else. In this country we seem to be getting into some such condition as this, and an emulator of the Grimms would find a comparatively poor harvest here. Indeed, I think we have a feeling that folk-lore belongs in the main to the Old World, like quaint heraldic emblems, orders of nobility, ruined monasteries, and such sort of things. But this only indicates that in course of time the diffusion of printed literature is likely to kill out folk-lore everywhere, except in so far as it gathers it up and preserves it as literature.

It is not likely, however, that any further explorations will essentially modify the conclusions at which we are now enabled to arrive. The vast mass of material already at our command is quite sufficient to demonstrate for us, in a manner no less interesting than convincing, how deep-seated was the community of culture in the primitive Aryan world. The first and most striking result of this extensive investigation shows that the community of folk-lore among the various Indo-European peoples is as unmistakable as the community of speech. The existence of a story in any part of the Aryan domain is almost a sure guarantee that it will turn up soon-

er or later in some other part. One needs but to read Dasent's Norse Tales and Miss Frere's Old Deccan Days to see how wonderful is the identity between the nursery tales of Norway and of Southern Hindustan, told as they are by humble folk who have no knowledge of book-lore whatever. In my *Myths and Myth-Makers* I have cited several examples of this correspondence, which I will not repeat here. Out of innumerable other instances, equally suggestive, we may consider Grimm's story of the Traveling Musicians. Somewhere near the city of Bremen dwelt an ass, who had grown so old in service that his master thought him of no use, and resolved to knock him on the head. But the sagacious brute, suspecting that something was wrong, contrived to slink away, and started for the city, bethinking himself that his voice was still effective, and perhaps he might secure employment as a musician. Before he had gone far he fell in with a large dog, who began to complain bitterly of the hard life he led, chained all day in a narrow kennel, and fed on the sorriest of dry bones. It needed but little persuasion to induce him to join the ass, and set out to try whether his fine bass voice would not insure him a place in some city choir. Trudging along together, the two friends presently espied a cat perched on a brick wall, with her lithe spine well arched, and mewing desperately. On inquiry, it appeared that there had been a new litter of kittens, and the lady of the house had been heard to suggest that the prettiest kitten should be kept and the old cat drowned, as she had grown too lazy to prowls for mice. Under these circumstances, the temptation to join the traveling musicians proved too strong for that love of home which nature has implanted in the feline breast, and an excellent soprano was thus added to the company. An alto or counter-tenor was all that was now needed, and this was soon found in

the person of Chanticleer, who had that morning overheard the cook making some very ominous remarks about the chicken-broth for to-morrow's dinner. The quartette traveled along in pleasant comradeship till nightfall, when, having got well into the woods, the rooster found a perch among the branches of a tall tree, while the other musicians composed themselves to sleep at its foot. Before the night was far gone the company below were awakened by a prolonged cock-crow. "What's the matter up there?" said the donkey; to which Chanticleer made answer that he saw the sun on the horizon. Some wrangling ensued over this, as the donkey and dog maintained that it was pitch-dark, until Tabby, who had run up the tree, reported that Chanticleer certainly saw some kind of a light. It was hereupon thought worth while to pry further into the matter, and so they all started off together in the direction indicated by the cock. After a while they saw that the light came from the window of a large house; and as they drew near, the ass, being the tallest, beheld a gang of robbers seated around a large table, playing at cards and drinking brandy and water. How to capture this desirable stronghold was now the problem of the musicians, and after some consultation they hit upon a plan. "The ass placed himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon the cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock" crowed lustily; "and then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some dreadful

hobgoblin had broken in upon them. and scampered away as fast as they could." In the scramble the table was overturned and the light put out; but the musicians, being masters of the situation, soon smelled out whatever was good to eat, and after a while they went to bed, — the donkey on a heap of straw in the yard, the dog on a mat behind the door, the cat curled up on the hearth, and the cock on the ridge-pole of the roof. Presently the robbers began to repent of their terror, and one of the boldest volunteered to go back and see how things looked. Finding everything still, he went in, and tried to get a light from the cat's eyes, mistaking them for live coals; but when it came to scratching eyes the cat had the best of it. As the robber retreated through the door the dog bit him in the leg; the ass kicked him as he ran across the yard; and with a prodigious crow Chanticleer completed his discomfiture. He flew back to his comrades in deadly terror, and told them how a horrid witch clawed his face with her long bony fingers; how a ruffian in the door-way stabbed him with a knife; "how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club; and how the devil" sat on top of the house and screamed, "Throw the rascal up here!"

I have given this story not precisely according to Grimm, but have mixed in some details from another German version, which I heard when a boy. Singular as it may seem, it is found in one form or another in all the Teutonic and Keltic parts of Europe. It appears as indigenous in Ireland, under the title of Jack and his Comrades, where some features are added which bring it within the large class of stories relating to grateful beasts. Jack is the young hero who figures so conspicuously in nursery literature, who starts out to seek his fortune. He drags the ass out of a bog in which he is floundering, and afterwards rescues the dog from some naughty boys who are tormenting him. The acces-

sion of the cat to the company is marked by no special adventure, but the cock is saved by the dog's prowess from the clutches of a red fox which is carrying it off. When they all reach the house in the wood, it is Jack who creeps up to the window and discovers six robbers drinking whisky-punch. He listens to their talk, and overhears how they lately bagged a fine booty at Lord Dunlavin's, with the connivance of the gatekeeper. The house is then taken by storm, as in the German version, and when the bravest robber returns in the dark he meets with a similar ill-reception. The stolen treasure is all found secreted in the house, and next morning Jack loads it on to the donkey, and they proceed to Lord Dunlavin's castle. The treasure is restored, the gatekeeper is hanged, the faithful beasts get well provided for in the the kitchen and farm-yard, and Jack marries the lord's only daughter, and eventually succeeds to the earldom.

Taken as a whole, this fantastic story may not have a consistent mythological significance, but it has certainly been pieced together out of genuine mythical conceptions. It is impossible to read it without being reminded of the lame ass in the *Zend Yagna*, who by his fearful braying terrifies the night-monsters and keeps them away from the sacred *homa*, or drink of the gods. In the Veda this business of guarding the *soma* is intrusted not to an ass, but to a centaur or *gandharva*. The meaning of these creatures is well enough understood. The Vedic *gandharvas*, corresponding to the Greek *κενταυροι*, were cloud deities, who, among other accomplishments, were skillful performers on the kettle-drum; and their musical performances, as well as the braying of the ass in the *Zenda-vesta*, appear to have represented neither more nor less than the thunder with which Indra terrified the Panis, or night-robbers. The ass, indeed, plays a considerable part in Hindu mythology; and

the protection of treasure and intimidation of thieves is one of his regular mythical functions.¹ Now when we consider the close resemblance between this function of the ass in Hindu mythology and the part which he plays in the Kelto-Teutonic legend above cited, and when we reflect that there is nothing in our actual familiar experience of the animal which should suggest any such function to the story-teller, does it not seem quite clear that this prominent idea in the grotesque and homely story, — the idea of robbers frightened by a donkey's voice, — had its origin in an Old Aryan mythical conception? If this be the case, — even without considering the other members of the quartette, albeit they have all figured very conspicuously in divers Aryan myths, — we are bound to account for the wide diffusion of the story by supposing that it is a very old tradition, and has not been passed about in recent times from one Aryan people to another.

If our view were restricted to this story alone, however, perhaps we could not make out a very strong case for it as illustrating an early community of Aryan tradition. It is no doubt possible, for example, that the story may have been originally pieced together out of mythical materials by some Teutonic story-teller, and may have been transmitted into Keltic Britain by Uncle Toby's armies in Flanders, or in any other of a thousand ways; for the social intercourse between Kelts and Teutons has always been very close. Some scholars think that we may account in this way for the greater part of the resemblances among folk-tales in different parts of Europe; and in support of their opinion they allege the immense popularity, in the Middle Ages, of the version of the Pantcha Tantra and the Seven Wise Masters. But such an opinion seems based on altogether too

narrow a view of the subject. In the first place, the stories which have come into Europe through the Seven Wise Masters and the versions of the Pantcha Tantra are but a drop in the bucket, when compared with the vast mythical lore which has been taken down from the lips of the common people within the last fifty years. For the greater part of this mythical lore no imaginable literary source can be pointed out. In the second place, however practicable this theory of what we may call "lateral transmission" might seem if applied only to one legend, like the story of the donkey and his friends, above cited, it breaks down utterly when we try to apply it to the entire folk-lore of any one people. Granting that the Scotch and Irish Kelts may have learned this particular story from some German source, we have yet to remember that nine tenths of Scoto-Irish folk-lore is substantially identical with the folk-lore of Germany; and shall we say that Scotch and Irish nurses never told nursery tales until they were instructed, in some way or other, from a German source? We seem here to get very near to a *reductio ad absurdum*; but the case is made immeasurably worse when we reflect that it is not with two or three but with twenty or thirty different Aryan peoples, and throughout more than a hundred distinct areas, that this remarkable community of popular tradition occurs. Is it in any way credible that one of these groups of people should have been obliged to go to some other group to get its nursery tales? Or, to put the question more forcibly, is it at all credible that any one group should have been so differently constituted from the rest, in regard to the making of folk-lore, that it should have enjoyed a monopoly of this kind of invention? Yet, unless we feel prepared to defend some such extreme position as this, there appears to be nothing for us to do but to admit that all the Aryan people have

¹ See Gubernatis, Zoölogical Mythology, i. 370-379.

gone on from the outset with their own native folk-lore. Here and there, no doubt, they have acquired new stories from one another, and the instances of such cross-transmission may very likely have been numerous; but with regard to the great body of their fireside traditions we may safely assert, on general principles of common sense, that it has been indigenous. And when we find that not two or three but two or three thousand nursery-tales are common to Ireland and Russia, to Norway and Hindustan, we may feel pretty sure that the gist of these tales was all contained in Old Aryan folk-lore in the times when there was but one Old Aryan language and culture. We have no alternative but to admit, as I have elsewhere said, "that the primitive Aryan cottager, as he took his evening meal of *yava* and sipped his fermented mead, listened with his children to the stories of Boots and Cinderella and the Master Thief, in the days when the squat Laplander was master of Europe and the dark-skinned Sudra was as yet unmolested in the Punjab. Only such community of origin can explain the community in character between the stories told by the Aryan's descendants from the jungles of Ceylon to the highlands of Scotland."

But in support of this view we have not only this general *a priori* probability, sustained by the difficulty of adopting any alternative. We have also the demonstrated fact that the whole structure of Aryan speech, with the culture that it implies, however multiform it is to-day, has been traced back to an era of uniformity. Quite independently of our study of myths and legends, we know that there was once a time when the ancestors of the Englishman, the Russian, and the Hindu formed but one single people; and we know that English words are like Russian and Hindustani words because they have been handed down by tradition from a common source, and for no other reason, occult

or plausible. Knowing this to be so, is it not obvious that the conditions of the case quite cover also the case of nursery tales? Children learn the adventures of Little Bo-Peep and Jack the Giant-Killer precisely as they learn the words of their mother tongue; and if the power of tradition is sufficient to make us say "three" in America to-day just because our ancestors said "tri" forty centuries ago in Central Asia, why should not the same conservative habit insure a similar duration to the rhymes and stories with which infancy is soothed and delighted?

Our position is further strengthened by a qualification which it is desirable here to introduce. Great as is the number of entirely similar *stories* which can be brought together from the remotest corners of the Indo-European world, the number of similar mythical *incidents* is far greater. The wide diffusion of such stories as Cinderella and Faithful John is in itself a striking phenomenon. But after all, the main point is that no matter how endlessly diversified the great mass of Aryan nursery tales may appear on a superficial view, they are nevertheless all made up of a few fundamental incidents, which recur again and again in an amazing variety of combinations. Thus the conception of grateful beasts, which we have already noticed, appears in hundreds of stories, its simplest version being the familiar legend of Andronicus, who pulls a thorn from a lion's paw, and is long afterward spared by the same lion in the amphitheatre. Hardly less common is the notion of a man whose life depends on the duration or integrity of something external to him, as the existence of Meleagros was to be determined by the burning of a log. The idea of a Delilah-like woman, who by amorous wheedling extorts the secret of her lover's invulnerability, is equally wide-spread. And the conception of human beings turned into stone by an enchanter's spell is continually repeated, from the classic victims

of the Gorgon to the brothers of Parizade in the Arabian Nights. These elements are neatly blended in the South Indian legend of the magician Punchkin, who turned into stone six daughters of a rajah, with their husbands, and incarcerated the youngest daughter in a tower until she should make up her mind to marry him. He forgot, however, to enchant the baby son of this youngest daughter, who, years afterward, when grown to manhood, discovered his mother in the tower, and laid a plot for Punchkin's destruction. The princess gives Punchkin to understand that she will probably marry him if he will tell her the secret of his immortality. After two or three futile attempts to hoodwink his treacherous charmer, he confesses that his life is bound up with that of a little green parrot concealed under six jars of water in the midst of a jungle, a hundred thousand miles distant. On his journey thither, the young prince rescues some eaglets from a serpent, and they reward him by carrying him on their crossed wings, out of the reach of the dragons who guard the jungle. As he seizes the parrot, Punchkin roars for mercy, and immediately sets at liberty all the victims of the enchantment; but as soon as this has been done the prince wrings the parrot's neck, and the magician dies.

From the Deccan to Argyleshire this story is told, with hardly any variation, the most familiar version of it being the Norse tale of the Giant who had no Heart in his Body. But we are now looking at these stories analytically, and what we have chiefly to notice are the ubiquity, the persistence, and the manifold recombinations of the mythical incidents. These points are well illustrated in the Russian legend of Marya Morevna. This beautiful princess marries Prince Ivan, — the everlasting Jack or Odysseus of popular tradition, whom the wise dawn goddess ever favors, and insures him ultimate success. Marya

Morevna is an Amazon, like Artemis and Brynhild, and after the honeymoon is over the impulse to go out and fight becomes irresistible. Ivan is left in charge of the house, and may do whatever he likes except to look into "that closet there." This incident you have met with in the stories of Bluebeard and the Third Royal Mendicant in the Arabian Nights, and there is hardly any limit to its recurrence. Of course, the moment his wife is out of the house, Ivan goes straight to the closet, and there he finds Koshchei the Deathless, fettered by twelve strong chains. Koshchei pleads piteously for some water, as he has not tasted a drop for ten years; but after the charitable Ivan has given him three bucketfuls, the malignant giant breaks his chains like cobwebs, and flies out of the window in a whirlwind, and overtakes Marya Morevna, and carries her home a prisoner. To recount all the adventures of Ivan while seeking his wife would be to encumber ourselves too heavily with mythical incident. He finds her several times, and carries her off; but Koshchei the Deathless has a magic horse, he longing to the same breed with Pegasus, the horses of Achilles, the enchanted steed of the Arabian Nights, and the valiant hippogriff of Ariosto, and with this wonderful horse Koshchei always overtakes and baffles the fugitives. Prince Ivan's game is hopeless unless he can find out where Koshchei obtained his incomparable steed. By dint of industrious coaxing Marya Morevna learns that there is a Baba Yaga, or witch, who lives beyond a river of fire, and keeps plenty of mares; one time Koshchei tended the mares for three days without losing any, and the witch gave him a foal for his services. The way to get across the fiery river was to wave a certain magic handkerchief, when a lofty but narrow bridge would instantly span the stream. Here we have the Es-Sirat, or rainbow bridge, of

the Moslem, over which the good pass safely to heaven, while the wicked fall into the flames of hell below. Marya Morevna obtained the handkerchief, and so Ivan contrived to get across the river. Now comes the grateful-beast incident. The prince is faint with hunger, and is successively tempted by a chicken, a bit of honeycomb, and a lion's cub; but on the intercession of the old hen, the queen bee, and the lioness, he refrains from meddling with their treasures, and arrives half starved, at the horrible hut of the Baba Yaga, inclosed within a circle of twelve poles, on eleven of which are stuck human heads. The old hag gives him the mares to look after, with the friendly warning that if he loses a single one he need n't feel annoyed at finding his own head stuck on the twelfth pole. On each of the three days the mares scamper off in all directions, leaving Ivan in despair; but each night they are safely driven home, first by a flock of outlandish birds, next by a lot of wild beasts, and lastly by a swarm of angry bees. In the dead of night Prince Ivan laid hands on a magic colt, and rode off on it across the fairy bridge. The Baba Yaga followed in hot pursuit, driving along in an iron mortar, brushing away her traces with a broom, like the "old woman, whither so high," of our own nurseries. She drove fearlessly on to the bridge, but when she was midway it broke in two, and flop she went into the fiery stream. All was up now with Koshchei the Deathless, in spite of his surname; for now came Ivan and carried off Marya Morevna on his heroic steed; and when Koshchei caught up with them they just cracked his skull, and built a funeral pyre, and burned him to ashes on it.

Of the mythical incidents with which this wild legend is crowded, we must go back and pick up one or two which we could not conveniently notice on the

way. We observed that Marya Morevna is like the Norse Brynhild in her character of an Amazon; she is like her also in being separated from her lover, who has to go through long wanderings and many trials before he can recover her. The theme, with many variations, is most elaborately worked out in the classic story of Odysseus, and it is familiar to every one in the Arabian tales of Beder and Johara, and of Kamaralzaman and Budoor. Another and more curious feature is the sudden recovery of gigantic strength by Koshchei the Deathless as soon as he has taken a drink of water. This notion is illustrated in many Aryan tales, but in none more forcibly than in the Bohemian story of Yanechek¹ and the Water-Demon. A poor widow's mischievous boy having been drowned, the mother some time after succeeds in capturing the water-demon while he is out of his element, roaming about on land. She drags him home to her hut, and ties him tight with a rope nine times plaited, and builds a fearful fire in the oven, which so scorches and torments the fiend that he is prevailed upon to tell her how to get down into the water-kingdom and release her Yanechek. Everything succeeds until Yanechek is restored to the dry land, and learns how his enemy is tied hand and foot in the hut. Overcome with a silly desire for revenge, he runs home, picks up a sharp hatchet, and throws it at the water-demon, thinking to split his head open and finish him. But the horrible fiend, changing suddenly into a huge black dog, jumps aside as the axe descends, and the sharp edge falls on the ninefold plaited rope and severs it. The dog, freed from his fetters, springs to the empty water-jug standing on the table, and, thrusting in his paw succeeds in touching one wet drop that remained at the bottom. Instantly, then, the demon recovered his

¹ The diminutive *Yanechek* means "Johnny." The name of the grand Bohemian actress, Fanny

Janauschek, would seem to be equivalent to the English name "Johnson."

strength, and the drop of water became an overwhelming torrent, that swallowed up Yanechek, and his mother, and the house, and the region round about, and went off roaring down the hillside, leaving nothing but a dark and gloomy pool, which is there to this day, with the legend still hovering about it.

One might go on indefinitely citing stories in illustration of these curious correspondences. But we have already before us as much material as we can well manage, and quite enough to establish our main thesis. The reader will now clearly understand what is meant when it is said that the thousands of stories which constitute the body of Aryan folk-lore are made up of comparatively few mythical incidents combined in an endless variety of ways. This freedom with which the common stock of mythical ideas is handled in the different stories must finally dispose of the hypothesis that such stories have been diffused through any other means than that of immemorial tradition. No one will think it likely that in every Aryan land "men have handled the stories introduced from other countries with the deliberate purpose of modifying and adapting them, and that they have done their work in such a way as sometimes to leave scarcely a resemblance, at other times scarcely to effect the smallest change."¹ "To take these stories after any system, and arrange their materials methodically, is almost an impossible task. The expressions or incidents worked into these legends are like the few notes of the scale from which great musicians have created each his own world. . . . In one story we may find a series of incidents briefly touched, which elsewhere have been expanded into a hundred tales, while the incidents themselves are presented in the countless combinations suggested by an exuberant fancy. The outlines of the tales, when these have been care-

fully analyzed, are simple enough; but they are certainly not outlines which could have been suggested by incidents in the common life of mankind. Maidens do not fall for months or years into death-like trances, from which the touch of one brave man alone can rouse them. Dragons are not coiled round golden treasures or beautiful women on glistening heaths. Princes do not everywhere abandon their wives as soon as they have married them, to return at length in squalid disguise and smite their foes with invincible weapons. Steeds which speak and which cannot die do not draw the chariots of mortal chiefs. . . . Yet every fresh addition made to our stores of popular tradition does but bring before us new phases of those old forms"² of which the myth-makers seem never to have grown weary.

Let us now proceed to show how these elementary mythical incidents, out of which Aryan folk-lore is woven, are in general to be interpreted; and, not to multiply examples needlessly, let us consider some of the incidents and personages already cited. *Koshchei the Deathless* is a curious and interesting character; let us begin by seeing what we can make of him.

Between the Russian legend of *Koshchei* and the Hindu legend of *Punchkin* we have noted some general resemblances. Both these characters are mischief-makers, with whom the hearer is not expected to sympathize, and who finally meet their doom at the hands of the much-tried and much-wandering hero of the story. Both carry off beautiful women, who coquet with them just enough to lure them to destruction. Such resemblances may not suffice to prove their mythologic identity, but a more specific likeness is not wanting. The Russian legends of *Koshchei* are many, and in one of them his life depends on an egg which is in a duck

¹ Cox, *Aryan Mythology*, i. 142.

² *Ibid.*, i. 157.

shut up in a casket underneath an oak-tree, far away. In all the main incidents this version coincides with the story of Punchkin, up to the smashing of the egg by Prince Ivan, which causes the death of the deathless Koshchei. There can thus be no doubt that the two personages stand for the same mythical idea. Again, we have seen that Koshchei is in his most singular characteristic identifiable with the water-demon of the Bohemian tale. In several Russian legends of the same cycle, the part of Koshchei is played by a water-snake, who at pleasure can assume the human form. In view of the entire grouping of the incidents, one can hardly doubt that this serpent belongs to the same family with Typhon, Ahi, and Echidna, and is to be counted among the robber Panis, the enemies of the solar deity Indra, who steal the light and bury it in distant caverns, but are sure to be discovered and discomfited in the end. The dawn-nymph — Marya Morevna, or whatever other name she may assume — is always true to her character, which is to be consistently false to the demon of darkness, with whom she coquets for a while, but only to inveigle him to destruction at the hands of her solar lover. The separation of the bright hero, Odysseus, or Kamaralzeman, or Prince Ivan, from his twilight bride, and his long nocturnal wanderings in search of her, exposed on the way to all manner of perilous witchcraft, which he invariably baffles, — all these incidents are transparent enough in their meaning. The horrid old witch, the Baba Yaga, is in many respects the ugly counterpart of the more agreeable Kalypso and Kirke, or of the abominable Queen Labe in the Arabian tale of Beder and Johara. The Baba Yaga figures very extensively in Russian folk-lore as a malignant fiend, and one prominent way in which she wreaks her malice is to turn her victims into stone. Herein she agrees with the Gorgon Medusa and the

magician Punchkin. Why the fiends of darkness should be described as petrifying their victims is perhaps not obvious, until we reflect that throughout an immense circle of myths the powers of winter are indiscriminately mixed up with those of the night-time, as being indiscriminately the foes of the sun-god Zeus or Indra. That the demon of winter should turn its victims into stone for a season, until they are released by the solar hero, is in no wise incomprehensible, even to our mature and prosaic style of thinking. The hero who successfully withstands the spell of the Gorgon, after many less fortunate champions have succumbed to it, is the indomitable Perseus, who ushers in the spring-time.

The malignant characteristics of Punchkin are thus, in the Russian tale, divided between Koshchei and his ally, the Baba Yaga. It is in this random, helter-skelter way that the materials of folk-lore are ordinarily put together. But the instinct of the story-teller is here correct enough, for he feels that these demons really belong to the same family, though he cannot point, as the scholar can, to the associations of ideas which have determined what characteristics are to be assigned them. It cannot be too carefully borne in mind that the story-teller knows nothing whatever of the ancient mythical significance of the incidents which he relates. He recites them as they were told to him, in pursuance of some immemorial tradition of which nobody knows either the origin or the meaning. Yet in most instances the contrast between the good and the evil powers, between the god of light and warmth and comfort on the one hand and the fiends of darkness and cold and misery on the other, is so distinctly marked in the features of the immemorial myth that the story-teller — ignorant as he is of the purport of his talk — is not likely altogether to overlook it. As a general rule the attributes of Hercules are but seldom con-

founded with those of Cacus. Now and then, however, a confusion occurs, as we might expect, where there is no obvious reason why a particular characteristic should be assigned to a good rather than to an evil hero. In this way some of the relatively neutral features in a solar myth have been assigned indifferently to the powers of light and the powers of darkness. It seems to have puzzled Max Müller that, in the myth of the Trojan War, the night-demon Paris should appear invested with some of the attributes of solar heroes. But I think it is natural that this should be so when we consider how far the myth-makers were from intending anything like an allegory, and how slightly they were bound by any theoretical consistency in the use of their multifarious materials. The old antithesis of the good and the bad has generally been well sustained in the folk-lore which has descended from the myths of antiquity, but incidents not readily thus distinguishable have been parceled out very much at random. Bearing this in mind, we have no difficulty in understanding why the black magician's life depends on the integrity of an egg, or some other such object, outside of him. In the legends we have been considering, it is the fiend of darkness who is thus conditioned, but, originally, it is beyond all question that the circumstance refers to the sun. Out of a thousand legends of this class, it is safe to say that nine hundred and ninety represent the career of the hero as bound up with the duration of an egg. And here, I think, we come close to the primitive form of the myth. This mysterious egg is the roc's egg which the malign African Efreet asked Aladdin to hang up in the dome of his palace. It is the sun; and when the life of the sun is destroyed, as when he goes down, the life of the hero who represents him is also destroyed. From this mythical source we have the full explanation of the singular fate of such personages as

Meleagros, and Punchkin, and Koshchei the Deathless.

It is an odd feature of Koshchei that, while invariably distinguished as immortal, he is invariably slain by his solar adversary. But herein what have we to note save the fact that the night-demon, though perpetually slain, yet rises again, and presents a bold front, as before, to the solar hero? In the mythology of the American Indians we have this everlasting conflict between the dark and the bright deities. The West, or the spirit of darkness contends with the East, or the spirit of light. The struggle begins on the mountains, and the West is forced to give ground. The East drives him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, until at last they come to the brink of this world. "Hold!" cries the West; "hold, my son! You know my power, and that it is impossible to kill me!" Nothing can be more transparent than the meaning of all this; and it is in just this way that the deathless Koshchei is slain again and again by his solar antagonist. Conversely, among the incidents of the legend which we omitted as too cumbrous for citation is one in which Prince Ivan is chopped into small pieces by Koshchei, and is brought to life again only by most weird magic. What can be more obvious than that here we have the perennial conflict between Day and Night, — the struggle that knows no end, because both the antagonists are immortal?

As for the conception of grateful beasts, who in so many legends aid the solar hero in time of need, I think it is most likely derived from a mingling together of ancient myths in which the sun himself figures as a beast. In various ancient myths the sun is represented as a horse or a bull, or even as a fish, — Oannes or Dagon, — who swims at night through a subterranean ocean from the west, where he has disappeared, to the east, whence he is to emerge.

The cock is also, quite naturally, a solar animal, and his cheerful crow is generally the signal at which ghosts and night-demons depart in confusion. In popular legends, in which these primitive connections of ideas have been blurred and partially forgotten, we need not be surprised to find these and other solar beasts assisting the solar hero.

The beast, on the other hand, who enlists his services in support of the powers of darkness is usually a wolf, or a serpent, or a fish. In many legends the sun is supposed to be swallowed by a fish at nightfall, and cast up again at daybreak; and in the same way the wolf of darkness devours little Red Riding Hood, the dawn-nymph, with her robe of crimson twilight, and, according to the German version, yields her up whole and sound when he is cut open next day. But the fish who devours the sun is more often a water-snake, or sea-dragon, and we have seen that Koshchei the Deathless is connected by ties of kinship with these mythical animals. In the readiness with which Koshchei and the water-fiend of the Bohemian legend undergo metamorphosis we are reminded of the classic Proteus. But in the suddenness with which their giant strength is acquired we seem to have a reminiscence of the myth of Hermes, the god of the winds in the Homeric Hymn, who, while yet an infant in the cradle, becomes endowed

with giant powers, and works mischief with the cloud cattle of Apollo; retreating afterwards through the key-hole, and shrinking back into his cradle with a mocking laugh. This mythical conception duly reappears in the Arabian story of the Efreet whom the fisherman releases from a bottle, who instantly grows into a gigantic form that towers among the clouds.

Thus the careful analysis of this Russian legend of Marya Morevna and Koshchei the Deathless yields the same results which in the foregoing paper we obtained from the Latin myth of Hercules and Cacus. And a similar analysis of the whole body of Aryan folk-lore would but strengthen our position by accumulated evidence, without in any degree modifying it. In these curious stories, to which our children listen to-day with breathless interest, we have the old mythical notions of the primitive Aryan people most strangely distorted and blended together. We may fairly regard them as the alluvial refuse which the stream of tradition has brought down from those distant highlands of mythology where our primeval ancestors recorded their crude and child-like impressions of the course of natural events. Out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom; and so from this quaint medley of nursery lore we catch glimpses of the thoughts of mankind in ages of which the historic tradition has utterly vanished.

John Fiske.

HARVEST NOON.

MORN hath its matins, each morn new,
The evening hath its vespers meet;
Nor lacks the noon a service true,
While crickets sing the song of heat.

An hour-long truce the reapers keep
With the mute legions of the grain;

Through swath and stubble spiders creep,
And web them with a filmy skein.

The bees forget their errantry,
Lapped in the clover white and red;
The wind, grown faint with luxury,
Leaves the ripe thistle-down unshed:

Still, yonder, on the long, gray road,
It lives, — a momentary gust,
That drives along, with noiseless goad,
A whirling phantom clothed in dust.

The dreams of night? Noon, too, hath dreams;
In fugitive, mysterious bands,
They launch their fleet on quivering streams
That flow above the sun-bright lands!

I see their prows are southward set;
And soon their sails the haven crowd,
By swimming dome and minaret,
And rich pavilion wove of cloud!

Edith M. Thomas.

IN EXILE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE autumn rains set in early, and the winter was unusually severe. Arnold had a purpose which kept him hard at work and very happy in those days.

During the long December nights he was shut up in his office, plodding on his maps and papers, or smoking in dreamy comfort by the fire. He was seldom interrupted, for he had earned a reputation socially in the camp not unlike that roughly formulated by Pratt. He had earned it quite unconsciously, and was as little troubled by the fact as by its consequences. On the evening of New Year's day he crossed the street to the Dyers' and asked for Miss Newell. She presently greeted him in the parlor, where she looked, Arnold thought, more than ever out of place among the bead-bas-

kets, and splint-frames inclosing photographs of deceased members of the Dyer family, and the pallid walls, penitential chairs, and crude imaginings in worsted work. Her apparent unconsciousness of these abominations was another source of irritation. It is always irritating to a man to see a charming woman in an unhappy and false position, where he is powerless to help her. Arnold had not expected it would be a very exhilarating occasion, — he remembered the Dyer parlor, — but it was even less pleasant than he had expected. Captain Dyer was there, and told a great many stories in a loud, tiring voice. Miss Frances sat by with some soft white knitting in her hands, and her attitude of patient attention made Arnold long to

attack her with some savage pleasantries on the subject of Christmas in a mining camp. It seemed to him that patience was a virtue which could be carried too far, even in woman. Then Mrs. Dyer came in, and manœuvred her husband out into the passage; after some loud whispering there, she succeeded in getting him into the kitchen, and shut the door. Arnold got up soon after that, and said good-evening.

Miss Newell remained in the parlor for some time, moving softly about. She had gathered her knitting closely into her clasped hands; the ball trailed after her, among the legs of the chairs, and when in her silent promenade she had spun a grievous tangle of wool she sat down, and dropped the work out of her hands with a helpless gesture. Her head drooped, and tears trickled slowly between the slender white fingers which covered her face. Presently the fingers descended to her throat and clasped it close, as if to still an intolerable throbbing ache which her half suppressed tears had left.

At length she rose, picked up her work, and patiently followed the tangled clew until she had recovered her ball; then she wound it all up neatly, wrapped the embroidery in a thin white handkerchief, and went to her room.

With the fine March weather, fine in spite of the light rains, the engineer was laying out a road to the new shaft. It wound along the hill-side where Miss Newell had first seen the green trees by the spring. The engineer's orders included the building of a flume, carrying the water down from the Chilano's plantation into a tank built on the ruins of the rock which had guarded the sylvan spring. The discordant voices of a gang of Chinamen profaned the stillness which had framed Miss Frances' girlish laughter; the blasting of the rock had loosened, to their fall, the clustering trees above, and the brook below was a mass of trampled mud.

The engineer's visits to the spring gave him no pleasure in those days. He felt that he was the inevitable instrument of its desecration; but over the hill, just in sight from the spring, carpenters were putting a new piazza round a cottage that stood remote from the camp, where a spur of the hills descended steeply towards the valley. Arnold took a great interest in this cottage. He was frequently to be seen there in the evening, tramping up and down the new piazza, and offering to the moon, which looked in through the boughs of a live-oak at the end of the piazza, the incense of his lonely cigar. Sometimes he would take the key of the front door from his pocket, enter the silent house, and wander from one room to another, like a restless but not unhappy ghost. The moonlight, touching his face, showed it strangely stirred and softened. His was no melancholy madness.

Arnold was leaning on the gate of this cottage one afternoon, when the school-mistress came down the trail from the camp. She did not appear to see him, but turned off the trail at a little distance from the cottage, and took her way across the hill behind it. Arnold watched her a few minutes, and then followed, overtaking her on the hills above the new road, where she had sat with Nicky Dyer nearly a year ago.

"I don't like to see you wandering about here, alone," he said. "The men on the road are a scratch gang, picked up anyhow, not like the regular miners. I hope you are not going to the spring!"

"Why?" said she. "Did you not drink to our return?"

"But you would not drink with me, so the spell did not work; and now the spring is gone, — all its beauty, I mean. The water is there in a tank, where the Chinamen fill their buckets night and morning, and the teamsters water their horses. We'll go over there, if you would like to see the march of modern improvements."

"No," she said; "I'm not fond of looking at graves. Let us sit down a while."

A vague depression, which Arnold had been aware of in her manner when they met, became suddenly manifest in her paleness and a look of dull pain in her eyes.

"I had no idea you would be so cut up about the spring," he said. "I wish I had n't told you in that brutal way. I'm afraid I'm not many degrees removed from the primeval savage, after all."

"Oh, you need n't mind," she said, after a moment. "That was the only thing I cared for here, so now there will be nothing to regret when I go away."

"Are you going away, then? I'm very sorry to hear it; but of course I'm not surprised. You could n't be expected to stand it here; those children must have been something fearful."

"Oh, it was n't the children, particularly."

"Well, I'm sorry. I had hoped" —

"Yes," said she, "what is it you had hoped?"

"That I might indirectly be the means of making your life less lonely here. You remember that 'experiment' we talked about at the spring?"

"That *you* talked about, you mean."

"I am going to try it myself. Not because you were so encouraging — but — it's a risk any way, you know, and I'm not sure the circumstances make so much difference. I've known people to be wretched with all the modern conveniences. I am going East for her in about two weeks. How sorry she will be to find you gone! I wrote to her about you. You might have helped each other. Could n't you stand it, Miss Newell, don't you think, if you had another girl?"

"I'm afraid not," she said very gently. "I *must* go home. You may be sure she will not need me; you must see to it that she does n't."

They were walking back and forth on the hill.

"I was just looking for the cotton-wood trees; are they gone too?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; there is n't a tree left in the cañon. Don't you envy me my work?"

"I suppose everything we do seems like desecration to somebody. Here am I making history very rapidly for this colony of ants." She looked down with a rueful smile as she spoke.

"I wish you had the history of the entire species under your foot, and could finish it at once."

"I'm not sure that I would; I'm not so fond of extermination as you pretend to be."

"Well, keep the ants if you like them, but I am firm on the subject of the camp-children. There *are* blessings, you know, which *brighten as they take their flight*. I pay my monthly assessment for the doctor with the greatest cheerfulness. If it was n't for him, in this climate, they would never die."

"Please don't!" she said wearily. "Even I don't like to hear you talk like that; I am sure *she* will not."

He laughed softly. "You have often reminded me of her in little ways: that was what upset me at the spring. I was very near telling you all about her that day."

"I wish you had!" she said. They were walking towards home now. "I suppose you know it is talked of in the camp," she said, after a pause. "Mr. Dyer told me, and showed me the house, a week ago. And now I must tell you about my violets. I had them in a box in my room all winter. I should like to leave them as a little welcome to her. Last night Nicky Dyer and I planted them on the bank by the piazza under the climbing-rose. It was a secret between Nicky and me, and Nicky promised to water them until she came; but of course I meant to tell you. Will you

look at them to-night, please, and see if Nicky has been faithful?"

"I will, indeed," said Arnold. "That is just the kind of thing she will delight in. If you are going East, Miss Newell, shall we not be fellow-travelers? I should be so glad to be of any service."

"No, thank you. I am to spend a month in Santa Barbara, and escort an invalid friend home. I shall have to say good-by, now. Don't go any further with me, please."

That night Arnold mused late, leaning over the railing of the new piazza in the moonlight. He fancied that a faint perfume of violets came from the damp earth below; but it could have been only fancy, for when he searched the bank for them they were not there. The new sod was trampled, and a few leaves and slight, upturn roots lay scattered about, with some broken twigs from the climbing-rose. He had found the gate open when he came, and the Dyer cow had passed him, meandering peacefully up the trail.

The crescent moon had waxed and waned since the night when it lighted the engineer's musings through the wind-parted live-oak boughs, and another slender bow gleamed in the pale, tinted haze of twilight. The month had gone like a feverish dream to the young school-mistress, as she lay in her small, upper chamber, unconscious of all save alternate light and darkness, and rest following pain. When at last she crept down the short staircase to breathe the evening coolness, clinging to the stair-rail and holding her soft white draperies close around her, she saw the pink light lingering on the mountains, and heard the chorus to the Sweet By and By from the miner's church on the hill. It was Sunday evening, and the house was piously "emptied of its folk." She took her old seat by the parlor window, and looked across to the engineer's office. Its windows and doors were shut, and

the dogs of the camp were chasing one another over the loose boards of the piazza floor. She laughed a weak, convulsive laugh, thinking of the engineer's sallies of old upon that band of Ishmaelites, and of the scrambling, yelping rush that followed. He had gone East, no doubt. She looked down the valley where the mountains parted seaward, the only break in the continuous barrier of land, — interminable stretches of continent, closing in about the atom of her own identity. The thought of that immensity of distance made her faint.

There were steps on the porch, — not Captain Dyer's, for he and his good wife were lending their voices to swell the stentorian chorus which was shaking the church on the hill; the footsteps paused at the door, and Arnold himself opened it. He had evidently not expected to see her.

"I was looking for some one to ask about you," he said. "Are you sure you are able to be down?"

"Oh, yes. I've been sitting up for several days. I wanted to see the mountains again."

He was looking at her intently, while she flushed with weakness, and drew the fringes of her shawl over her tremulous fingers.

"How ill you have been! I have wished myself a woman, that I might do something for you! I suppose Mrs. Dyer nursed you like a horse."

"Oh, no; she was very good; but I don't remember much about the worst of it. I thought you had gone home."

"Home! Where do you mean? I did n't know I had ever boasted of any reserved rights of that kind. I have no mortgage, in fact or sentiment, on any part of the earth's surface, that I'm acquainted with!"

He spoke with a hard carelessness in his manner which made her shrink.

"I mean the East. I am homeless, too, but all the East seems like home to me."

"You had better get rid of those sentimental, backward fancies as soon as possible. The East concerns itself very little about us, I can tell you! It can spare us."

She thrilled with pain at his words. "I should think you would be the last one to say so,—you, who have so much treasure there."

"Will you please to understand," he said, turning upon her a face of bitter calmness, "that I have no treasure anywhere,—not even in heaven!"

She sat perfectly still, conscious that by some helpless fatality of incomprehension every word she said goaded him, and fearing to speak again.

"Now I have hurt you," he said in his gentlest voice. "I am always hurting you. I ought n't to come near you with my rough edges! I'll go away now, if you will tell me you forgive me!"

She smiled at him without speaking, while her fair throat trembled with a pulse of pain.

"Will you let me take your hand a moment? It is so long since I have touched a woman's hand! God! how lonely I am! Don't look at me in that way; don't pity me, or I shall lose what little manhood I have left!"

"What is it?" she said, leaning towards him. "There is something strange in your face. If you are in trouble, tell me. It will help me to hear it. I am not so very happy myself."

"Why should I add my load to yours? I seem always to impose myself upon you, first my hopes, and now my—no, it is n't despair; it is only a kind of brutal numbness. You have the fatal gift of sympathy, or you would never have seen my little hurt."

Miss Frances was not strong enough to bear the look in his eyes as he turned them upon her, with a dreary smile. She covered her face with one hand, while she whispered,—

"Is it—you have not lost her?"

"Yes! Or, rather, I never had her. I've been dreaming like a boy all these years. 'In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.'"

"It is not death, then?"

"No, she is not dead. She is not even false; that is, not very false. How can I tell you how little it is, and yet how much! She is only a trifle selfish. Why should n't she be? Why should we men claim the exclusive right to choose the best for ourselves? It was selfish of me to ask her to share such a life as mine. And she has gently and reasonably reminded me that I'm not worth the sacrifice. It's quite true. I always knew I was n't. She said it very delicately and sweetly,—she's the sweetest girl you ever saw! She'd marry me to-morrow if I could add myself, such as I am,—she does n't overrate me,—to what she has already; but an exchange she was n't prepared for. She is gentle, but she's cool,—infernally cool! In all my life I never was so clearly estimated, body and soul, and found wanting. I don't blame her, you understand. When I left her, three years ago, I saw my way easily enough to a reputation, and an income, and a home in the East. She never thought of anything else. I never taught her to look for anything else. I dare say she rather enjoyed having a lover working for her in the unknown West. She enjoyed the pretty letters she wrote me; but when it came to the bare bones of existence in a mining camp with a husband not very rich or very distinguished, she had nothing to clothe them with. You said once that to be happy here a woman must not have too much imagination; she had n't quite enough. I had to be dead honest with her when I asked her to come. I told her there was nothing here but the mountains and the sunsets, and a few items of picturesqueness which count with some people. Of course I had to tell her I was but little better off than when I left, except for

experience. A man's experience is something he cannot set forth at its value to himself. She passed it over as a word of no practical meaning. There her imagination failed her again. She took me frankly at my own estimate; and in justice to her I must say I put myself at the lowest figures. I made a very poor show on paper. She did n't raise me up and put a garland on my head, and give me a high seat at table. I suppose I must have expected something of the kind. We are always surprised when we get our deserts. She proposed that I should come East, and accept a superintendentship from a cousin of hers, the owner of a gun-factory in one of those shady New England towns women are so fond of. She intimated quietly that he was in politics, this cousin, and of course would expect his employees to become part of his constituency. It's a very pretty little bribe, you see; when you add the — the girl herself, it's enough to shake a man — who wants that kind of a girl. I'm not worth much to myself, or to anybody else, apparently, but by Heaven I'll not sell out as cheap as that! It all amounts to nothing, except one more illusion gone. If there is a woman on this earth who can love a man without knowing for what, and take the chances of life with him without counting the cost, I have never known her. I asked you once if a woman could do that. You had n't the courage to tell me the truth. I would n't have been satisfied if you had, but I'm satisfied now."

"I believed she would be happy; I believe she would be now, if only you could persuade her to try."

"I persuade her! I should never try to *persuade* a woman to be my wife were I dying for love of her! I don't regard myself as invented by nature to promote the happiness of woman, in the aggregate or individually. I know there are men who do, — let them urge their claims. I thought she loved me, — that

was another illusion. She will probably marry the cousin, and become the most loyal of his constituents. He is welcome to her; but there's a ghostly blank somewhere. How I have tired you! You'll be in bed another week for this selfishness of mine." He stopped, while a sudden thought brought a change to his face. "But when are you going home?"

"I cannot go," she said. Her weakness came over her like a cloud, darkening the room and pressing upon her heavily. "Will you give me your arm?"

At the stairs she stopped, and leaning against the wall looked at him with wide, hopeless eyes.

"We are cut off from everything. My friend will not need me now; she has gone, — alone. She is dead!"

Arnold took a long walk upon the hills that night, and smoked a great many cigars in gloomy meditation. He was thinking of two girls, as young men who smoke a great many cigars without counting them often are. He was also thinking of Arizona. He had fully made up his mind to resign, and depart for that problematic region as soon as his place was filled; but an alternative had presented itself to him with a pensive attractiveness, — an alternative unmistakably associated with the fact that the school-mistress was to remain in her present isolated circumstances. It even occurred to him that there might be some question of duty involved in his "standing by her," as he phrased it to himself, "till she got her color back." There was an unconscious appeal in the last words he had heard her speak which constrained him to do so. He was not in the habit of pitying himself, but had there been another soul to follow this mental readjustment of himself to his mutilated life, it would surely have pitied the eagerness with which he clung to this one shadow of a duty to a fellow-creature. It was the measure of his loneliness.

It was late in November. The rains had begun again with sound and fury; with ranks of clouds forming along the mountain sides, and driven before the sea-winds upward through the gulches; with days of breeze and sunshine, when the fog veil lightly lifted and blew apart, showing the valley always greener; with days of lowering stillness, when the veil descended and left the mountains alone, like islands of shadow rising from a sea of misty whiteness.

On such a lowering day Miss Frances stood at the junction of three trails before the door of the blacksmith's shop. She was wrapped in a dark blue cloak, with the hood drawn over her head. The cool dampness had given a clear, pure glow to her cheeks, and her brown eyes looked out with a cheerful light. She was watching the parting of the mist in the valley below, for a wind had sprung up; and now the rift widened, as the windows of heaven might have opened, giving a glimpse of the world to the "Blessed Damozel." All was dark above and around her; only a single shaft of sunlight pierced the fog, and startled into life a hundred tints of brightness in the valley. She caught the sparkle on the roofs and windows of the town ten miles away; the fields of sunburnt stubble glowed a deep Indian red; the young crops were tenderest emerald; and the line of the distant bay a steel-blue thread against the horizon.

Arnold was plodding up the lower trail on his gray mare, fetlock deep in mud. He dismounted at the door of the shop, and called to a small Mexican lad with a cheek of the tint of ripe corn.

"Here, Pedro Segundo! Take this mare up to the camp! Can you catch?" He tossed him a coin. "Bueno!"

"Mucho bueno!" said Pedro the First, looking on approvingly from the door of his shop.

Arnold turned to the school-mistress, who was smiling from her perch on a pile of wet logs.

"I'm perfectly happy!" she said. "I hear the bluebirds, and smell the salt-marshes and the wood-mosses. This east wind takes me home. I'm not sure but when the fog lifts we shall see white caps in the valley."

"I dare say there are some very good people down there," said Arnold, with deliberation, "but all the same I should welcome an inundation. Think what a climate this would be if we had the sea below us, knocking against the rocks on still nights, and bellowing at us in a storm!"

"Don't speak of it! It makes me long for a miracle, or a judgment, or something that's not likely to happen."

"Meantime, I want you to come down the trail, and pass judgment on my bachelor quarters. I can't stand the boarding-house any longer! By Jove, I'm like the British footman in Punch: 'what with them legs o' mutton and legs o' pork, I'm a'most wore out! I want a new hanimal inwented!' I've found an old girl down in the valley who consents to look after me and vary the monotony of my dinners at the highest market price. She is n't here yet, but the cabin is about ready. I want you to look it over. I'm a perfect barbarian about color! You can't put it on too thick and strong to suit me. I dare say I need toning down."

They were slipping and sliding down the muddy trail, brushing the rain-drops from the live-oak scrub as they passed. A subtle underlying content had lulled them both of late into an easier companionship than they had ever found possible before, and they were gay with that enjoyment of wet weather which is like an intoxication after seven months of drought.

"Now I suppose you like soft, harmonious tints and neutral effects. You're a bit of a conservative in everything, I fear."

"I think I should like plenty of color here; the monotony of the landscape

and its own deep, low tones demand it. A neutral house would fade into an ash heap under this sun, or jar like a flat note in a major chord."

"Good! You have a willing mind, I see. You'll like my dark little den, with its barbaric reds and blues."

They were at the gate of the little cottage overlooking the valley. The gleam of sunlight had faded and the fog curtain rolled back. The house did indeed seem very dark as they entered. It was only a little after four o'clock, but the cloudy twilight of a short November day was suddenly descending upon them. The school-mistress looked shyly around, while Arnold tramped about the rooms and drew up the shades.

They were in a small, irregular parlor, wainscoted and floored in redwood, and lightly furnished with bamboo, which communicated by a low arch with the dining-room beyond.

"I have some flags and spurs and old trophies to hang up there," he said, pointing to the arch; "and perhaps I can get you to sew the rings on the curtain that's to hang underneath. I don't want too much of the society of my angel from the valley, you know; besides, I want to shield her from the vulgar gaze, as they do the picture of the Madonna."

"It will serve you right if she never comes at all!"

"Oh, she's anxious to come. She's longing to sacrifice herself for twenty-five dollars a month. Did I tell you, by the way, that I've had a rise in my salary? There is a rise in the work, too, which rather overbalances the increase of pay, but that's understood. For a good many years it will be more work than wage, but at the other end I hope it will be more wage than work. You don't seem to be very much interested in my affairs. If you knew how seldom I speak of them to any one but yourself, you might perhaps deign to listen."

"I am listening; but I'm thinking, too, that it's getting very late."

"See, here is my curtain!" he said, dragging out a roll of heavy stuff. He took it to the window, and threw it over a Chinese lounge that stood beneath. "It's an old serapa I picked up at Guadalajara five years ago. The beauty of having a house is that all the old rubbish you have bored yourself with for years immediately becomes respectable and useful. I expect to become so myself. You don't say that you like my curtain!"

"I think it is very pagan looking, and rather — dirty."

"Well, I shan't make a point of the dirt. I dare say the thing would look just as well if it were clean. Won't you try my lounge?" he said, as she looked restlessly towards the door. "It was invented by the only race who make a science of loafing. It takes an American back some time to relax enough to appreciate it."

Miss Frances half reluctantly drew her cloak about her, and yielded her Northern slenderness to the long Oriental undulations of the couch. Her head was thrown back, showing her fair throat and the sweet upward curves of her lips and brows.

Arnold gazed at her with too evident delight.

"You look like a homesick Sultana, — a rebellious one, you know. Why won't you sit still? You cannot deny that you have never been so comfortable in your life before."

"It's a very good place to 'loaf and celebrate' one's self," she said, rising to a sitting position; "but that is n't my occupation at present. I must go home. It is almost dark."

"There is no hurry. I'm going with you. I want you to see how the little room lights up. All this redwood glows like old mahogany in the sunlight. I've never seen it by fire-light, and I'll have my house-warming to-night!"

"Oh, no, indeed! I must go back. There's the five-o'clock whistle, now!"

"Well, we've an hour yet. You must get warm before you go."

He went out, and quickly returned with an armful of wood and shavings, which he crammed into the cold fireplace.

"What a litter you have made! Do you think your mature angel from the valley will stand that sort of thing?"

As she spoke, the rain descended in violence, sweeping across the piazza, and obliterating the fast-fading landscape. They could scarcely see each other in the darkness, and the trampling on the roof overhead made speech an effort. Almost as suddenly as it had opened upon them the tumult ceased, and in the silence that followed they heard the heavy spattering of drops from the eaves.

Arnold crossed to the window, where Miss Frances stood shivering a little, with her hands clasped before her.

"I want you to light my fire," he said.

"Why not light it yourself?" She drew away from his outstretched hand. "It seems to me you are a bit of a tyrant in your own house."

He drew a match across his knee and held it towards her: by its gleam she saw his pale, unsmiling face and a look in his eyes she remembered.

"Do you refuse me such a little thing, — my first guest? I ask it as a most especial grace!"

She took the match, and knelt with it in her hands; but it only flickered a moment, and went out. "It will not go for me. You must light it yourself."

He knelt beside her and struck another match. "We will try together," he said, placing it in her fingers and closing his own about them. He held the trembling fingers and the little spark they guarded steadily against the shaving. It kindled; the flame breathed and bright-

ened and curled upward among the crooked manzanita stumps, lighting the two pale young faces bending before it. Miss Frances rose to her feet, and Arnold, rising too, looked at her with a growing dread and longing in his eyes.

"You said to-day that you were happy, because in fancy you were at home. Is that the only happiness possible to you, here? Could we not make a home of this on our way to something better, as the birds flying north rest on a little island in the sea? Your beloved East would never have existed if some woman had not exiled herself for the sake of some man. The men were better worth daring for in those days, perhaps, but nothing braces a man like a woman's trust."

"You have always had mine."

"But I want something more!"

"You said once that I reminded you of her: is that the reason you — Am I consoling you?"

"Good God! I don't want consolation! Do you suppose I care for the shadow of a thing that never existed, when the reality of all I have longed for is before me? I wish you had as little as I have outside of this room where we two stand together!"

"I don't know that I have anything," she said under her breath.

"Then," said he, taking her in his arms, "I don't see but we are ready to enter the kingdom of heaven. It seems very near to me."

They are still in exile: they have joined the band of lotus-eaters who inhabit that region of the West which is pervaded by a subtle breath from the Orient, blowing across the seas between. Mrs. Arnold has not yet made that first visit East which is said by her Californian friends to be so disillusioning, and the old home still hovers, like a beautiful mirage, on the receding horizon.

Mary Hallock Foote.

HOUSEKEEPING HEREAFTER.

It is the province of science to observe facts and phenomena, current or precedent, to generalize from these, and from the vantage-ground thus gained to look forward toward the future. Science reflects the light of experience on the pathway before us. Social science has not attained to the last and highest of this trinity of uses. We are gathering facts industriously, and some broad generalizations have been made, but predictions as to the future of society are as yet mostly empirical. Many Utopias have been constructed, but not on scientific foundations. Philosophers and poets, from Plato to Tennyson, have been fertile in suggestions of ultimate perfection in human institutions, but the road to reach this millennial state has not been surveyed. It has remained for the modern investigations of comparative sociology to advance science toward a position where such a survey may be attempted. These investigations already extend to some of the most interesting departments of human affairs, showing the origin of existing customs and institutions, and their relations to each other and to the race, in the several phases of progress from savagery to civilization. The rights of private property, education and the diffusion of knowledge, rites and ceremonies, religions, the wearing of clothing, and many kindred subjects have been studied, and the distinctive phases of progress from age to age successfully delineated in each instance. Progress in each coincides with progress in all, and every advance toward civilization from the rudest state may be distinguished by the prevailing habits of men in any department investigated.

The history of the use of cereals as food affords an illustration of this position. Each stage of society's advance,

from lowest to highest, may be broadly characterized by the prevailing manner of handling the staff of life; that is, by the methods pursued in making bread. Whether prehistoric races made bread or not is more than can be certainly determined, but we know that existing tribes of cave-dwellers and burrowers make no bread. They are differentiated from the brutes by ability to light a fire, by the practice of cooking, and by that of wearing clothing, but their diet consists for the most part of reptiles and roots. A striking advance occurs when the seeds of the field come into use as food. Grain bruised on a flat stone with a billet of wood is wet into dough and cast on the embers: bread makes its appearance in the world, and progress begins. Several tribes of the Shoshone family of Indians make bread in this way. The mortar and pestle succeed the billet and stone, and a baking plate of clay or stone is added to the household outfit. The mortar and pestle are the utensils of the earlier nomadic period, and most tribes of American Indians use them until contact with the whites modifies their habits. The hand-mill, probably the first and certainly the most important machine used in the peaceful arts, marks the transition from the barbarous to the patriarchal state. This admirable contrivance, with which two women ground corn in the early dawn of history, and with which two women still grind corn wherever patriarchal institutions prevail, has rendered more service to man, it may almost be said, than all other machines together. It is the type of the patriarchal state, but its use was not abandoned until the advent of the existing form of society. The use of leaven probably originated in the patriarchal period, while the oven, that is, what is now known as the

baker's oven, belongs to the era of village communities. The grist-mill is the type of existing civilization; being the first experiment in removing domestic industries from the household, the first attempt to set up machinery for doing the work of several households at once.

With these premises to stand on, with some knowledge of the influences which wrought the changes noted from age to age, and with a still better knowledge of the influences at work in the same field to-day, it ought to be possible to foresee what further changes are to come in the immediate future. Mr. Carlyle said, "Only he who understands what has been can know what should and will be." We begin to have some understanding of what has been, we ought to know something of what will be. Society obeys the law of careers, and as other social states have had their rise, progress, and transition, so the state which we know as civilization will pass through several phases and finally give place to a more advanced order. We do not yet understand either the past or the present clearly enough to determine what the career of civilization is to be, but we do understand enough to determine that new phases of development are approaching, and, at this moment, with rapid steps. The existing phase, which may be typified as above noted by the grist-mill, is passing away. It is not necessary to demonstrate this proposition. Those who are accustomed to regard the significance of current events do not require other demonstration than that afforded by observation.

It is safe enough, then, for prophets to put science to the final test, and predict that the day of the grist-mill is going by, and that the coming generation will abandon its use. Flour will be made hereafter by devices as much better than the stones and bolt as these are better than the mortar and pestle. What these devices are to be is not so plainly

perceptible, but the agency used will almost certainly be the explosive force of electricity. Our children will make bread from grain struck by lightning. Invention already apprehends this impending evolution. Ingenious students, unknown to each other, and unconscious that they are forwarding any general purpose, are working out the different parts of the mechanism which will be brought together to accomplish this result.

If so much can be ventured respecting bread, the main-stay of the household, what can be said respecting the household itself? With the change from the hand-mill to the grist-mill came important changes in the life of the family; what changes in the home are to follow the bringing in of electricity to do the work of the grist-mill? In answering this inquiry no course of reasoning can be laid down within the limits of this article. The illustration as to the history of bread-making, hasty sketch as it is, must suffice to indicate the line of investigation leading to the conclusions here given.

One of the most potent and far-reaching influences now at work in society, modifying agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and indeed all great public interests, is the centripetal force which draws men together in united action. The economies and advantages of centralization are such as to overcome all obstacles and all objections. To many people the word "centralization" is offensive. Business men especially are afraid of the tendency of the time, and look with distrust on its monopolizing manifestations; but they yield to it, all the same, its workings being too gainful to be resisted. Accordingly, we see the larger commercial bodies irresistibly attracting the smaller, the great corporations absorbing the minor companies, the big stores buying out the little ones, and all business undertakings tending more and more certainly toward centralization.

In the house and the home, on the contrary, the tendency of the time is as decidedly the other way, the disposition of society being to separate families more and more distinctly, and to erect more impenetrable safeguards about the household. The communists make the mistake of being out of date. The unit of the existing social order is the family, and the animating spirit of this order demands that the family circle shall be more, rather than less, exclusively maintained, and the privacy of the home more fully recognized. The sentiment of familism, as it has been called, is stronger in its own sphere than the centripetal force above noted, and will have as much effect in shaping affairs hereafter. Familism has been hostile to centralization thus far, and although many theories have been advanced and not a few experiments attempted looking to the union of family interests, none have succeeded. Religious associations have, it is true, established community households, as the Shakers, for example, but they have done this only by abolishing the family, — an effective but desperate resort.

The centralizing movement, therefore, has not been allowed to affect the household, except indirectly and to an unimportant extent. The necessity for economizing ground room in large cities brings several families together under one roof; but even in this case the apartment house giving the most complete seclusion to each tenant is the most successful. The care with which the privacy of the home is maintained waxes more jealous as neighbors come closer together. The great cost of keeping up separate household establishments where one central organization would do the work of fifty, and do it far better, the embarrassments and discomforts occasioned by the chronic failure of domestic service, the weariness of flesh and of spirit induced by housekeeping cares, and the waste of energy and ca-

capacity in petty toils that might be successfully devoted to high and noble aims, all are ungrudgingly borne that the sacred retirement of the home may be held inviolate. It is plain that all innovation will be forbidden in the conduct of household affairs until the time when this conservative sentiment of familism becomes convinced that changes can be made to promote rather than to detract from the sanctity of the home, to protect the family still more efficiently rather than to invite entangling alliances or to threaten invasions. This time is now approaching. The family sentiment is coming again into harmonious relations with the centripetal force of civilization, and the world is about to witness the evolution of a new domestic economy as the result. M. de Tocqueville said, "Il faut une science politique nouvelle à un monde tout nouveau." This is true also of social science, and accordingly it is to America that we may properly look for this new evolution.

All the arts contributing to the sustentation of life and the well-being of the family have grown up around the hearth-stone. The aggressive and tedious partisan assertions of woman's ability to do this, that, or the other work in the world are superfluous, or would be so but for modern myopia. As a counter-statement it may be said that woman has done nearly everything that has been done in the peaceful arts from the dawn of history up to the present era. In all the earlier ages women established the home, built the house, reared the family, provided food, except the spoils of the chase and of war, tilled the ground, garnered the crops, provided materials for raiment, spun thread and wove cloth, designed and manufactured clothing, cared for the sick, and educated the children. Modern civilization, developing commerce and manufactures and improving agriculture, has diverted the attention of men from

fighting and hunting, and given into their hands the tasks of providing food, raiment, and luxuries for the family. Indeed, the history of civilization may be regarded as a history of the transfer of these tasks from the hands of women in the household to the hands of men in the factory, the mill, and the shop; this transfer being one manifestation of the centralizing force above noted. The grinding of corn in a grist-mill instead of in hand-mills was the first instance of such transfer; the invention of the grist-mill enabling man to take what was a family chore, done by two women, and make a leading business of it, centralizing the chores of fifty families in one mill. The substitution of cotton for linen and the invention of the power-loom removed the round of industries connected with the preparation of flax and wool, and with spinning and weaving, from the fireside to the factory, where, by aid of machinery and organization, the work could be better done at less cost. Commerce and manufactures have thus been developed from germs transplanted from the household and cultivated in the wide field of the world's business.

This process of transplanting went on very rapidly after the application of steam to machinery, but of late years it has been checked by the hostility of the family sentiment above noted. It has not ceased, as witness the recent establishment of creameries and cheese-factories in place of private dairies, and the immense development of the canning of meats, vegetables, and fruits, a business originating in the family preserving-kettle; but it has slackened decidedly, for the reason that it has gone nearly as far as it can go without trenching on matters that involve a risk of "mixing up family affairs" in a manner wholly intolerable. This difficulty has now been fully met, and science can foresee that the removal of the objection permits another step to be taken in the centralization of family industries. Invention

has again come forward, and opened the way for the transfer of other chores from the household to the realm of business, where organization and machinery can be brought to bear upon them.

The new gifts of invention to society which are destined to work as great revolutions in domestic affairs as the grist-mill, the cotton-gin, and the power-loom did in their several days are the telephone and the perfected pneumatic dispatch. By aid of these marvelously fitting devices, the severe labors, the drudgeries, and the dirt-making toils of housekeeping will be taken from the home and consigned to an organized establishment, and there brought under subjection to steam and electricity, to combined effort and discipline. With these magic appliances in use, the jealous family sentiment will not antagonize the innovation, but will favor it, since the first step will be to erect a screen between the household and the world, directly promoting the domestic seclusion which has been sought and preserved at such cost. The telephone wire and the pneumatic tube will preserve a secrecy as to family affairs that the best servants cannot emulate, and the centralized establishment will defend the home from endless intrusions now constituting one of the gravest annoyances that mistress and maid have to encounter. It is fast becoming evident that a change of some sort is an inevitable necessity. Housekeeping, as now conducted, is too big a job for those who undertake to do it, — a fact practically realized in all households. Not even the most favored are free from danger of periodic break-down in the overtaxed machinery of domestic administration, and the common experience is that the gearing runs anything but smoothly at best. The one matter of trouble with servants is becoming such a crying evil that it is the first topic talked of whenever housekeepers meet, and the public prints are burdened with discussions of

remedies and plans for obtaining better "help." This agitation will presently make it plain that the servant trouble lies too deep to be reached by changes in the *personnel* of the service. It is not that cooks and chamber-maids are so greatly at fault as that too much is demanded from them. The work to be done requires greater intelligence and ability than can be induced to enter domestic service at present.

Necessity commanding and opportunity inviting, an attempt to institute better methods of housekeeping cannot long be delayed. The centripetal force of society, potent in commerce and the arts, will be permitted again to modify the conduct of household affairs; acting, as heretofore, by removing certain kinds of work from the home, and making them the basis of a new business. The kinds of work to be transplanted are those which bring dirt and litter into the house, those which require or which produce heat, and those which demand a man's strength or an expert's skill. In plain words, the household is to be relieved of the heavy and gross labors, and also the difficult and trying operations connected with cooking, washing, ironing, heating, and cleaning.

The centralized establishment for the carrying on of these labors will be neither a factory nor a machine-shop, though having some of the characteristics of both. For present convenience, it may be called a domestic depot. It will need to be so located as to facilitate communication with say fifty households, in order that its province may be wide enough to give the dignity of respectable business to its transactions. It will be so connected with each house that talk and work may pass to and fro as readily and rapidly as now between kitchen and dining-room. It will be so organized as to receive materials and supplies, whether from the house or from the merchant and the market; to deal with these as directed; and to return results to the

housekeeper in the best and promptest manner. It will furnish heat throughout each house, for all purposes and at all temperatures, from mild warmth to hot-blast for cooking; dispensing with use of fuel, except, perhaps a cheery wood-fire in the sitting-room or library. It will give light, probably electric, to each house and to the neighborhood, effecting a summary settlement of all questions relating to gas and gas monopolies. It will supply power not only for driving the machinery required in its own work, but for certain lighter purposes in the several homes, — running sewing-machines, for example; electricity being the agent likely to be used in this latter case also. It will put each member of the little community it serves into instant communication with all the world. And, finally, it will reduce the cost of living twenty-five or thirty per cent.

These hints as to the functions of the domestic depot are not based on dreams of what progress and invention may accomplish in the future, everything here suggested as possible having been actually done already in commerce and the arts. The mechanical appliances requisite for equipment to do the work are already in operation in one industrial field or another, and to organize the establishment it only remains to bring these together and set them in motion. That such an organization will presently be attempted is another prediction that may be ventured with little risk.

The first essay is likely to be made in some of the rapidly growing summer colonies by the sea. The material conditions are favorable in such situations, and the temporary, picnic-like character of these settlements imparts a degree of freedom to the social order less hostile to experiment than the fixed conservatism of old, deeply-rooted communities. But a full illustration of economies and advantages will not be had until the centralized system is applied to perma-

nent homes; and after an experiment has been successfully tried as a device for summer holidays it will soon be adopted in some progressive Western city. A square or block in such a city, bounded by four streets, will accommodate say fifty families. On one of the side-streets the domestic depot will be established, extending, if the situation favors, to the centre of the square, the greater part of the room required being found below the surface. The main features above-ground will be the offices and a high chimney, which latter may be made an ornament to the neighborhood, and may be crowned with electric light, illuminating the interior of the square and the rear rooms of the houses. The working appliances will be a steam-generator of ample capacity; a steam-engine; a blowing-engine, furnishing compressed air for the pneumatic dispatch and for ventilation; an electric-light apparatus and batteries for the wires; a hotel range for roasting, boiling, and other heavy cooking; a good old-fashioned brick oven; and a laundry with modern machinery, where washing and ironing can be done at any and all times, without regard to weather.

So far as these appliances are concerned, the domestic depot might have been established before now. It is true, the electric light has not been perfected, but it has not been necessary to wait for that, as gas might have been used with economy. The missing link has been in the line of communication between the home and the central offices. Such communication has only been practicable heretofore by running to and fro, fetching and carrying and repeating messages by servants, — resorts that no family would descend to. The telegraph and other contrivances might have been used, but housekeepers are not mechanical experts, and anything requiring skilled handling is but slowly adopted. No means of communication that housekeepers could and would use

have been available until the invention of the telephone and the perfecting of the pneumatic dispatch. These devices, hardly known in the household at present, are to be the most important agents used in housekeeping hereafter. Pneumatic tubes and telephone wires will extend from the central depot to every house in the square. The wires will also connect the depot with the telephone and telegraph system of the city and the world. The dispatch will also reach out, eventually, to convenient points in the city, but not until the pneumatic-express business has been generally established. The tubes communicating with the houses will be large enough to convey most articles that usually go into the kitchen, and will be fitted with carrying-cylinders of various sizes and descriptions, suited to the wants of the family. With these trusty, reticent, obedient servants always at command, the housekeeper can carry on the business of the home in business-like fashion, with less exposure to curious eyes and ears in the neighborhood than at present, and with incalculably greater facility. Beside the tubes and wires, it may be found desirable to lay pipes for gas or for hot-blast, for cooking, lighting, heating, or ventilating purposes. Power will also doubtless be conveyed to the homes, and other connections will be effected as found needful. Details will be settled by experience, and only leading suggestions can here be attempted.

Household supplies of all kinds will be delivered at the depot. The invasion of the home by the employés of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, with baskets, bundles, and boxes, will become absolutely intolerable. The marketing, for instance, instead of being dragged through the main entrance of the house, will be received at the depot, and will there be prepared in accordance with directions given. The orders may be to have the meats

and vegetables cleansed and dressed for cooking at home, or may be to have dinner cooked, ready to serve on the table at a certain hour. The transaction will be constantly under control of the housekeeper, in her own rooms, the telephone keeping up confidential communication; and when the dinner, or whatever the orders call for, has been made ready by skilled hands, it can be dispatched to the pantry in the house by the pneumatic tubes more easily than from one floor to another by dumb-waiter. For further illustration of practical workings, the significant matter of bread-making may be considered. This will probably be subject, for a time at least, to a sort of compromise treatment. Economy will lead to the buying of flour in large lots from first hands, and the supply will be kept at the depot. It will be distributed as wanted, and the bread will be made at home. When the loaves are ready, however, they will be returned to the depot to be baked in the brick oven. This secures the perfection of baking, reduces the cost to a comparative trifle, and relieves the home of the heat, dirt, and trouble of a baking-fire.

The question of costs can be definitely settled only by experiment, but, as compared with present methods, it is reasonable to estimate that the centralized system will effect a saving of one quarter to one third, while incidentally improving the style of living. The plant above sketched looks formidable, but it will not require so large an investment as the fifty ranges and other appliances which it will replace. The rent or interest will therefore be no more, while the insurance, depreciation, and repairs will be much less. The principal saving in current expense will be in the item of fuel. Each of the fifty households here cited requires from two to five fires. It is fair to take three as an average, making one hundred and fifty fires to the block or square. These

fires consume say twenty-five tons of coal in each household annually, or twelve hundred and fifty tons for the square. Twelve hundred and fifty tons of dirty coal handled into the houses, and say three hundred tons of dirty ashes handled out again! To carry the fuel and ashes, and tend the fires requires say one third of a servant's time in each house through half the year, or say three thousand days' labor per annum for all the houses. The domestic depot will furnish heat for cooking, for warming, for ventilating, for generating power, for supplying electric currents, and for illuminating purposes to the fifty households with a consumption of not more than four hundred tons of coal per annum. One man will do all the work, and not an ounce of dirt will be carried into any dwelling. This does not represent the whole saving, either, as the domestic depot will contract for coal at the mines, paying no intermediate tax except the cost of transportation.

The distribution of milk may be mentioned as showing another form of economy. In the four streets bounding a city block, there are usually not fewer than forty milk-wagons rattling to and fro from daylight until noon. With the establishment of the centralized system, it will be found that one wagon can do the business, and thirty-nine will be dispensed with. The producer receives from two to three cents per quart for milk, while the consumer pays from six to nine cents; the difference going, for the most part, to the support of the thirty-nine superfluous wagons. The domestic depot will buy directly from the dairy, paying two to three cents; and, furthermore, will have oversight of the dairy and of the cattle, securing the best quality of milk, produced under the best conditions.

The saving in wages paid for housework will be another important item. In a home relieved from heavy labor and from dirty drudgery, one girl will

easily do the work that now taxes the energies of three. With no dirt coming into the house; with no fires to tend; with none of the incessant calls to the door to meet tradesfolk and to receive supplies; with cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning, sweeping, scrubbing, and dusting reduced to an unimagined minimum, domestic service will be shorn of half its terrors, and more than half its cost.

Illustrations may be multiplied showing how economy will be promoted in every branch of home affairs, but space forbids, here, and those interested can institute comparisons for themselves. Furthermore, the savings to be effected by the establishment of the domestic depot cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It will save the household. The oft-repeated cry of distress, "*Something must be done!*" is a warning to be heeded forthwith. *Something will be*

done, either constructively or destructively, and that soon. We must enfranchise our homes, or run the risk of seeing home life degenerate into hotel life, or into other transitory forms even more inimical to the integrity of the family. Society now imposes burdens upon and exacts duties from the household that cannot be borne and performed without the aid of the best devices civilization has at command for carrying and doing in other departments of human affairs. The services of steam and electricity, of machinery and organization, are as much needed in the home as in the market. We must find means for adapting these potent helps to domestic uses, neglecting to do so at our peril. This is the next problem to engage the attention of intelligent minds. Do not the suggestions herein offered point to the right solution?

J. V. Sears.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XLIII.

THE Countess Gemini was often extremely bored, — bored, in her own phrase, to extinction. She had not been extinguished, however, and she struggled bravely enough with her destiny, which had been to marry an unaccommodating Florentine, who insisted upon living in his native town, where he enjoyed such consideration as might attach to a gentleman whose talent for losing at cards had not the merit of being incidental to an obliging disposition. The Count Gemini was not liked even by those who won from him; and he bore a name which, having a measurable value in Florence, was, like the local coin of the old Italian states, without currency in other parts of the peninsula. In Rome he was simply a

very dull Florentine, and it is not remarkable that he should not have cared to pay frequent visits to a city where, to carry it off, his dullness needed more explanation than was convenient. The countess lived with her eyes upon Rome, and it was the constant grievance of her life that she had not a habitation there. She was ashamed to say how seldom she had been allowed to go there; it scarcely made the matter better that there were other members of the Florentine nobility who never had been there at all. She went whenever she could; that was all she could say. Or, rather, not all, but all she said she could say. In fact, she had much more to say about it, and had often set forth the reasons why she hated Florence, and had wished to end her days in the shadow of St. Peter's. They were rea-

sons, however, which do not closely concern us, and were usually summed up in the declaration that Rome, in short, was the Eternal City, and that Florence was simply a pretty little place, like any other. The countess apparently needed to connect the idea of eternity with her amusements. She was convinced that society was infinitely more interesting in Rome, where you met celebrities all winter at evening parties. At Florence there were no celebrities, — none, at least, that she had ever heard of. Since her brother's marriage her impatience had greatly increased; she was so sure that his wife had a more brilliant life than herself. She was not so intellectual as Isabel, but she was intellectual enough to do justice to Rome: not to the ruins and the catacombs; not even, perhaps, to the church ceremonies and the sceneries; but certainly to all the rest. She heard a great deal about her sister-in-law, and knew perfectly that Isabel was having a beautiful time; she had indeed seen it for herself on the only occasion on which she had enjoyed the hospitality of the Palazzo Roccanera. She had spent a week there during the first winter of her brother's marriage; but she had not been encouraged to renew this satisfaction. Osmond did n't want her, — that she was perfectly aware of; but she would have gone, all the same, for after all she did n't care two straws about Osmond. But her husband would n't let her, and the money question was always a trouble. Isabel had been very nice; the countess, who had liked her sister-in-law from the first, had not been blinded by envy to Isabel's personal merits. She had always observed that she got on better with clever women than with silly ones, like herself; the silly ones could never understand her wisdom, whereas the clever ones — the really clever ones — always understood her silliness. It appeared to her that, different as they were in appearance and general style, Isabel and she had a

patch of common ground somewhere, which they would set their feet upon at last. It was not very large, but it was firm, and they would both know it when once they touched it. And then she lived, with Mrs. Osmond, under the influence of a pleasant surprise; she was constantly expecting that Isabel would "look down" upon her, and she as constantly saw this operation postponed. She asked herself when it would begin; not that she cared much, but she wondered what kept it in abeyance. Her sister-in-law regarded her with none but level glances, and expressed for the poor countess as little contempt as admiration. In reality, Isabel would as soon have thought of despising her as of passing a moral judgment on a cockatoo. She was not indifferent to her husband's sister, however; she was rather a little afraid of her. She wondered at her; she thought her very extraordinary. The countess seemed to her to have no soul; she was like a bright shell, with a polished surface, in which something would rattle when you shook it. This rattle was apparently the countess's spiritual principle; a little loose nut that tumbled about inside of her. She was too odd for disdain, too anomalous for comparisons. Isabel would have invited her again (there was no question of inviting the count); but Osmond, after his marriage, had not scrupled to say frankly that Amy was a fool of the worst species, — a fool whose folly was irrepressible, like genius. He said at another time that she had no heart; and he added in a moment that she had given it all away, — in small pieces, like a wedding-cake. The fact of not having been asked was of course another obstacle to the countess's going again to Rome; but at the period with which this history has now to deal she was in receipt of an invitation to spend several weeks at the Palazzo Roccanera. The proposal had come from Osmond himself, who wrote to his sister that

she must be prepared to be very quiet. Whether or no she found in this phrase all the meaning he had put into it I am unable to say; but she accepted the invitation on any terms. She was curious, moreover; for one of the impressions of her former visit had been that her brother had found his match. Before the marriage she had been sorry for Isabel—so sorry as to have had serious thoughts (if any of the countess's thoughts were serious) of putting her on her guard. But she had let that pass, and after a little she was reassured. Osmond was as lofty as ever, but his wife would not be an easy victim. The countess was not very exact at measurements; but it seemed to her that if Isabel should draw herself up she would be the taller spirit of the two. What she wanted to learn now was whether Isabel had drawn herself up; it would give her immense pleasure to see Osmond overtopped.

Several days before she was to start for Rome a servant brought her the card of a visitor,—a card with the simple superscription, “Henrietta C. Stackpole.” The countess pressed her fingertips to her forehead; she did not remember to have known any such Henrietta as that. The servant then remarked that the lady had requested him to say that if the countess should not recognize her name she would know her well enough on seeing her. By the time she appeared before her visitor, she had in fact reminded herself that there was once a literary lady at Mrs. Touchett's, the only woman of letters she had ever encountered; that is, the only modern one, for she was the daughter of a defunct poetess.

She recognized Miss Stackpole immediately, the more so that Miss Stackpole seemed perfectly unchanged; and the countess, who was thoroughly good-natured, thought it rather fine to be called on by a person of that sort of distinction. She wondered whether Miss

Stackpole had come on account of her mother,—whether she had heard of the American Corinne. Her mother was not at all like Isabel's friend; the countess could see at a glance that this lady was much more modern; and she received an impression of the improvements that were taking place, chiefly in distant countries, in the character (the professional character) of literary ladies. Her mother used to wear a Roman scarf thrown over a pair of bare shoulders, and a gold laurel wreath set upon a multitude of glossy ringlets. She spoke softly and vaguely, with a kind of Southern accent; she sighed a great deal, and was not at all enterprising. But Henrietta, the countess could see, was always closely buttoned and compactly braided; there was something brisk and business-like in her appearance, and her manner was almost conscientiously familiar. The countess could not but feel that the correspondent of the Interviewer was much more efficient than the American Corinne.

Henrietta explained that she had come to see the countess because she was the only person she knew in Florence, and that when she visited a foreign city she liked to see something more than superficial travelers. She knew Mrs. Touchett, but Mrs. Touchett was in America, and even if she had been in Florence Henrietta would not have gone to see her, for Mrs. Touchett was not one of her admirations.

“Do you mean by that that I am?” the countess asked, smiling graciously.

“Well, I like you better than I do her,” said Miss Stackpole. “I seemed to remember that when I saw you before you were very interesting. I don't know whether it was an accident, or whether it is your usual style. At any rate, I was a good deal struck with what you said. I made use of it afterwards in print.”

“Dear me!” cried the countess, staring and half alarmed. “I had no idea I

ever said anything remarkable. I wish I had known it."

"It was about the position of women in this city," Miss Stackpole remarked. "You threw a good deal of light upon it."

"The position of women is very uncomfortable. Is that what you mean? And you wrote it down and published it?" the countess went on. "Ah, do let me see it!"

"I will write to them to send you the paper, if you like," Henrietta said. "I did n't mention your name; I only said a lady of high rank. And then I quoted your views."

The countess threw herself hastily backward, tossing up her clasped hands.

"Do you know, I am rather sorry you did n't mention my name? I should have rather liked to see my name in the papers. I forget what my views were; I have so many! But I am not ashamed of them. I am not at all like my brother; I suppose you know my brother? He thinks it a kind of disgrace to be put into the papers; if you were to quote him he would never forgive you."

"He need n't be afraid; I shall never refer to him," said Miss Stackpole, with soft dryness. "That's another reason," she added, "why I wanted to come and see you. You know Mr. Osmond married my dearest friend."

"Ah, yes; you were a friend of Isabel's. I was trying to think what I knew about you."

"I am quite willing to be known by that," Henrietta declared. "But that is n't what your brother likes to know me by. He has tried to break up my relations with Isabel."

"Don't permit it," said the countess.

"That's what I want to talk about. I am going to Rome."

"So am I!" the countess cried. "We will go together."

"With great pleasure. And when I write about my journey, I will mention you by name as my companion."

The countess sprang from her chair, and came and sat on the sofa beside her visitor.

"Ah, you must send me the paper! My husband won't like it; but he need never see it. Besides, he does n't know how to read."

Henrietta's large eyes became immense.

"Does n't know how to read? May I put that in my letter?"

"In your letter?"

"In the Interviewer. That's my paper."

"Oh, yes, if you like; with his name. Are you going to stay with Isabel?"

Henrietta held up her head, gazing a little in silence at her hostess.

"She has not asked me. I wrote to her I was coming, and she answered that she would engage a room for me at a *pension*."

The countess listened with extreme interest.

"That's Osmond!" she remarked, pregnantly.

"Isabel ought to resist," said Miss Stackpole. "I am afraid she has changed a great deal. I told her she would!"

"I am sorry to hear it; I hoped she would have her own way. Why does n't my brother like you?" the countess added ingenuously.

"I don't know, and I don't care. He is perfectly welcome not to like me; I don't want every one to like me; I should think less of myself if some people did. A journalist can't hope to do much good unless he gets a good deal hated; that's the way he knows how his work goes on. And it's just the same for a lady. But I did n't expect it of Isabel."

"Do you mean that she hates you?" the countess inquired.

"I don't know; I want to see. That's what I am going to Rome for."

"Dear me, what a tiresome errand!" the countess exclaimed.

"She does n't write to me in the same way; it's easy to see there's a difference. If you know anything," Miss Stackpole went on, "I should like to hear it beforehand, so as to decide on the line I shall take."

The countess thrust out her under lip and gave a gradual shrug.

"I know very little; I see and hear very little of Osmond. He does n't like me any better than he appears to like you."

"Yet you are not a lady correspondent," said Henrietta, thoughtfully.

"Oh, he has plenty of reasons. Nevertheless, they have invited me; I am to stay in the house!" And the countess smiled almost fiercely; her exultation, for a moment, took little account of Miss Stackpole's disappointment.

This lady, however, regarded it very placidly.

"I should not have gone, if she had asked me. That is, I think I should not; and I am glad I had n't to make up my mind. It would have been a very difficult question. I should not have liked to turn away from her, and yet I should not have been happy under her roof. A pension will suit me very well. But that is not all."

"Rome is very good just now," said the countess; "there are all sorts of smart people. Did you ever hear of Lord Warburton?"

"Hear of him? I know him very well. Do you consider him very smart?" Henrietta inquired.

"I don't know him, but I am told he is extremely *grand seigneur*. He is making love to Isabel."

"Making love to her?"

"So I'm told; I don't know the details," said the countess lightly. "But Isabel is pretty safe."

Henrietta gazed earnestly at her companion; for a moment she said nothing.

"When do you go to Rome?" she inquired, abruptly.

"Not for a week, I am afraid."

"I shall go to-morrow," Henrietta said. "I think I had better not wait."

"Dear me, I am sorry; I am having some dresses made. I am told Isabel receives immensely. But I shall see you there; I shall call on you at your pension." Henrietta sat still; she was lost in thought, and suddenly the countess cried, "Ah, but if you don't go with me you can't describe our journey!"

Miss Stackpole seemed unmoved by this consideration; she was thinking of something else, and she presently expressed it:—

"I am not sure that I understand you about Lord Warburton."

"Understand me? I mean he's very nice,—that's all."

"Do you consider it nice to make love to married women?" Henrietta inquired, softly.

The countess stared, and then, with a little violent laugh,—

"It's certain that all the nice men do it. Get married, and you'll see!" she added.

"That idea would be enough to prevent me," said Miss Stackpole. "I should want my own husband; I should n't want any one else's. Do you mean that Isabel is guilty—is guilty"—and she paused a little, choosing her expression.

"Do I mean she's guilty? Oh, dear, no; not yet, I hope. I only mean that Osmond is very tiresome, and that Lord Warburton is, as I hear, a great deal at the house. I'm afraid you are scandalized."

"No, I am very anxious," Henrietta said.

"Ah, you are not very complimentary to Isabel! You should have more confidence. I tell you," the countess added quickly, "if it will be a comfort to you, I will engage to draw him off."

Miss Stackpole answered at first only with the deepest solemnity of her eyes.

"You don't understand me," she said,

after a while. "I have n't the idea that you seem to suppose. I am not afraid for Isabel — in that way. I am only afraid she is unhappy, — that's what I want to get at."

The countess gave a dozen turns of the head ; she looked impatient and sarcastic.

"That may very well be ; for my part, I should like to know whether Osmond is."

Miss Stackpole had begun to bore her a little.

"If she is really changed, that must be at the bottom of it," Henrietta went on.

"You will see ; she will tell you," said the countess.

"Ah, she may not tell me, — that's what I am afraid of !"

"Well, if Osmond is n't enjoying himself, I flatter myself I shall discover it," the countess rejoined.

"I don't care for that," said Henrietta.

"I do, immensely ! If Isabel is unhappy, I am very sorry for her, but I can't help it. I might tell her something that would make her worse, but I can't tell her anything that would console her. What did she go and marry him for ? If she had listened to me she would have got rid of him. I will forgive her, however, if I find she has made things hot for him ! If she has simply allowed him to trample upon her, I don't know that I shall even pity her. But I don't think that's very likely. I count upon finding that if she is miserable she has at least made him so."

Henrietta got up ; these seemed to her, naturally, very dreadful expectations. She honestly believed that she had no desire to see Mr. Osmond unhappy ; and indeed he could not be for her the subject of a flight of fancy. She was on the whole rather disappointed in the countess, whose mind moved in a narrower circle than she had imagined.

"It will be better if they love each other," she said, gravely.

"They can't. He can't love any one."

"I presumed that was the case. But it only increases my fear for Isabel. I shall positively start to-morrow."

"Isabel certainly has devotees," said the countess, smiling very vividly. "I declare, I don't pity her."

"It may be that I can't assist her," said Miss Stackpole, as if it were well not to have illusions.

"You can have wanted to, at any rate, — that's something. I believe that's what you came from America for," the countess suddenly added.

"Yes, I wanted to look after her," Henrietta said, serenely.

Her hostess stood there smiling at her, with her small bright eyes and her eager-looking nose ; a flush had come into each of her cheeks.

"Ah, that's very pretty, — *c'est bien gentil !*" she said. "Is n't that what they call friendship ?"

"I don't know what they call it. I thought I had better come."

"She is very happy, — she is very fortunate," the countess went on. "She has others, besides." And then she broke out passionately, "She is more fortunate than I ! I am as unhappy as she. I have a very bad husband ; he is a great deal worse than Osmond. And I have no friends ! I thought I had, but they are gone ! No one would do for me what you have done for her."

Henrietta was touched ; there was nature in this bitter effusion. She gazed at her companion a moment, and then, —

"Look here, countess, I will do anything for you that you like. I will wait over, and travel with you !"

"Never mind," the countess answered, with a quick change of tone ; "only describe me in the newspaper !"

Henrietta, before leaving her, however, was obliged to make her under-

stand that she could not give a fictitious representation of her journey to Rome. Miss Stackpole was a strictly veracious reporter.

On quitting the countess she took her way to the Lung' Arno, the sunny quay beside the river, where the bright-faced hotels familiar to tourists stand all in a row. She had learned her way before this through the streets of Florence (she was very quick in such matters), and was therefore able to turn with great decision of step out of the little square which forms the approach to the bridge of the Holy Trinity. She proceeded to the left, towards the Ponte Vecchio, and stopped in front of one of the hotels which overlook that structure. Here she drew forth a small pocket-book, took from it a card and a pencil, and, after meditating a moment, wrote a few words. It is our privilege to look over her shoulder, and if we exercise it we may read the brief query: "Could I see you this evening for a few moments on a very important matter?" Henrietta added that she should start on the morrow for Rome. Armed with this little document, she approached the porter, who now had taken up his station in the door-way, and asked if Mr. Goodwood were at home. The porter replied, as porters always reply, that he had gone out half an hour before; whereupon Henrietta presented her card, and begged it might be handed to him on his return. She left the inn, and took her course along the river to the severe portico of the Uffizzi, through which she presently reached the entrance of the famous gallery of paintings. Making her way in, she ascended the high staircase which leads to the upper chambers. The long corridor, glazed on one side and decorated with antique busts, which gives admission to these apartments, presented an empty vista, in which the bright winter light twinkled upon the marble floor. The gallery is very cold, and during the midwinter weeks is but scantily visited.

Miss Stackpole may appear more ardent in her quest of artistic beauty than she has hitherto struck us as being, but she had after all her preferences and admirations. One of the latter was the little Correggio of the Tribune, — the Virgin kneeling down before the sacred infant, who lies in a litter of straw, and clapping her hands to him while he delightedly laughs and crows. Henrietta had taken a great fancy to this intimate scene; she thought it the most beautiful picture in the world. On her way, at present, from New York to Rome, she was spending but three days in Florence, but she had reminded herself that they must not elapse without her paying another visit to her favorite work of art. She had a great sense of beauty in all ways, and it implied a good many intellectual obligations. She was about to turn into the Tribune when a gentleman came out of it; whereupon she gave a little exclamation, and stood before Caspar Goodwood.

"I have just been at your hotel," she said. "I left a card for you."

"I am very much honored," Caspar Goodwood answered, as if he really meant it.

"It was not to honor you I did it; I have called on you before, and I know you don't like it. It was to talk to you a little about something."

He looked for a moment at the buckle in her hat. "I shall be very glad to hear what you wish to say."

"You don't like to talk with me," said Henrietta. "But I don't care for that; I don't talk for your amusement. I wrote a word to ask you to come and see me; but since I have met you here, this will do as well."

"I was just going away," Goodwood said; "but of course I will stop." He was civil, but he was not enthusiastic.

Henrietta, however, never looked for great professions, and she was so much in earnest that she was thankful he would listen to her on any terms. She

asked him first, however, if he had seen all the pictures.

"All I want to. I have been here an hour."

"I wonder if you have seen my Correggio," said Henrietta. "I came up on purpose to have a look at it." She went into the Tribune, and he slowly accompanied her.

"I suppose I have seen it, but I didn't know it was yours. I don't remember pictures, — especially that sort." She had pointed out her favorite work; and he asked her if it was about Correggio that she wished to talk with him.

"No," said Henrietta; "it's about something less harmonious!" They had the small, brilliant room, a splendid cabinet of treasures, to themselves; there was only a custode hovering about the Medicean Venus. "I want you to do me a favor," Miss Stackpole went on.

Caspar Goodwood frowned a little, but he expressed no embarrassment at the sense of not looking eager. His face was that of a much older man than our earlier friend. "I'm sure it's something I shan't like," he said, rather loud.

"No, I don't think you will like it. If you did, it would be no favor."

"Well, let us hear it," he said, in the tone of a man quite conscious of his own reasonableness.

"You may say there is no particular reason why you should do me a favor. Indeed, I only know of one: the fact that if you would let me I would gladly do you one." Her soft, exact tone, in which there was no attempt at effect, had an extreme sincerity; and her companion, although he presented rather a hard surface, could not help being touched by it. When he was touched he rarely showed it, however, by the usual signs; he neither blushed, nor looked away, nor looked conscious. He only fixed his attention more directly; he seemed to consider with added firmness. Henrietta went on, therefore, disinterestedly, without the sense of an ad-

vantage. "I may say now, indeed, — it seems a good time, — that if I have ever annoyed you (and I think sometimes that I have) it is because I know that I was willing to suffer annoyance for you. I have troubled you, doubtless. But I would take trouble for you."

Goodwood hesitated. "You are taking trouble now."

"Yes, I am, some. I want you to consider whether it is better, on the whole, that you should go to Rome."

"I thought you were going to say that!" Goodwood exclaimed, rather artlessly.

"You *have* considered it, then?"

"Of course I have, very carefully. I have looked all round it. Otherwise I should n't have come as far as this. That's what I stayed in Paris two months for; I was thinking it over."

"I am afraid you decided as you liked. You decided it was best, because you were so much attracted."

"Best for whom, do you mean?" Goodwood inquired.

"Well, for yourself, first. For Mrs. Osmond, next."

"Oh, it won't do her any good! I don't flatter myself that."

"Won't it do her harm? — that's the question."

"I don't see what it will matter to her. I am nothing to Mrs. Osmond. But if you want to know, I do want to see her myself."

"Yes, and that's why you go."

"Of course it is. Could there be a better reason?"

"How will it help you? — that's what I want to know," said Miss Stackpole.

"That's just what I can't tell you; it's just what I was thinking about in Paris."

"It will make you more discontented."

"Why do you say more so?" Goodwood asked, rather sternly. "How do you know I am discontented?"

"Well," said Henrietta, hesitating a little, "you seem never to have cared for another."

"How do you know what I care for?" he cried, with a big blush. "Just now I care to go to Rome."

Henrietta looked at him in silence, with a sad yet luminous expression. "Well," she observed, at last, "I only wanted to tell you what I think; I had it on my mind. Of course you think it's none of my business. But nothing is any one's business, on that principle."

"It's very kind of you; I am greatly obliged to you for your interest," said Caspar Goodwood. "I shall go to Rome, and I shan't hurt Mrs. Osmond."

"You won't hurt her, perhaps. But will you help her?—that is the question."

"Is she in need of help?" he asked, slowly, with a penetrating look.

"Most women always are," said Henrietta, with conscientious evasiveness, and generalizing less hopefully than usual. "If you go to Rome," she added, "I hope you will be a true friend, — not a selfish one!" And she turned away and began to look at the pictures.

Caspar Goodwood let her go, and stood watching her while she wandered round the room; then, after a moment, he rejoined her. "You have heard something about her here," he said in a moment. "I should like to know what you have heard."

Henrietta had never prevaricated in her life, and though on this occasion there might have been a fitness in doing so she decided, after a moment's hesitation, to make no superficial exception. "Yes, I have heard," she answered; "but as I don't want you to go to Rome I won't tell you."

"Just as you please. I shall see for myself," said Goodwood. Then, inconsistently for him, "You have heard she is unhappy!" he added.

"Oh, you won't see that!" Henrietta exclaimed.

"I hope not. When do you start?"

"To-morrow, by the evening train. And you?"

Goodwood hesitated; he had no desire to make his journey to Rome in Miss Stackpole's company. His indifference to this advantage was not of the same character as Gilbert Osmond's, but it had at this moment an equal distinctness. It was rather a tribute to Miss Stackpole's virtues than a reference to her faults. He thought her very remarkable, very brilliant, and he had, in theory, no objection to the class to which she belonged. Lady-correspondents appeared to him a part of the natural scheme of things in a progressive country, and though he never read their letters he supposed that they ministered somehow to social progress. But it was this very eminence of their position that made him wish that Miss Stackpole did not take so much for granted. She took for granted that he was always ready for some allusion to Mrs. Osmond; she had done so when they met in Paris, six weeks after his arrival in Europe, and she had repeated the assumption with every successive opportunity. He had no wish whatever to allude to Mrs. Osmond; he was *not* always thinking of her, he was perfectly sure of that. He was the most reserved, the least colloquial, of men, and this inquiring authoress was constantly flashing her lantern into the quiet darkness of his soul. He wished she did n't care so much; he even wished, though it might seem rather brutal of him, that she would leave him alone. In spite of this, however, he just now made other reflections, — which show how widely different, in effect, his ill-humor was from Gilbert Osmond's. He wished to go immediately to Rome; he would have liked to go alone, in the night-train. He hated the European railway carriages, in which one sat for hours in a vise, nose to nose and knee to knee with a foreigner, to whom one presently

found one's self objecting with all the added vehemence of one's wish to have the window open; and if they were worse at night even than by day, at least at night one could sleep and dream of an American saloon-car. But he could not take a night-train, when Miss Stackpole was starting in the morning; it seemed to him that this would be an insult to an unprotected woman. Nor could he wait until after she had gone, unless he should wait longer than he had patience for. It would not do to start the next day. She worried him; she oppressed him; the idea of spending the day in a European railway-carriage with her offered a complication of irritation. Still, she was a lady traveling alone; it was his duty to put himself out for her. There could be no two questions about that; it was a perfectly clear necessity. He looked extremely grave for some moments, and then he said, without a touch of the richness of gallantry, but in a tone of extreme distinctness, "Of course, if you are going to-morrow, I will go too, as I may be of assistance to you."

"Well, Mr. Goodwood, I should hope so!" Henrietta remarked, serenely.

XLIV.

I have already had reason to say that Isabel knew that her husband was displeased by the continuance of Ralph's visit to Rome. This knowledge was very present to her as she walked to her cousin's hotel the day after she had invited Lord Warburton to give a tangible proof of his sincerity; and at this moment, as at others, she had a sufficient perception of the sources of Osmond's displeasure. He wished her to have no freedom of mind, and he knew perfectly well that Ralph was an apostle of freedom. It was just because he was this, Isabel said to herself, that it was a refreshment to go and see him.

It will be perceived that she partook of this refreshment in spite of her husband's disapproval; that is, she partook of it, as she flattered herself, discreetly. She had not as yet undertaken to act in direct opposition to Osmond's wishes; he was her master; she gazed, at moments, with a sort of incredulous blankness at this fact. It weighed upon her imagination, however; constantly present to her mind were all the traditional decencies and sanctities of marriage. The idea of violating them filled her with shame as well as with dread, for when she gave herself away she had lost sight of this contingency in the perfect belief that her husband's intentions were as generous as her own. She seemed to see, however, the rapid approach of the day when she should have to take back something that she had solemnly given. Such a ceremony would be odious and monstrous; she tried to shut her eyes to it, meanwhile. Osmond would do nothing to help it by beginning first; he would put that burden upon her. He had not yet formally forbidden her to go and see Ralph; but she felt sure that unless Ralph should very soon depart this prohibition would come. How could poor Ralph depart? The weather as yet made it impossible. She could perfectly understand her husband's wish for the event; to be just, she did not see how he could like her to be with her cousin. Ralph never said a word against him; but Osmond's objections were none the less founded. If Osmond should positively interpose, then she should have to decide, and that would not be easy. The prospect made her heart beat and her cheeks burn, as I say, in advance; there were moments when, in her wish to avoid an open rupture with her husband, she found herself wishing that Ralph would start, even at a risk. And it was of no use that, when catching herself in this state of mind, she called herself a feeble spirit, a coward. It was not that she

loved Ralph less, but that almost anything seemed preferable to repudiating the most serious act — the single sacred act — of her life. That appeared to make the whole future hideous. To break with Osmond once would be to break forever; any open acknowledgment of irreconcilable needs would be an admission that their whole attempt had proved a failure. For them there could be no condonement, no compromise, no easy forgetfulness, no formal readjustment. They had attempted only one thing, but that one thing was to have been exquisite. Once they missed it, nothing else would do; there is no substitute for that success. For the moment, Isabel went to the Hôtel de Paris as often as she thought well; the measure of expediency resided in her moral consciousness. It had been very liberal to-day; for, in addition to the general truth that she could not leave Ralph to die alone, she had something important to ask of him. This, indeed, was Gilbert's business as well as her own.

She came very soon to what she wished to speak of.

"I want you to answer me a question," she said. "It's about Lord Warburton."

"I think I know it," Ralph answered, from his arm-chair, out of which his thin legs protruded at greater length than ever.

"It's very possible," said Isabel. "Please, then, answer it."

"Oh, I don't say I can do that."

"You are intimate with him," said Isabel; "you have a great deal of observation of him."

"Very true. But think how he must dissimulate!"

"Why should he dissimulate? That's not his nature."

"Ah, you must remember that the circumstances are peculiar," said Ralph, with an air of private amusement.

"To a certain extent, — yes. But is he really in love?"

"Very much, I think. I can make that out."

"Ah!" said Isabel, with a certain dryness.

Ralph looked at her a moment; a shade of perplexity mingled with his mild hilarity.

"You said that as if you were disappointed."

Isabel got up, slowly, smoothing her gloves, and eying them thoughtfully.

"It's after all no business of mine."

"You are very philosophic," said her cousin. And then, in a moment, "May I inquire what you are talking about?"

Isabel stared a little. "I thought you knew. Lord Warburton tells me he desires to marry Pansy. I have told you that before, without eliciting a comment from you. You might risk one this morning, I think. Is it your belief that he really cares for her?"

"Ah, for Pansy, no!" cried Ralph, very positively.

"But you said just now that he did."

Ralph hesitated a moment. "That he cared for you, Mrs. Osmond."

Isabel shook her head, gravely. "That's nonsense, you know."

"Of course it is. But the nonsense is Warburton's, not mine."

"That would be very tiresome," Isabel said, speaking, as she flattered herself, with much subtlety.

"I ought to tell you, indeed," Ralph went on, "that to me he has denied it."

"It's very good of you to talk about it together! Has he also told you that he is in love with Pansy?"

"He has spoken very well of her, very properly. He has let me know, of course, that he thinks she would do very well at Lockleigh."

"Does he really think it?"

"Ah, what Warburton really thinks" — said Ralph.

Isabel fell to smoothing her gloves again; they were long, loose gloves, upon which she could freely expend herself. Soon, however, she looked up; then, —

"Ah, Ralph, you give me no help!" she cried, abruptly, passionately.

It was the first time she had alluded to the need for help, and the words shook her cousin with their violence. He gave a long murmur of relief, of pity, of tenderness; it seemed to him that at last the gulf between them had been bridged. It was this that made him exclaim in a moment, —

"How unhappy you must be!"

He had no sooner spoken than she recovered her self-possession, and the first use she made of it was to pretend she had not heard him.

"When I talk of your helping me, I talk great nonsense," she said, with a quick smile. "The idea of my troubling you with my domestic embarrassments! The matter is very simple; Lord Warburton must get on by himself. I can't undertake to help him."

"He ought to succeed easily," said Ralph.

Isabel hesitated a moment. "Yes; but he has not always succeeded."

"Very true. You know, however, how that always surprised me. Is Miss Osmond capable of giving us a surprise?"

"It will come from him, rather. I suspect that after all he will let the matter drop."

"He will do nothing dishonorable," said Ralph.

"I am very sure of that. Nothing can be more honorable than for him to leave the poor child alone. She cares for some one else, and it is cruel to attempt to bribe her by magnificent offers to give him up."

"Cruel to the other person, perhaps, — the one she cares for. But Warburton is n't obliged to mind that."

"No, cruel to her," said Isabel. "She would be very unhappy if she were to allow herself to be persuaded to desert poor Mr. Rosier. That idea seems to amuse you; of course you are not in love with him. He has the merit

of being in love with her. She can see at a glance that Lord Warburton is not."

"He would be very good to her," said Ralph.

"He has been good to her already. Fortunately, however, he has not said a word to disturb her. He could come and bid her good-by to-morrow with perfect propriety."

"How would your husband like that?"

"Not at all; and he may be right in not liking it. Only he must obtain satisfaction himself."

"Has he commissioned you to obtain it?" Ralph ventured to ask.

"It was natural that as an old friend of Lord Warburton's — an older friend, that is, than Osmond — I should take an interest in his intentions."

"Take an interest in his renouncing them, you mean."

Isabel hesitated, frowning a little. "Let me understand. Are you pleading his cause?"

"Not in the least. I am very glad he should not become your step-daughter's husband. It makes such a very queer relation to you!" said Ralph, smiling. "But I'm rather nervous lest your husband should think you haven't pushed him enough."

Isabel found herself able to smile as well as he.

"He knows me well enough not to have expected me to push. He himself has no intention of pushing, I presume. I am not afraid I shall not be able to justify myself!" she said lightly.

Her mask had dropped for an instant, but she had put it on again, to Ralph's infinite disappointment. He had caught a glimpse of her natural face, and he wished immensely to look into it. He had an almost savage desire to hear her complain of her husband, — hear her say that she should be held accountable for Lord Warburton's defection. Ralph was certain that this was her situation;

he knew by instinct, in advance, the form that in such an event Osmond's displeasure would take. It could only take the meanest and cruelest. He would have liked to warn Isabel of it, — to let her see, at least, that he knew it. It mattered little that Isabel would know it much better; it was for his own satisfaction more than for hers that he longed to show her that he was not deceived. He tried and tried again to make her betray Osmond; he felt cold-blooded, cruel, dishonorable almost, in doing so. But it scarcely mattered, for he only failed. What had she come for, then, and why did she seem almost to offer him a chance to violate their tacit convention? Why did she ask him his advice, if she gave him no liberty to answer her? How could they talk of her domestic embarrassments, as it pleased her humorously to designate them, if the principal factor was not to be mentioned? These contradictions were themselves but an indication of her trouble, and her cry for help, just before, was the only thing he was bound to consider.

"You will be decidedly at variance, all the same," he said, in a moment. And as she answered nothing, looking as if she scarcely understood, "You will find yourselves thinking very differently," he continued.

"That may easily happen, among the most united couples!" She took up her parasol; he saw that she was nervous, afraid of what he might say. "It's a matter we can hardly quarrel about, however," she added; "for almost all the interest is on his side. That is very natural. Pansy is after all his daughter, — not mine." And she put out her hand to wish him good-by.

Ralph took an inward resolution that she should not leave him without his letting her know that he knew everything; it seemed too great an opportunity to lose. "Do you know what

his interest will make him say?" he asked, as he took her hand. She shook her head, rather dryly, not discouragingly, and he went on: "It will make him say that your want of zeal is owing to jealousy." He stopped a moment; her face made him afraid.

"To jealousy?"

"To jealousy of his daughter."

She blushed red, and threw back her head.

"You are not kind," she said, in a voice that he had never heard on her lips.

"Be frank with me, and you'll see," said Ralph.

But she made no answer; she only shook her hand out of his own, which he tried still to hold, and rapidly went out of the room.

She made up her mind to speak to Pansy, and she took an occasion on the same day, going to the young girl's room before dinner. Pansy was already dressed; she was always in advance of the time; it seemed to illustrate her pretty patience and the graceful stillness with which she could sit and wait. At present she was seated, in her fresh array, before the bedroom fire. She had blown out her candle, on the completion of her toilet, in accordance with the economical habits in which she had been brought up, and which she was now more careful than ever to observe; so that the room was lighted only by a couple of logs. The rooms in the Palazzo Roccanera were as spacious as they were numerous, and Pansy's virginal bower was an immense chamber, with a dark, heavily-timbered ceiling. Its diminutive mistress, in the midst of it, appeared but a speck of humanity, and as she got up, with quick propriety, to welcome Isabel, the latter was more than ever struck with her finished lowliness. Isabel had a difficult task; the only thing was to perform it as simply as possible. She felt bitter and angry, but she warned herself against betraying

it to Pansy. She was afraid, even, of looking too grave, or at least too stern; she was afraid of frightening her. But Pansy seemed to have guessed that she had come a little as a confessor; for after she had moved the chair in which she had been sitting a little nearer to the fire, and Isabel had taken her place in it, she kneeled down on a cushion in front of her, looking up and resting her clasped hands on her step-mother's knees. What Isabel wished to do was to hear from her own lips that her mind was not occupied with Lord Warburton; but if she desired the assurance, she felt herself by no means at liberty to provoke it. The girl's father would have qualified this as rank treachery; and indeed Isabel knew that if Pansy should display the smallest germ of a disposition to encourage Lord Warburton, her own duty was to hold her tongue. It was difficult to interrogate without appearing to suggest; Pansy's supreme simplicity, an innocence even more complete than Isabel had yet judged it, gave to the most tentative inquiry something of the effect of an admonition. As she knelt there in the vague firelight, with her pretty dress vaguely shining, her hands folded half in appeal and half in submission, her soft eyes, raised and fixed, full of the seriousness of the situation, she looked to Isabel like a childish martyr, decked out for sacrifice, and scarcely presuming even to hope to avert it. When Isabel said to her that she had never yet spoken to her of what might have been going on in relation to her getting married, but that her silence had not been indifference nor ignorance, it had only been the desire to leave her at liberty, Pansy bent forward, raised her face nearer and nearer to Isabel's, and with a little murmur, which evidently expressed a deep longing, answered that she had greatly wished her to speak, and that she begged her to advise her now.

"It's difficult for me to advise you," Isabel rejoined. "I don't know how I

can undertake that. That's for your father; you must get his advice, and, above all, you must act upon it."

At this Pansy dropped her eyes; for a moment she said nothing.

"I think I should like your advice better than papa's," she presently remarked.

"That's not as it should be," said Isabel, coldly. "I love you very much, but your father loves you better."

"It is n't because you love me; it's because you're a lady," Pansy answered, with the air of saying something very reasonable. "A lady can advise a young girl better than a man."

"I advise you, then, to pay the greatest respect to your father's wishes."

"Ah, yes," said Pansy, eagerly, "I must do that."

"But if I speak to you now about your getting married, it's not for your own sake; it's for mine," Isabel went on. "If I try to learn from you what you expect, what you desire, it is only that I may act accordingly."

Pansy stared, and then very quickly, —

"Will you do everything I desire?" she asked.

"Before I say yes, I must know what such things are."

Pansy presently told her that the only thing she wished in life was to marry Mr. Rosier. He had asked her, and she had told him that she would do so if her papa would allow it. Now her papa would n't allow it.

"Very well, then, it's impossible," said Isabel.

"Yes, it's impossible," said Pansy, without a sigh, and with the same extreme attention in her clear little face.

"You must think of something else, then," Isabel went on; but Pansy, sighing then, told her that she had attempted this feat without the least success.

"You think of those that think of you," she said, with a faint smile. "I know that Mr. Rosier thinks of me."

"He ought not to," said Isabel, loftily. "Your father has expressly requested he should n't."

"He can't help it, because he knows that I think of him."

"You should n't think of him. There is some excuse for him, perhaps; but there is none for you!"

"I wish you would try to find one!" the girl exclaimed, as if she were praying to the Madonna.

"I should be very sorry to attempt it," said the Madonna, with unusual frigidity. "If you knew some one else was thinking of you, would you think of him?"

"No one can think of me as Mr. Rosier does; no one has the right."

"Ah, but I don't admit Mr. Rosier's right!" Isabel cried, hypocritically.

Pansy only gazed at her; she was evidently deeply puzzled; and Isabel, taking advantage of it, began to represent to her the miserable consequences of disobeying her father. At this Pansy stopped her, with the assurance that she would never disobey him, would never marry without his consent. And she announced, in the serenest, simplest tone, that, though she might never marry Mr. Rosier, she would never cease to think of him. She appeared to have accepted the idea of eternal singleness; but Isabel, of course, was free to reflect that she had no conception of its meaning. She was perfectly sincere; she was prepared to give up her lover. This might seem an important step toward taking another, but for Pansy, evidently, it did not lead in that direction. She felt no bitterness towards her father; there was no bitterness in her heart; there was only the sweetness of fidelity to Edward Rosier, and a strange, exquisite intimation that she could prove it better by remaining single than even by marrying him.

"Your father would like you to make a better marriage," said Isabel. "Mr. Rosier's fortune is not very large."

"How do you mean better, if that would be good enough? And I have very little money; why should I look for a fortune?"

"Your having so little is a reason for looking for more." Isabel was grateful for the dimness of the room; she felt as if her face were hideously insincere. She was doing this for Osmond; this was what one had to do for Osmond! Pansy's solemn eyes, fixed on her own, almost embarrassed her; she was ashamed to think that she had made so light of the girl's preference.

"What should you like me to do?" said Pansy, softly.

The question was a terrible one, and Isabel pusillanimously took refuge in a generalization.

"To remember all the pleasure it is in your power to give your father."

"To marry some one else, you mean, — if he should ask me?"

For a moment Isabel's answer caused itself to be waited for; then she heard herself utter it, in the stillness that Pansy's attention seemed to make: —

"Yes, — to marry some one else."

Pansy's eyes grew more penetrating; Isabel believed that she was doubting her sincerity, and the impression took force from her slowly getting up from her cushion. She stood there a moment, with her small hands unclasped, and then she said, with a timorous sigh, —

"Well, I hope no one will ask me!"

"There has been a question of that. Some one else would have been ready to ask you."

"I don't think he can have been ready," said Pansy.

"It would appear so, — if he had been sure that he would succeed."

"If he had been sure? Then he was not ready!"

Isabel thought this rather sharp; she also got up, and stood a moment looking into the fire. "Lord Warburton has shown you great attention," she said;

"of course you know it's of him I speak." She found herself, against her expectation, almost placed in the position of justifying herself; which led her to introduce this nobleman more crudely than she had intended.

"He has been very kind to me, and I like him very much. But if you mean that he will ask me to marry him, I think you are mistaken."

"Perhaps I am. But your father would like it extremely."

Pansy shook her head, with a little wise smile.

"Lord Warburton won't ask me simply to please papa."

"Your father would like you to encourage him," Isabel went on, mechanically.

"How can I encourage him?"

"I don't know. Your father must tell you that."

Pansy said nothing for a moment; she only continued to smile, as if she were in possession of a bright assurance. "There is no danger, — no danger!" she declared at last.

There was a conviction in the way she said this, and a felicity in her believing it, which made Isabel feel very awkward. She felt accused of dishonesty, and the idea was disgusting. To repair her self-respect, she was on the point of saying that Lord Warburton had let her know that there *was* a danger. But she did not; she only said — in her embarrassment rather wide of the mark — that he surely had been most kind, most friendly.

"Yes, he has been very kind," Pansy answered. "That's what I like him for."

"Why, then, is the difficulty so great?"

"I have always felt sure that he knows that I don't want — what did you say I should do? — to encourage him. He knows I don't want to marry, and he wants me to know that he therefore won't trouble me. That's the

meaning of his kindness. It's as if he said to me, 'I like you very much, but if it does n't please you I will never say it again.' I think that is very kind, very noble," Pansy went on, with deepening positiveness. "That is all we have said to each other. And he does n't care for me, either! Ah, no, there is no danger!"

Isabel was touched with wonder at the depths of perception of which this submissive little person was capable; she felt afraid of Pansy's wisdom, — began almost to retreat before it. "You must tell your father that," she remarked, reservedly.

"I think I would rather not," Pansy answered.

"You ought not to let him have false hopes."

"Perhaps not; but it will be good for me that he should. So long as he believes that Lord Warburton intends anything of the kind you say, papa won't propose any one else. And that will be an advantage for me," said Pansy, very lucidly.

There was something brilliant in her lucidity, and it made Isabel draw a long breath. It relieved her of a heavy responsibility. Pansy had a sufficient illumination of her own, and Isabel felt that she herself just now had no light to spare from her small stock. Nevertheless, it still clung to her that she must be loyal to Osmond; that she was on her honor in dealing with his daughter. Under the influence of this sentiment she threw out another suggestion before she retired, — a suggestion with which it seemed to her that she should have done her utmost.

"Your father takes for granted, at least, that you would like to marry a nobleman."

Pansy stood in the open door-way; she had drawn back the curtain for Isabel to pass.

"I think Mr. Rosier looks like one!" she announced, very gravely.

XLV.

Lord Warburton was not seen in Mrs. Osmond's drawing-room for several days, and Isabel could not fail to observe that her husband said nothing to her about having received a letter from him. She could not fail to observe, either, that Osmond was in a state of expectancy, and that, though it was not agreeable to him to betray it, he thought their distinguished friend kept him waiting quite too long. At the end of four days he alluded to his absence.

"What has become of Warburton? What does he mean by treating one like a tradesman with a bill?"

"I know nothing about him," Isabel said. "I saw him last Friday, at the German ball. He told me then that he meant to write to you."

"He has never written to me."

"So I supposed, from your not having told me."

"He's an odd fish," said Osmond, comprehensively. And on Isabel's making no rejoinder, he went on to inquire whether it took his lordship five days to indite a letter. "Does he form his words with such difficulty?"

"I don't know," said Isabel. "I have never had a letter from him."

"Never had a letter? I had an idea that you were at one time in intimate correspondence."

Isabel answered that this had not been the case, and let the conversation drop. On the morrow, however, coming into the drawing-room late in the afternoon, her husband took it up again.

"When Lord Warburton told you of his intention of writing, what did you say to him?" he asked.

Isabel hesitated a moment. "I think I told him not to forget it."

"Did you believe there was danger of that?"

"As you say, he's an odd fish."

"Apparently he has forgotten it," said Osmond. "Be so good as to remind him."

"Should you like me to write to him?" Isabel asked.

"I have no objection whatever."

"You expect too much of me."

"Ah, yes, I expect a great deal of you."

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you," said Isabel.

"My expectations have survived a good deal of disappointment."

"Of course I know that. Think how I must have disappointed myself! If you really wish to secure Lord Warburton, you must really do it yourself."

For a couple of minutes Osmond answered nothing; then he said, "That won't be easy, with you working against me."

Isabel started; she felt herself beginning to tremble. He had a way of looking at her through half-closed eyelids, as if he were thinking of her but scarcely saw her, which seemed to her to have a wonderfully cruel intention. It appeared to recognize her as a disagreeable necessity of thought, but to ignore her for the time as a presence. That was the expression of his eyes now. "I think you accuse me of something very base," she said.

"I accuse you of not being trustworthy. If he does n't come up to the mark it will be because you have kept him off. I don't know that it's base; it is the kind of thing a woman always thinks she may do. I have no doubt you have the finest ideas about it."

"I have told you I would do what I could," said Isabel.

"Yes, that gained you time."

It came over Isabel, after he had said this, that she had once thought him beautiful. "How much you must wish to capture him!" she exclaimed, in a moment.

She had no sooner spoken than she perceived the full reach of her words,

of which she had not been conscious in uttering them. They made a comparison between Osmond and herself; recalled the fact that she had once held this coveted treasure in her hand, and felt herself rich enough to let it fall. A momentary exultation took possession of her, — a horrible delight in having wounded him; for his face instantly told her that none of the force of her exclamation was lost. Osmond expressed nothing otherwise, however; he only said, quickly, "Yes, I wish it very much."

At this moment a servant came in, as if to usher a visitor, and he was followed the next by Lord Warburton, who received a visible check on seeing Osmond. He looked rapidly from the master of the house to the mistress, — a movement that seemed to denote a reluctance to interrupt, or even a perception of ominous conditions. Then he advanced, with his English address, in which a vague shyness seemed to offer itself as an element of good-breeding; in which the only defect was a difficulty in achieving transitions.

Osmond was embarrassed; he found nothing to say; but Isabel remarked, promptly enough, that they had been in the act of talking about their visitor. Upon this her husband added that they had n't known what was become of him; they had been afraid he was gone away.

"No," said Lord Warburton, smiling and looking at Osmond; "I am only on the point of going." And then he explained that he found himself suddenly recalled to England; he should start on the morrow or next day. "I am awfully sorry to leave poor Touchett!" he ended by exclaiming.

For a moment neither of his companions spoke; Osmond only leaned back in his chair, listening. Isabel did n't look at him; she could only fancy how he looked. Her eyes were upon Lord Warburton's face, where they were the more free to rest than those of his lord-

ship carefully avoided them. Yet Isabel was sure that had she met her visitor's glance she should have found it expressive. "You had better take poor Touchett with you," she heard her husband say, lightly enough, in a moment.

"He had better wait for warmer weather," Lord Warburton answered. "I should n't advise him to travel just now."

He sat there for a quarter of an hour, talking as if he might not soon see them again, — unless, indeed, they should come to England, a course which he strongly recommended. Why should n't they come to England in the autumn? That struck him as a very happy thought. It would give him such pleasure to do what he could for them, — to have them come and spend a month with him! Osmond, by his own admission, had been to England but once, which was an absurd state of things. It was just the country for him; he would be sure to get on well there. Then Lord Warburton asked Isabel if she remembered what a good time she had there, and if she did n't want to try it again. Did n't she want to see Gardencourt once more? Gardencourt was really very good. Touchett did n't take proper care of it, but it was the sort of place you could hardly spoil by letting it alone. Why did n't they come and pay Touchett a visit? He surely must have asked them. Had n't asked them? What an ill-mannered wretch! And Lord Warburton promised to give the master of Gardencourt a piece of his mind. Of course it was a mere accident; he would be delighted to have them. Spending a month with Touchett and a month with himself, and seeing all the rest of the people they must know there, they really would n't find it half bad. Lord Warburton added that it would amuse Miss Osmond as well, who had told him that she had never been to England, and whom he had assured it was a country she deserved to see. Of course she did n't

need to go to England to be admired, — that was her fate everywhere; but she would be immensely liked in England, Miss Osmond would, if that was any inducement. He asked if she were not at home: could n't he say good-by? Not that he liked good-bys; he always funk'd them. When he left England, the other day, he had not said good-by to any one. He had had half a mind to leave Rome without troubling Mrs. Osmond for a final interview. What could be more dreary than a final interview? One never said the things one wanted to; one remembered them all an hour afterwards. On the other hand, one usually said a lot of things one should n't, simply from a sense that one had to say something. Such a sense was bewildering; it made one nervous. He had it at present, and that was the effect it produced on him. If Mrs. Osmond did n't think he spoke as he ought, she must set it down to agitation; it was no light thing to part with Mrs. Osmond. He was really very sorry to be going. He had thought of writing to her instead of calling; but he would write to her, at any rate, to tell her a lot of things that would be sure to occur to him as soon as he had left the house. They must think seriously about coming to Lockleigh.

If there was anything awkward in the circumstances of his visit or in the announcement of his departure, it failed to come to the surface. Lord Warburton talked about his agitation; but he showed it in no other manner, and Isabel saw that, since he had determined on a retreat, he was capable of executing it gallantly. She was very glad for him; she liked him quite well enough to wish him to appear to carry a thing off. He would do that on any occasion, not from impudence, but simply from the habit of success; and Isabel perceived that it was not in her husband's power to frustrate this faculty. A double operation, as she sat there, went on in her mind. On one side, she listened to Lord War-

burton; said what was proper to him; read, more or less, between the lines of what he said himself; and wondered how he would have spoken if he had found her alone. On the other, she had a perfect consciousness of Osmond's emotion. She felt almost sorry for him; he was condemned to the sharp pain of loss without the relief of cursing. He had had a great hope, and now, as he saw it vanish into smoke, he was obliged to sit and smile and twirl his thumbs. Not that he troubled himself to smile very brightly; he treated Lord Warburton, on the whole, to as vacant a countenance as so clever a man could very well wear. It was indeed a part of Osmond's cleverness that he could look consummately uncompromised. His present appearance, however, was not a confession of disappointment; it was simply a part of Osmond's habitual system, which was to be inexpressive exactly in proportion as he was really intent. He had been intent upon Lord Warburton from the first; but he had never allowed his eagerness to irradiate his refined face. He had treated his possible son-in-law as he treated every one, — with an air of being interested in him only for his own advantage, not for Gilbert Osmond's. He would give no sign now of an inward rage which was the result of a vanished prospect of gain — not the faintest nor subtlest. Isabel could be sure of that, if it was any satisfaction to her. Strangely, very strangely, it was a satisfaction; she wished Lord Warburton to triumph before her husband, and at the same time she wished her husband to be very superior before Lord Warburton. Osmond, in his way, was admirable; he had, like their visitor, the advantage of an acquired habit. It was not that of succeeding, but it was something almost as good, — that of not attempting. As he leaned back in his place, listening but vaguely to Lord Warburton's friendly offers and suppressed explanations, — as

if it were only proper to assume that they were addressed essentially to his wife, — he had at least, since so little else was left him, the comfort of thinking how well he personally had kept out of it, and how the air of indifference, which he was now able to wear, had the added beauty of consistency. It was something to be able to look as if their visitor's movements had no relation to his own mind. Their visitor did well, certainly; but Osmond's performance was in its very nature more finished. Lord Warburton's position was after all an easy one; there was no reason in the world why he should not leave Rome. He had benevolent inclinations, but they had stopped short of fruition; he had never committed himself, and his honor was safe. Osmond appeared to take but a moderate interest in the proposal that they should go and stay with him, and in his allusion to the success Pansy might extract from their visit. He murmured a recognition, but left Isabel to say that it was a matter requiring grave consideration. Isabel, even while she made this remark, could see the great vista which had suddenly opened out in her husband's mind, with Pansy's little figure marching up the middle of it.

Lord Warburton had asked leave to bid good-by to Pansy, but neither Isabel nor Osmond had made any motion to send for her. He had the air of giving out that his visit must be short; he sat on a small chair, as if it were only for a moment, keeping his hat in his hand. But he stayed and stayed; Isabel wondered what he was waiting for. She believed it was not to see Pansy; she had an impression that on the whole he would rather not see Pansy. It was of course to see herself alone; he had something to say to her. Isabel had no great wish to hear it, for she was afraid it would be an explanation, and she could perfectly dispense with explanations. Osmond, however, presently got

up, like a man of good taste, to whom it had occurred that so inveterate a visitor might wish to say just the last word of all to the ladies.

"I have a letter to write before dinner," he said; "you must excuse me. I will see if my daughter is disengaged, and if she is she shall know you are here. Of course, when you come to Rome, you will always look us up. Isabel will talk to you about the English expedition; she decides all those things."

The nod with which, instead of a hand-shake, he terminated this little speech was perhaps a rather meagre form of salutation; but on the whole it was all the occasion demanded. Isabel reflected that after he left the room Lord Warburton would have no pretext for saying, "Your husband is very angry," which would have been extremely disagreeable to her. Nevertheless, if he had done so, she would have said, "Oh, don't be anxious. He does n't hate *you*; it's me that he hates!"

It was only when they had been left alone together that Lord Warburton showed a certain vague awkwardness, — sitting down in another chair, handling two or three of the objects that were near him. "I hope he will make Miss Osmond come," he presently remarked. "I want very much to see her."

"I'm glad it's the last time," said Isabel.

"So am I. She does n't care for me."

"No, she does n't care for you."

"I don't wonder at it," said Lord Warburton. Then he added, with inconsequence, "You will come to England, won't you?"

"I think we had better not."

"Ah, you owe me a visit. Don't you remember that you were to have come to Lockleigh once, and you never did?"

"Everything is changed since then," said Isabel.

"Not changed for the worse, surely, — as far as we are concerned. To see you under my roof" — and he hesitated a moment — "would be a great satisfaction."

She had feared an explanation; but that was the only one that occurred. They talked a little of Ralph, and in another moment Pansy came in, already dressed for dinner, and with a little red spot in either cheek. She shook hands with Lord Warburton, and stood looking up into his face with a fixed smile, — a smile that Isabel knew, though his lordship probably never suspected it, to be near akin to a burst of tears.

"I am going away," he said. "I want to bid you good-by."

"Good-by, Lord Warburton." The young girl's voice trembled a little.

"And I want to tell you how much I wish you may be very happy."

"Thank you, Lord Warburton," Pansy answered.

He lingered a moment, and gave a glance at Isabel. "You ought to be very happy; you have got a guardian angel."

"I am sure I shall be happy," said Pansy, in the tone of a person whose certainties are always cheerful.

"Such a conviction as that will take you a great way. But if it should ever fail you, remember — remember" — and Lord Warburton stammered a little. "Think of me sometimes, you know," he said, with a vague laugh. Then he shook hands with Isabel, in silence, and presently he was gone.

When he had left the room Isabel expected an effusion of tears from her step-daughter; but Pansy in fact treated her to something very different.

"I think you are my guardian angel!" she exclaimed, very sweetly.

Isabel shook her head. "I am not an angel of any kind. I am at the most your good friend."

"You are a very good friend, then, to have asked papa to be gentle with me."

"I have asked your father nothing," said Isabel, wondering.

"He told me just now to come to the drawing-room, and then he gave me a very kind kiss."

"Ah," said Isabel, "that was quite his own idea!"

She recognized the idea perfectly; it was very characteristic, and she was to see a great deal more of it. Even with Pansy, Osmond could not put himself the least in the wrong. They were dining out that day, and after their dinner they went to another entertainment; so that it was not till late in the evening that Isabel saw him alone. When Pansy kissed him, before going to bed, he returned her embrace with even more than his usual munificence, and Isabel wondered whether he meant it as a hint that his daughter had been injured by the machinations of her step-mother. It was a partial expression, at any rate, of what he continued to expect of his wife. Isabel was about to follow Pansy, but he remarked that he wished she would remain; he had something to say to her. Then he walked about the drawing-room a little, while she stood waiting, in her cloak. "I don't understand what you wish to do," he said in a moment. "I should like to know, so that I may know how to act."

"Just now I wish to go to bed. I am very tired."

"Sit down and rest; I shall not keep you long. Not there; take a comfortable place." And he arranged a multitude of cushions that were scattered in picturesque disorder upon a vast divan. This was not, however, where she seated herself; she dropped into the nearest chair. The fire had gone out; the lights in the great room were few. She drew her cloak about her; she felt mortally cold. "I think you are trying to humiliate me," Osmond went on. "It's a most absurd undertaking."

"I have n't the least idea what you mean," said Isabel.

"You have played a very deep game ; you have managed it beautifully."

"What is it that I have managed?"

"You have not quite settled it, however ; we shall see him again." And he stopped in front of her, with his hands in his pockets, looking down at her thoughtfully, in his usual way, which seemed meant to let her know that she was not an object, but only a rather disagreeable incident, of thought.

"If you mean that Lord Warburton is under an obligation to come back, you are wrong," Isabel said. "He is under none whatever."

"That's just what I complain of. But when I say he will come back, I don't mean that he will come from a sense of duty."

"There is nothing else to make him. I think he has quite exhausted Rome."

"Ah, no, that's a shallow judgment. Rome is inexhaustible." And Osmond began to walk about again. "However, about that, perhaps, there is no hurry," he added. "It's rather a good idea of his that we should go to England. If it were not for the fear of finding your cousin there, I think I should try to persuade you."

"It may be that you will not find my cousin," said Isabel.

"I should like to be sure of it. However, I shall be as sure as possible. At the same time, I should like to see his house, that you told me so much about at one time, — what do you call it? — Gardencourt. It must be a charming thing. And then, you know, I have a devotion to the memory of your uncle ; you made me take a great fancy to him. I should like to see where he lived and died. That, however, is a detail. Your friend was right ; Pansy ought to see England."

"I have no doubt she would enjoy it," said Isabel.

"But that's a long time hence. Next autumn is far off," Osmond continued ; "and meantime there are things that

more nearly interest us. Do you think me so very proud?" he asked, suddenly.

"I think you very strange."

"You don't understand me."

"No, not even when you insult me."

"I don't insult you ; I am incapable of it. I merely speak of certain facts, and if the allusion is an injury to you the fault is not mine. It is surely a fact that you have kept all this matter quite in your own hands."

"Are you going back to Lord Warburton?" Isabel asked. "I am very tired of his name."

"You shall hear it again before we have done with it."

She had spoken of his insulting her, but it suddenly seemed to her that this ceased to be a pain. He was going down, down : the vision of such a fall made her almost giddy ; that was the only pain. He was too strange, too different ; he did n't touch her. Still, the working of his strange passion was extraordinary, and she felt a rising curiosity to know in what light he saw himself justified. "I might say to you that I judge you have nothing to say to me that is worth hearing," she rejoined, in a moment. "But I should perhaps be wrong. There is a thing that would be worth my hearing, — to know in the plainest words of what it is you accuse me."

"Of preventing Pansy's marriage to Warburton. Are those words plain enough?"

"On the contrary, I took a great interest in it. I told you so ; and when you told me that you counted on me — that, I think, was what you said — I accepted the obligation. I was a fool to do so, but I did it."

"You pretended to do it, and you even pretended reluctance, to make me more willing to trust you. Then you began to use your ingenuity to get him out of the way."

"I think I see what you mean," said Isabel.

"Where is the letter that you told me he had written me?" her husband asked.

"I have n't the least idea; I have n't asked him."

"You stopped it on the way," said Osmond.

Isabel slowly got up; standing there, in her white cloak, which covered her to her feet, she might have represented the angel of disdain, first-cousin to that of pity. "Oh, Osmond, for a man that was so fine!" she exclaimed, in a long murmur.

"I was never so fine as you! You have done everything you wanted. You have got him out of the way without appearing to do so, and you have placed me in the position in which you wished to behold me, — that of a man who tried to marry his daughter to a lord, but did n't succeed."

"Pansy does n't care for him; she is very glad he is gone," said Isabel.

"That has nothing to do with the matter."

"And he does n't care for Pansy."

"That won't do; you told me he did. I don't know why you wanted this particular satisfaction," Osmond continued; "you might have taken some other. It does n't seem to me that I have been presumptuous, — that I have taken too much for granted. I have been very modest about it, very quiet. The idea did n't originate with me. He began to show that he liked her before I ever thought of it. I left it all to you."

"Yes, you were very glad to leave it to me. After this you must attend to such things yourself."

He looked at her a moment, and then he turned away. "I thought you were very fond of my daughter."

"I have never been more so than to-day."

"Your affection is attended with immense limitations. However, that, perhaps, is natural."

"Is this all you wished to say to

me?" Isabel asked, taking a candle that stood on one of the tables.

"Are you satisfied? Am I sufficiently disappointed?"

"I don't think that on the whole you are disappointed. You have had another opportunity to try to bewilder me."

"It's not that. It's proved that Pansy can aim high."

"Poor little Pansy!" said Isabel, turning away with her candle.

XLVI.

It was from Henrietta Stackpole that she learned that Caspar Goodwood had come to Rome, — an event that took place three days after Lord Warburton's departure. This latter event had been preceded by an incident of some importance to Isabel, — the temporary absence, once again, of Madame Merle, who had gone to Naples to stay with a friend, the happy possessor of a villa at Posilippo. Madame Merle had ceased to minister to Isabel's happiness, who found herself wondering whether the most discreet of women might not also by chance be the most dangerous. Sometimes, at night, she had strange visions: she seemed to see her husband and Madame Merle in dim, indistinguishable combination. It seemed to her that she had not done with her; this lady had something in reserve. Isabel's imagination applied itself actively to this elusive point, but every now and then it was checked by a nameless dread; so that when her brilliant friend was away from Rome she had almost a consciousness of respite. She had already learned from Miss Stackpole that Caspar Goodwood was in Europe, Henrietta having written to inform her of this fact immediately after meeting him in Paris. He himself never wrote to Isabel, and, though he was in Europe, she thought it very possible he might not desire to see her. Their last interview, before her

marriage, had had quite the character of a complete rupture ; if she remembered rightly, he had said he wished to take his last look at her. Since then he had been the most inharmonious survival of her earlier time, — the only one, in fact, with which a permanent pain was associated. He left her, that morning, with the sense of an unnecessary shock ; it was like a collision between vessels in broad daylight. There had been no mist, no hidden current, to excuse it, and she herself had only wished to steer skillfully. He had bumped against her prow, however, while her hand was on the tiller, and, to complete the metaphor, had given the lighter vessel a strain, which still occasionally betrayed itself in a faint creaking. It had been painful to see him, because he represented the only serious harm that, to her belief, she had ever done in the world ; he was the only person with an unsatisfied claim upon her. She had made him unhappy, — she couldn't help it ; and his unhappiness was a great reality. She cried with rage, after he had left her, at — she hardly knew what : she tried to think it was his want of consideration. He had come to her with his unhappiness when her own bliss was so perfect ; he had done his best to darken the brightness of these pure rays. He had not been violent, and yet there was a violence in that. There was a violence, at any rate, in something, somewhere ; perhaps it was only in her own fit of weeping, and that after-sense of it which lasted for three or four days. The effect of Caspar Goodwood's visit faded away, and during the first year of Isabel's marriage he dropped out of her books. He was a thankless subject of reference ; it was disagreeable to have to think of a person who was unhappy on your account, and whom you could do nothing to relieve. It would have been different if she had been able to doubt, even a little, of his unhappiness, as she doubted of Lord Warburton's ; unfor-

tunately it was beyond question, and this aggressive, uncompromising look of it was just what made it unattractive. She could never say to herself that Caspar Goodwood had great compensations, as she was able to say in the case of her English suitor. She had no faith in his compensations, and no esteem for them. A cotton-factory was not a compensation for anything, — least of all for having failed to marry Isabel Archer. And yet, beyond that, she hardly knew what he had, save of course his intrinsic qualities. Oh, he was intrinsic enough ; she never thought of his even looking for artificial aids. If he extended his business, — that, to the best of her belief, was the only form exertion could take with him, — it would be because it was an enterprising thing, or good for the business ; not in the least because he might hope it would overlay the past. This gave his figure a kind of bareness and bleakness, which made the accident of meeting it in one's meditations always a sort of shock ; it was deficient in the social drapery which muffles the sharpness of human contact. His perfect silence, moreover, the fact that she never heard from him and very seldom heard any mention of him, deepened this impression of his loneliness. She asked Lily for news of him, from time to time. But Lily knew nothing about Boston ; her imagination was confined within the limits of Manhattan. As time went on, Isabel thought of him oftener, and with fewer restrictions ; she had more than once the idea of writing to him. She had never told her husband about him, — never let Osmond know of his visits to her in Florence ; a reserve not dictated in the early period by a want of confidence in Osmond, but simply by the consideration that Caspar Goodwood's disappointment was not her secret, but his own. It would be wrong of her, she believed, to convey it to another, and Mr. Goodwood's affairs could have, after all, but little interest for

Gilbert. When it came to the point she never wrote to him; it seemed to her that, considering his grievance, the least she could do was to let him alone. Nevertheless, she would have been glad to be in some way nearer to him. It was not that it ever occurred to her that she might have married him; even after the consequences of her marriage became vivid to her, that particular reflection, though she indulged in so many, had not the assurance to present itself. But when she found herself in trouble he became a member of that circle of things with which she wished to set herself right. I have related how passionately she desired to feel that her unhappiness should not have come to her through her own fault. She had no near prospect of dying, and yet she wished to make her peace with the world, — to put her spiritual affairs in order. It came back to her, from time to time, that there was an account still to be settled with Caspar Goodwood; it seemed to her that she would settle it to-day on terms easy for him. Still, when she learned that he was coming to Rome she felt afraid; it would be more disagreeable for him than for any one else to learn that she was unhappy. Deep in her breast she believed that he had invested his all in her happiness, while the others had invested only a part. He was one more person from whom she should have to conceal her misery. She was reassured, however, after he arrived in Rome, for he spent several days without coming to see her.

Henrietta Stackpole, it may well be imagined, was much more punctual, and Isabel was largely favored with the society of her friend. Isabel threw herself into it, for now that she had made such a point of keeping her conscience clear, that was one way of proving that she had not been superficial, — the more so that the years, in their flight, had rather enriched than blighted those peculiarities which had been humorously

criticised by persons less interested than Isabel, and were striking enough to give friendship a spice of heroism. Henrietta was as keen and quick and fresh as ever, and as neat and bright and fair. Her eye had lost none of its serenity, her toilet none of its crispness, her opinions none of their national flavor. She was by no means quite unchanged, however; it seemed to Isabel that she had grown restless. Of old she had never been restless; though she was perpetually in motion, it was impossible to be more deliberate. She had a reason for everything she did; she fairly bristled with motives. Formerly, when she came to Europe, it was because she wished to see it; but now, having already seen it, she had no such excuse. She did not for a moment pretend that the desire to examine decaying civilizations had anything to do with her present enterprise; her journey was rather an expression of her independence of the Old World than of a sense of further obligations to it. "It's nothing to come to Europe," she said to Isabel; "it does n't seem to me one needs so many reasons for that. It is something to stay at home; this is much more important." It was not, therefore, with a sense of doing anything very important that she treated herself to another pilgrimage to Rome. She had seen the place before, and carefully inspected it; the actual episode was simply a sign of familiarity, of one's knowing all about it, of one's having as good a right as any one else to be there. This was all very well, and Henrietta was restless; she had a perfect right to be restless, too, if one came to that. But she had after all a better reason for coming to Rome than that she cared for it so little. Isabel easily recognized it, and with it the worth of her friend's fidelity. She had crossed the stormy ocean in midwinter because she guessed that Isabel was unhappy. Henrietta guessed a great deal, but she had never guessed so happily as

that. Isabel's satisfactions just now were few, but even if they had been more numerous, there would still have been something of individual joy in her sense of being justified in having always thought highly of Henrietta. She had made large concessions with regard to her, but she had insisted that, with all abatements, she was very valuable. It was not her own triumph, however, that Isabel found good; it was simply the relief of confessing to Henrietta, the first person to whom she had owned it, that she was not contented. Henrietta had herself approached this point with the smallest possible delay, and had accused her to her face of being miserable. She was a woman, she was a sister; she was not Ralph, nor Lord Warburton, nor Caspar Goodwood, and Isabel could speak.

"Yes, I am miserable," she said, very gently. She hated to hear herself say it; she tried to say it as judicially as possible.

"What does he do to you?" Henrietta asked, frowning as if she were inquiring into the operations of a quack doctor.

"He does nothing. But he does n't like me."

"He's very difficult!" cried Miss Stackpole. "Why don't you leave him?"

"I can't change, that way," Isabel said.

"Why not, I should like to know? You won't confess that you have made a mistake. You are too proud."

"I don't know whether I am too proud. But I can't publish my mistake. I don't think that's decent. I would much rather die."

"You won't think so always," said Henrietta.

"I don't know what great unhappiness might bring me to; but it seems to me I shall always be ashamed. One must accept one's deeds. I married him before all the world; I was perfectly

free; it was impossible to do anything more deliberate. One can't change, that way," Isabel repeated.

"You have changed, in spite of the impossibility. I hope you don't mean to say that you like him."

Isabel hesitated a moment. "No, I don't like him. I can tell you, because I am weary of my secret. But that's enough; I can't tell all the world."

Henrietta gave a rich laugh. "Don't you think you are rather too considerate?"

"It's not of him that I am considerate; it's of myself!" Isabel answered.

It was not surprising that Gilbert Osmond should not have taken comfort in Miss Stackpole; his instinct had naturally set him in opposition to a young lady capable of advising his wife to withdraw from the conjugal mansion. When she arrived in Rome he said to Isabel that he hoped she would leave her friend the interviewer alone; and Isabel answered that he at least had nothing to fear from her. She said to Henrietta that, as Osmond did n't like her, she could not invite her to dine; but they could easily see each other in other ways. Isabel received Miss Stackpole freely in her own sitting-room, and took her repeatedly to drive, face to face with Pansy, who, bending a little forward, on the opposite seat of the carriage, gazed at the celebrated authoress with a respectful attention which Henrietta occasionally found irritating. She complained to Isabel that Miss Osmond had a little look as if she should remember everything one said. "I don't want to be remembered that way," Miss Stackpole declared; "I consider that my conversation refers only to the moment, like the morning papers. Your step-daughter, as she sits there, looks as if she kept all the back numbers, and would bring them out some day against me." She could not bring herself to think favorably of Pansy, whose absence of initiation, of conversation, and of per-

sonal claims seemed to her, in a girl of twenty, unnatural and even sinister. Isabel presently saw that Osmond would have liked her to urge a little the cause of her friend, insist a little upon his receiving her, so that he might appear to suffer for good manners' sake. Her immediate acceptance of his objections put him too much in the wrong, — it being in effect one of the disadvantages of expressing contempt that you cannot enjoy at the same time the credit of expressing sympathy. Osmond held to his credit, and yet he held to his objections, all of which were elements difficult to reconcile. The right thing would have been that Miss Stackpole should come to dine at the Palazzo Roccanera once or twice, so that in spite of his superficial civility, always so great, she might judge for herself how little pleasure it gave him. From the moment, however, that both the ladies were so unaccommodating, there was nothing for Osmond but to wish that Henrietta would take herself off. It was surprising how little satisfaction he got from his wife's friends; he took occasion to call Isabel's attention to it.

"You are certainly not fortunate in your intimates; I wish you might make a new collection," he said to her one morning, in reference to nothing visible at the moment, but in a tone of ripe reflection which deprived the remark of all brutal abruptness. "It's as if you had taken the trouble to pick out the people in the world that I have least in common with. Your cousin I have always thought a conceited ass, besides his being the most ill-favored animal I know. Then it's insufferably tiresome that one can't tell him so; one must spare him on account of his health. His health seems to me the best part of him; it gives him privileges enjoyed by no one else. If he is so desperately ill there is only one way to prove it; but he seems to have no mind for that. I can't say much more for the great War-

burton. When one really thinks of it, the cool insolence of that performance was something rare! He comes and looks at one's daughter as if she were a suite of apartments; he tries the door-handles and looks out of the windows, raps on the walls, and almost thinks he will take the place. Will you be so good as to draw up a lease? Then, on the whole, he decides that the rooms are too small; he does n't think he could live on a third floor; he must look out for a *piano nobile*. And he goes away, after having got a month's lodging in the poor little apartment for nothing. Miss Stackpole, however, is your most wonderful invention. She strikes me as a kind of monster. One has n't a nerve in one's body that she does n't set quivering. You know I never have admitted that she is a woman. Do you know what she reminds me of? Of a new steel pen, — the most odious thing in nature. She talks as a steel pen writes; are n't her letters, by the way, on ruled paper? She thinks and moves, and walks and looks, exactly as she talks. You may say that she does n't hurt me, inasmuch as I don't see her. I don't see her, but I hear her; I hear her all day long. Her voice is in my ears; I can't get rid of it. I know exactly what she says, and every inflection of the tone in which she says it. She says charming things about me, and they give you great comfort. I don't like at all to think she talks about me; I feel as I should feel if I knew the footman were wearing my hat!"

Henrietta talked about Gilbert Osmond, as his wife assured him, rather less than he suspected. She had plenty of other subjects, in two of which the reader may be supposed to be especially interested. She let Isabel know that Caspar Goodwood had discovered for himself that she was unhappy, though indeed her ingenuity was unable to suggest what comfort he hoped to give her by coming to Rome, and yet not calling on her. They met him twice in the street, but he had

no appearance of seeing them; they were driving, and he had a habit of looking straight in front of him, as if he proposed to contemplate but one object at a time. Isabel could have fancied she had seen him the day before; it must have been with just that face and step that he walked out of Mrs. Touchett's door at the close of their last interview. He was dressed just as he had been dressed on that day, — Isabel remembered the color of his cravat;

and yet, in spite of this familiar look, there was a strangeness in his figure, too, — something that made her feel afresh that it was rather terrible he should have come to Rome. He looked bigger and more overtopping than of old, and in those days he certainly was lofty enough. She noticed that the people whom he passed looked back after him, but he went straight forward, lifting above them a face like a February sky.

Henry James, Jr.

POST PRANDIAL.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

1881.

"THE Dutch have taken Holland," — so the schoolboys used to say;
The Dutch have taken Harvard, — no doubt of that to-day!
For the Wendells were low Dutchmen, and all their vrows were Vans
And the Breitmanns are high Dutchmen, and here is honest Hans.

Mynheers, you both are welcome! Fair cousin Wendell P.,
Our ancestors were dwellers beside the Zuyder Zee;
Both Grotius and Erasmus were countrymen of we,
And Vondel was our namesake, though he spelt it with a V.

It is well old Evert Jansen sought a dwelling over sea
On the margin of the Hudson, where he sampled you and me
Through our grandsires and great grandsires, for you would n't quite agree
With the steady-going burghers along the Zuyder Zee.

Like our Motley's John of Barnveld, you have always been inclined
To speak, — well, — somewhat frankly, — to let us know your mind,
And the Mynheers would have told you to be cautious what you said,
Or else that silver tongue of yours might cost your precious head.

But we're very glad you've kept it; it was always Freedom's own,
And whenever Reason chose it she found a royal throne;
You have whacked us with your sceptre; our backs were little harmed,
And while we rubbed our bruises we owned we had been charmed.

And you, our *quasi* Dutchman, what welcome should be yours
For all the wise prescriptions that work your laughter-cures?

"Shake before taking? — not a bit, — the bottle-cure's a sham, —
Take before shaking, and you'll find it shakes your diaphragm.

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty, — vhere is dot barty now?"

On every shelf where wit is stored to smoothe the careworn brow!

A health to stout Hans Breitmann! How long before we see

Another Hans as handsome, — as bright a man as he!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE KATRINA SAGA.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

"FORR English Ladies." This was the address on the back of a much-thumbed envelope, resting on top of the key rack in the dining-room of our Bergen hotel. If "For" had been spelled correctly, the letter would not have been half so likely to be read; but that extra outsider of an *r* was irresistibly attractive. The words of the letter itself were, if not equally original in spelling, at least as unique in arrangement, and altogether the advertisement answered its purposes far better than if it had been written in good English. The *naïveté* with which the writer went on to say, "I do recommend me," was delicious, and when she herself appeared there was something in her whole personal bearing entirely in keeping with the child-like and unconscious complacency of her phraseology. "I do recommend me" was written all over her face, and, as things turned out, if it had been "I do guarantee me," it had not been too strong an indorsement. A more tireless, willing, thoughtful, helpful, eager, shrewd little creature than Katrina never chattered. Looking back from the last day to the first of my acquaintance with her, I feel a remorseful twinge as I think how near I came to taking instead of her, as my maid for a month's journeying, a stately young woman, who, appearing in answer to my

advertisement, handed me her card with dignity, and begged my pardon for inquiring precisely what it would be that she would have to do for me, besides the turning of English into Norwegian, and *vice versa*. The contrast between this specific gravity and Katrina's hearty and unreflecting "I will do my best to satisfy you in all occasions" did not sufficiently impress me in the outset. But many a time afterward did I recall it, and believe more than ever in the doctrine of lucky stars and good angels.

When Katrina appeared, punctually to the appointed minute, half an hour before the time for setting off, I saw with pleasure that she was wrapped in a warm cloak of dark cloth. I had seen her before, flitting about in shawls of various sorts, loosely pinned at the throat in a disjointed kind of way, which gave to her appearance an expression that I did not like, — an expression of desultory if not intermittent respectability. But wrapped in this heavy cloak, she was decorum personified.

"Ah, Katrina," I said, "I am very glad to see you are warmly dressed. This summer you keep in Norway is so cold, one needs winter clothes all the time."

"Yes, I must," she replied. "I get fever and ague in New York, and since then it always reminds me. That was

six years ago; but it reminds me, — the freezing at my neck," putting her hand to the back of her neck.

It was in New York, then, that she had learned so much English. This explained everything, — the curious mixture of volubility and inaccuracy and slang in her speech. She had been for several months a house servant in New York, "with an Irish lady; such a nice lady. Her husband, he took care of a bank; kept it clean, don't you see, and all such tings. And we lived in the top in the eight story: we was always going up and down in the elewater."

After this she had been a button-hole maker in a great clothing house, and next, had married one of her own countrymen; a nephew, by the way, of the famous Norwegian giant at Barnum's Museum, — a fact which Katrina stated simply, without any apparent boast, adding, "My husband's father were guyant, too. There be many guyants in that part of the country."

Perhaps it was wicked, seeing that Katrina had had such hopes of learning much English in her month with me, not to have told her then and there that *g* in the English word *giant* was always soft. But I could not. Neither did I once, from first to last, correct her inimitable and delicious pronunciations. I confined my instructions to the endeavor to make her understand clearly the meanings of words, and to teach her true synonyms; but as for meddling with her pronunciations, I would as soon have been caught trying to teach a baby to speak plain. I fear, towards the last, she began to suspect this, and to be half aware of the not wholly disinterested pleasure which I took in listening to her eager prattle; but she did not accuse me, and I let her set off for home not one whit wiser in the matter of the sounds of the English language than she had been when she came away, except so far as she might have unconsciously caught them from hearing me speak. It is just as

well: her English is quite good enough as it is, for all practical purposes in Norway, and would lose half its charm and value to English-speaking people if she were to learn to say the words as we say them.

To set off by boat from Bergen means to set off by boats; it would not be an idle addition to the phrase, either, to say, not only by boats, but among boats, in, out, over, and across boats; and one may consider himself lucky if he is not called upon to add, — the whole truth being told, — under boats. Arriving at the wharf, he is shown where his steamer lies, midway in the harbor; whether it be at anchor, or hoisted on a raft of small boats, he is at first at loss to see. However, rowing alongside, he discovers that the raft of small boats is only a crowd, like any other crowd, of movable things or creatures, and can be shoved, jostled, pushed out of the way, and compelled to give room. A Norwegian can elbow his boat through a tight-packed mass of boats with as dexterous and irresistible force as another man can elbow his way on foot, on dry land, in a crowd of men. So long as you are sitting quiet in the middle of the boat, merely swayed from side to side by his gyrations, with no sort of responsibility as to their successive direction, and with implicit faith in their being right, it is all very well. But when your Norwegian springs up, confident, poises one foot on the edge of his own boat, the other foot on the edge of another boat, plants one of his oars against the gunwale of a third boat, and rests the other oar hard up against the high side of a steamboat and then authoritatively requests you to rise and make pathway for yourself across and between all these oars and boats, and leap varying chasms of water between them and the ladder up the steamer's side, dismay seizes you, if you are not to the water born. I did not hear of anybody's being drowned in attempting

to get on board a Bergen steamer. But why somebody is not, every day in the week, I do not know, if it often happens to people to thread and surmount such a labyrinth of small rocking boats as lay around the *dampskib* Jupiter, in which Katrina and I sailed for Christiana.

The Northern nations of Europe seem to have hit upon signally appropriate names for that place of torment which in English is called steamboat. There are times when simply to pronounce the words *dampskib* or *dampbaad* is soothing to the nerves; and nowhere oftener than in Norway can one be called upon to seek such relief. It is an accepted thing in Norway that no steamboat can be counted on either to arrive or depart within one, two, or three hours of its advertised time. The guide-books all state this fact: so nobody who, thus forewarned, has chosen to trust himself to the *dampskib* has any right to complain if the whole plan of his journey is disarranged and frustrated by the thing's not arriving within four hours of the time it had promised. But it is not set down in the guide-books, as it ought to be, that there is something else on which the traveler in Norwegian *dampskibs* can place no dependence whatever; and that is the engaging beforehand of his state-room. To have engaged a state-room one week beforehand, positively, explicitly, and then, upon arriving on board, to be confronted by a smiling captain, who states in an off-hand manner, as if it were an every-day occurrence, that "he is very sorry, but it is impossible to let you have it;" and who, when he is pressed for an explanation of the impossibility, has no better reason to give than that two gentlemen wanted the state-room, and as the two gentlemen could not go in the ladies' cabin, and you, owing to the misfortune of your sex, could, therefore the two gentlemen have the state-room, and you will take the one remaining untenanted berth in the cabin, — this is

what may happen in a Norwegian *dampskib*. If one is resolute enough to halt in the gangway, and, ordering the porters bearing the luggage to halt also, say, calmly, "Very well; then I must return to my hotel, and wait for another boat, in which I can have a state-room. It would be quite out of the question, my making the journey in the cabin," the captain will discover some way of disposing of the two gentlemen, and without putting them into the ladies' cabin: but this late concession, not to the justice of your claim, only to your determination in enforcing it, does not in any wise conciliate your respect or your amiability. The fact of the imposition and unfairness is the same. I ought to say, however, that this is the only matter in which I found unfairness in Norway. In regard to everything else the Norwegian has to provide, or to sell, he is just and honest; but when it comes to the question of *dampskib* accommodations, he seems to take leave of all his sense of obligation to be either.

As I crept into the narrow trough called a berth, in my hardly-won state-room, a vision flitted past the door: a tall and graceful figure, in a tight, shabby black gown; a classic head, set with the grace of a lily on a slender neck; pale brown hair, put back, braided, and wound in a knot behind, all save a few short curls, which fell lightly floating and waving over a low forehead; a pair of honest, merry gray eyes, with a swift twinkle at the corners, and a sudden serious tenderness in their depths; a straight nose, with a nostril spirited and fine as an Arabian's; a mouth of flawless beauty, unless it might be that the upper lip was a trifle too short, but this fault only added to the piquancy of the face. I lifted myself on my elbow to look at her. She was gone; and I sank back, thinking of the pictures that the world raved over, so few short years ago, of the lovely Eugénie. Here was a face strangely like hers, but with far

more fire and character, — a Norwegian girl, evidently poor. I was wondering if I should see her again, and how I could manage to set Katrina on her track, and if I could find out who she was, when, lo, there she stood by my side, bending above me, and saying something Norwegian over and over in a gentle voice : and Katrina behind her, saying, "This is the lady what has care of all. She do say, 'Poor lady, poor lady, to be so sick.' She is sorry that you are sick." I gazed at her in stupefied wonder. This radiant creature the stewardess of a steamboat ! She was more beautiful near, than at a distance. I am sure I have never seen so beautiful a woman. And coming nearer, one could see clearly, almost as radiant as her physical beauty, the beauty of a fine and sweet nature shining through. Her smile was transcendent. I am not over easy to be stirred by women's fair looks. Seldom I see a woman's face that gives me unalloyed pleasure. Faces are half-terrifying things to one who studies them, such paradoxical masks are they ; only one half mask, and the other half bared secrets of a life-time. Their mere physical beauty, however great it may be, is so underlaid and overlaid by tokens and traces and scars of things in which the flesh and blood of it have played part that a fair face can rarely be more than half fair. But here was a face with beauty such as the old Greeks put into marble ; and shining through it the honesty and innocence of an untaught child, the good-will and content of a faithful working-girl, and the native archness of a healthful maiden. I am not unaware that all this must have the sound of an invention, and there being no man to bear witness to my tale, except such as have sailed in the Norwegian dampskib Jupiter, it will not be much believed ; nevertheless, I shall tell it. Not being the sort of artist to bring the girl's face away in a portfolio, the only thing left for me is to try to set it

in the poor portraiture of words. Poor enough portraiture it is that words can fashion, even for things less subtle than faces, — a day or a sky, a swift passion or a thought. Words seem always to those who work with them more or less failures ; but most of all are they impotent and disappointing when a face is to be told. Yet, I shall not cast away my sketch of the beautiful Anna. It is the only one which will ever be made of her. Now that I think of it, however, there is one testimony to be added to mine, — a testimony of much weight, too, taken in the connection, for it was of such involuntariness.

On the second day of my voyage in the Jupiter, in the course of a conversation with the captain, I took occasion to speak of the good-will and efficiency of his stewardess. He assented warmly to my praise of her ; adding that she was born of very poor parents, and had little education herself beyond knowing how to read and write, but was a person of rare goodness.

I then said, "And of very rare beauty, also. I have never seen a more beautiful face."

"Yes," he replied. "There is something very not common about her. Her face is quite antic." Antique, he meant, but for the first few seconds I could not imagine what it was he had intended. He also, then, had recognized, as this phrase shows, the truly classic quality of the girl's beauty ; and he is the only witness I am able to bring to prove that my description of her face and figure and look and bearing are not an ingenious fable wrought out of nothing.

From Katrina, also, there came testimonies to Anna's rare quality.

"I have been in long speech with Anna," she said, before we had been at sea a day. "I tink she will come to Bergen, by my husband and me. She can be trusted ; I can tell in one firstest minute vat peoples is to be trusted. She is so polite always, but she passes

ghentlemens without speaking, except she has business. I can tell."

Shrewd Katrina! Her husband has a sort of restaurant and billiard-room in Bergen; a place not over-creditable, I fear, although keeping within the pale of respectability. It is a sore trial to Katrina, his doing this, especially the selling of liquor. She had several times refused her consent to his going into the business, "but dis time," she said, "he had it before I knowed anything, don't you see? He did n't tell me. I always tink dere is de wifes and children, and may be de mens don't take home no bread; and den to sit dere and drink, it is shame, don't you see? But if he don't do, some other mans would; so tere it is, don't you see? And tere is money in it, you see." Poor Katrina had tried in vain to shelter herself and appease her conscience by this old sophistry. Her pride and self-respect still so revolted at the trade that she would not go to the place to stay. "He not get me to go tere. He not want me, either. I would not work in such a place."

But she had no scruples about endeavoring to engage Anna as a waiter-girl for the place.

"She will be by my husband and me," she said, "and it is always shut every night at ten o'clock; and my husband is very strict man. He will have all right. She can have all her times after dat; and here she have only four dollars a mont, and my husband gives more tan dat. And I shall teach to her English; I gives her one hour every day. Dat is great for her, for she vill go to America next year. If she can English speak, she get twice the money in America. Oh, ven I go to America, I did not know de name of one ting; and every night I cry and cry; I tink I never learn; but dat Irish lady I live by, she vas so kind to me as my own mother. Oh, I like Irish peoples; the Irish and the Americans, dey are what

I like best. I don't like de English; and Chermans, I don't like dem; dey vill take all out of your pocket. She is intended;¹ and dat is good. When one are intended one must be careful; and if he is one you love, ten you don't vant to do anything else; and her sweet-heart is a nice young fellow. He is in the engyne in a Hamburg boat. She has been speaking by me about him."

The dampskib Jupiter is a roller. It is a marvel how anything not a log can roll at such a rate. The state-room berths being built across instead of lengthwise, the result is a perpetual tossing of heads versus feet. As Katrina expressively put it, "It is first te head, and den te feets up. Dat is te worstest. Dat makes te difference."

Ill, helpless, almost as tight wedged in as a knife-blade shut in its handle, I lay in my trough a day and a night. The swinging port-hole through which I feebly looked made a series of ever-changing vignettes of the bits of water, sky, land, it showed: moss-crowned hillocks of stone; now and then a red roof, or a sloop scudding by. The shore of Norway is a kaleidoscope of land, rock, and water, broken up. To call it shore at all seems half a misnomer. I have never heard of a census of the islands on the Norway coast, but it would be a matter of great interest to know if it needs the decimals of millions to reckon them. This would not be hard to be believed by one who has sailed two days and two nights in their labyrinths. They are a more distinctive feature in the beauty of Norway's seaward face than even her majestic mountain ranges. They have as much and as changing beauty of color as those, and, added to the subtle and exhaustless beauty of changing color, they have the still subtler charm of that mysterious combination of rest and restlessness, stillness and motion, solidity and evanescence, which is the dower of all islands, and

¹ Betrothed.

most of all of the islands of outer seas. Even more than from the stern solemnity of their mountain-walled fjords must the Norwegians have drawn their ancient inspirations, I imagine, from the wooing, baffling, luring, forbidding, locking and unlocking, and never-revealing vistas, channels, gates, and barriers of their islands. They are round and soft and mossy as hillocks of sphagnum in a green marsh. You may sink above your ankles in the moist, delicious verdure, which looks from the sea like a mere mantle lightly flung over the rock. Or they are bare and gray and unbroken, as if coated in mail of stone; and you might clutch in vain for so much as the help of a crevice or a shrub, if you were cast on their sides. Some lie level and low, with oases of vividest green in their hollows; these lift and loom in the noon or the twilight, with a mirage which the desert cannot outdo. Some rise up in precipices of sudden wall, countless Gibraltars, which no mortal power can scale, and only wild creatures with tireless wings can approach. They are lashed by foaming waves, and the echoes peal like laughter among them; the tide brings them all it has; the morning sun lights them up, top after top, like beacons of its way out to sea, and leaves them again at night, lingeringly, one by one; changing them often into the semblance of jewels by the last red rays of its sinking light. They seem, as you sail swiftly among them, to be sailing too, a flotilla of glittering kingdoms; your escort, your convoy; shifting to right, to left, in gorgeous parade of skillful display, as for a pageant. When you anchor, they too are of a sudden at rest; solid, substantial land again, wooing you to take possession. There are myriads of them still unknown, untrodden, and sure to remain so forever, no matter how long the world may last; as sure as if the old spells were true, and the gods had made them invincible by a charm, or lonely

under an eternal curse. At the mouths of the great fjords they seem sometimes to have fallen back and into line, as if to do honor to whomever might come sailing in. They must have greatly helped the splendor of the processions of viking ships, a thousand years ago, in the days when a viking thought nothing of setting sail for the South or the East with six or seven hundred ships in his fleet. If their birch-trees were as plummy then as now, there was nothing finer than they in all that a viking adorned his ships with, not even the gilt dragons at the prow.

Before the close of the second day of our voyage, the six passengers in the ladies' cabin had reached the end of their journey and left the boat. By way of atonement for his first scheming to rob me of my state-room, the captain now magnanimously offered to me the whole of the ladies' cabin, for which he had no farther use. How gladly I accepted it! How gleefully I watched my broad bed being made on a sofa, lengthwise the rolling Jupiter! How pleased was Katrina, how cheery the beautiful stewardess.

"Good-night! Good-night! Sleep well! Sleep well!" they both said as they left me.

"Now it will be different; not to head and feet any more. De oder way is bestest," added Katrina, as she lurched out of the room.

How triumphantly I locked the door! How well I slept! All of which would be of no consequence here, except that it makes such a background for what followed. Out of a sleep sound as only the sleep of one worn out by seasickness can be, I was roused by a dash of water in my face. Too bewildered at first to understand what had happened, I sat up in bed quickly, and thereby brought my face considerably nearer the port-hole, directly above my pillow, just in time to receive another full dash of water in my very teeth; and water by

no means clean, either, as I instantly perceived. The situation explained itself. The port-hole had not been shut tight; the decks were being washed. Swash, swash, it came, with frightful dexterity, aimed it would seem at that very port-hole, and nowhere else. I sprang up, seized the handle of the port-hole window, and tried to tighten it. In my ignorance and fright I turned it the wrong way; in poured the dirty water. There stood I, clapping the window to with all my might, but utterly unable either to fasten it or to hold it tight enough to keep out the water. Calling for help was useless, even if my voice could have been heard above the noise of the boat; the door of my cabin was locked. Swash, swash, in it came, more and more, and dirtier and dirtier; trickling down the back of the red velvet sofa, drenching my pillows and sheets, and spattering me. One of the few things one never ceases being astonished at in this world is the length a minute can seem when one is uncomfortable. It could n't have been many minutes, but it seemed an hour, before I had succeeded in partially fastening that port-hole, unlocking that cabin door, and bringing Anna to the rescue. Before she arrived the dirty swashes had left the first port-hole and gone to the second, which, luckily, had been fastened tight, and all danger was over. But if I had been afloat and in danger of drowning, her sympathy could not have been greater. She came running, her feet bare — very white they were, too, and rosy pink on the outside edges, like a baby's, I noticed, — and her gown but partly on. It was only half past four, and she had been, no doubt, as sound asleep as I. With comic pantomime of distress, and repeated exclamations of "Poor lady, poor lady!" which phrase I already knew by heart, she gathered up the wet bed, made me another in a dry corner, and then vanished; and I heard her telling the tale of my disaster, in excited tones,

to Katrina, who soon appeared, with a look half sympathy, half amusement, on her face.

"Now, dat is great tings," she said, giving the innocent port-hole another hard twist at the handle. "I tink you vill be glad ven you comes to Christiania. Dey say it vill be tere at ten, but I tink it is only shtories."

It was not. Already we were well up in the smoothness and shelter of the beautiful Christiania Fjord, — a great bay, which is in the beginning like a sea looking southward into an ocean; then reaches up northward, counting its miles by scores, shooting its shining inlets to right and left, narrowing and yielding itself more and more to the embrace of the land, till, suddenly, headed off by a knot of hills, it turns around, and as if seeking the outer sea it has left behind runs due south for miles, making the peninsula of Nesodden. On this peninsula is the little town of Drobak, where thirty thousand pounds' worth of ice is stored every winter, to be sold in London as "Wenham Lake ice." This ice was in summer the water of countless little lakes. The region round about the Christiania Fjord is set full of them, lily-grown and fir-shaded. Once they freeze over, they are marked for their destiny; the snow is kept from them; if the surface be too much roughened it is planed; then it is lined off into great squares, cut out by an ice-plow, pried up by wedges, loaded on carts, and carried to the ice-houses. There it is packed into solid bulk, with layers of sawdust between to prevent the blocks from freezing together again. We shall use thousands of pounds of this ice ourselves next year. The Christiania ice merchants have chuckled at the reports of the midsummer of 1880 in the United States.

The fjord was so glassy smooth, as we sailed up, that even the Jupiter could not roll, but glided; and seemed to try to hush its jarring sounds, as if holding

its breath, with sense of the shame it was to disturb such sunny silence. The shores on either hand were darkly wooded; here and there a country-seat on higher ground, with a gay flag floating out. No Norwegian house is complete without its flag-staff. On Sundays, on all holidays, on the birthdays of members of the family, and on all days when guests are expected at the house, the flag is run up. This pretty custom gives a festal air to all places; since one can never walk far without coming on a house that keeps either a birthday or a guest-day.

There seemed almost a mirage on the western shore of the bay. The captain, noticing this, called my attention to it, and said it was often to be seen on the Norway fjords, "but it was always on the head." In reply to my puzzled look, he went on to say, by way of making it perfectly clear, that "the mountains stood always on their heads;" that is, "their heads down to the heads of the other mountains." He then spoke of the strange looming of the water-line often seen in Holland, where he had traveled; but where, he said, he never wished to go again, they were "such dirty people." This accusation brought against the Dutch was indeed startling. I exclaimed in surprise, saying that the world gave the Dutch credit for being the cleanliest of people. Yes, he said, they did scrub; it was to be admitted that they kept their houses clean; "but they do put the spitkin on the table when they eat."

"Spitkin," cried I. "What is that? You do not mean spittoon, surely?"

"Yes, yes, that is it; like the spitkin in which to spit. It is high, like what we keep to put flowers in,—so high," holding his hand about twelve inches from the table; "made just like what we put for flowers; and they put it always on the table, when they are eating. I have myself seen it. And they do eat and spit, and eat and spit, ugh!" and

the captain shook himself with a great shudder, as well he might, at the recollection. "I do never wish to see Holland again."

I took the opportunity then to praise the Norwegian "spitkin," which is a most ingenious device; and not only ingenious, but wholesome and cleanly. It is an open brass pan, some four inches in depth, filled with broken twigs of green juniper. These are put in fresh and clean every day,—an invention, no doubt, of poverty, in the first place; for the Norwegian has been hard pressed for centuries, and has learned to set his fragrant juniper and fir boughs to all manner of uses unknown in other countries: for instance, spreading them down for outside door-mats, in country houses, another pretty and cleanly custom. But the juniper-filled "spitkin" is the triumph of them all, and he would be a benefactor who would introduce its civilization into all countries. The captain seemed pleased with my commendation, and said hesitatingly,—

"There is a tale, that. They do say, —excuse me," bowing apologetically, — "they do say that it is in America spitted everywhere; and that an American who was in Norway did see the spitkin on the stove, but did not know it was spitkin."

This part of the story I could most easily credit, having myself looked wonderingly for several days at the pretty little oval brass pan, filled with juniper twigs, standing on the hearth of the turret-like stove in my Bergen bedroom, and having finally come to the conclusion that the juniper twigs must be kept there for kindlings.

"So he did spit everywhere on the stove; it was all around spitted. And when the servant came in he said, 'Take away that thing with green stuff; I want to spit in that place.'"

The captain told this story with much hesitancy of manner and repeated "excuse me's," but he was reassured by my

heartly laughter, and my confession that my own ignorance of the proper use of the juniper spitkin had been quite equal to my countryman's.

Christiania looks well, as one approaches it by water; it is snuggled in on the lower half of an amphitheatre of high wooded hills, which open as they recede, showing ravines, and suggesting countless delightful ways up and out into the country. Many ships lie in the harbor; on either hand are wooded peninsulas and islands; and everywhere are to be seen light or bright-colored country-houses. The first expression of the city itself, as one enters it, is disappointingly modern, if one has his head full of Haralds and Olafs, and expects to see some traces of the old Osloe. The Christiania of to-day is new, as newness is reckoned in Norway, for it dates back only to the middle of the sixteenth century; but it is as characteristically Norwegian as if it were older, — a pleasant place to stay in than Bergen, and a much better starting point for Norway travel.

“A cautious guest,
When he comes to his hostel,
Speaketh but little;
With his ears he listeneth,
With his eyes he looketh:
Thus the wise learneth.”

an old Norwegian song says.

When walking through the labyrinths of the Victoria Hotel in Christiania, and listening with my ears, I heard dripping and splashing water, and when, looking with my eyes, I saw long dark corridors, damp court-yards, and rooms on which no sun ever had shone, I spoke little, but forthwith drove away in search of airier, sunnier, drier quarters. There were many mysterious inside balconies of beautiful gay flowers at the Victoria, but they did not redeem it.

“I tink dat place is like a prison more tan it is like a hôte,” said Katrina, as we drove away; in which she was quite right. “I don’t see vhy tey need make a hôte like dat; nobody

would stay in prison!” At the Hotel Scandinavie, a big room with six sides and five windows pleased her better. “Dis is vat you like,” she said; “here tere is light.”

Light! If there had only been darkness! In the Norway summer, one comes actually to yearn for a little Christian darkness to go to bed by: much as he may crave a stronger sun by day, to keep him warm, he would like to have a reasonable night-time for sleeping. At first there is a stimulus, and a weird sort of triumphant sense of outwitting nature, in finding one's self able to read or to write by the sun's light till nearly midnight of the clock. But presently it becomes clear that the outwitting is on the other side. What avails it that there is light enough for one to write by at ten o'clock at night, if he is tired out, does not want to write, and longs for nothing but to go to sleep? If it were dark, and he longed to write, nothing would be easier than to light candles and write all night, if he chose and could pay for his candles. But neither money nor ingenuity can compass for him a normal darkness to sleep in. The Norwegian house is one half window: in their long winters they need all the sun they can get; not an outside blind, not an inside shutter, not a dark shade, to be seen; streaming, flooding, radiating in and round about the rooms, comes the light, welcome or unwelcome, early and late. And to the words “early” and “late” there are in a Norway summer new meanings: the early light of the summer morning sets in about half past two; the late light of the summer evening fades into a luminous twilight about eleven. Enjoyment of this species of perpetual day soon comes to an end. After the traveler has written home to everybody once by broad daylight at ten o'clock, the fun of the thing is over: normal sleepiness begins to hunger for its rights, and dissatisfaction takes the place of wondering amusement. This

dissatisfaction reaches its climax in a few days ; then, if he is wise, the traveler provides himself with several pieces of dark green cambric, which he pins up at his windows at bed-time, thereby making it possible to get seven or eight hours' rest for his tired eyes. But the green cambric will not shut out sounds ; and he is lucky if he is not kept awake until one or two o'clock every night by the unceasing tread and loud chatter of the cheerful Norwegians, who have been forced to form the habit of sitting up half their night-time, to get in the course of a year their full quota of day-time.

"I tink King Ring lived not far from dis place," said Katrina, stretching her head out of first one and then another of the five windows, and looking up and down the busy streets ; "not in Christiania, but I tink not very far away. Did ever you hear of King Ring? Oh, dat is our best story in all Norway, — te saga of King Ring!"

"Cannot you tell it to me, Katrina?" said I, trying to speak as if I had never heard of King Ring.

"Vell, King Ring, he loved Ingeborg. I cannot tell ; I do not remember. My father, you see, — not my right father, but my father the hatter ; he whose little home I showed you in Bergen, — he used to take books out, vere you pay so much for one week, you see ; and I only get half an hour, may be, or few minutes, but I steal de book, and read all vat I can. I vas only little den : oh, it is years ago. But it is our best story in all Norway. Ingeborg was beauty, you see, and all in te kings families vat wanted her : many ghentlemens, and Ring, he killed three or four, I tink ; and den after he killed dem three or four, den he lost her, after all, don't you see ; and tat was te fun of it."

"But I don't think that was funny at all, Katrina," I said. "I don't believe King Ring thought it so."

"No, I don't tink, either ; but den,

you see, he had all killed for nothing, and den he lost her himself. I tink it was on the ice : it broke. A stranger told dem not to take the ice ; but King Ring, he would go. I tink dat was te way it was."

It was plain that Katrina's reminiscences of her stolen childish readings of the Frithiof's Saga were incorrect as well as fragmentary, but her eager enthusiasm over it was delicious. Her face kindled, as she repeated, "Oh, it is our best story in all Norway!" and when I told her that the next day she should go to a circulating library and get a copy of the book, and read it to me, her eyes actually flashed with pleasure.

Early the next morning she set off. A nondescript roving commission she bore : "a copy of the Frithiof's Saga in Norwegian, [how guiltily I feared she might stumble upon it in an English translation!] and anything in the way of fruit or vegetables." These were her instructions. It was an hour before she came back, flushed with victory, sure of her success and of my satisfaction. She burst into the room, brandishing in one hand two turnips and a carrot ; in the other she hugged up in front of her a newspaper, bursting and red-stained, full of fresh raspberries ; under her left arm, held very tight, a little old copy of the Frithiof's Saga. Breathless, she dropped the raspberries down, newspaper and all, in a rolling pile on the table, exclaiming, "I tink I shall not get tese home, after I get te oders in my oder hand ! Are tese what you like?" holding the turnips and carrot close up to my face. "I vas asking for oranges," she continued, "but it is one month ago since they leaved Christiania."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"One mont ago since dey were to see in Christiania," she repeated, impatiently. "It is not mont since I vas eating dem in Bergen. I tought in a great place like Christiania dere would be more tings

as in Bergen ; but it is all shtories, you see."

How well I came to know the look of that little ragged old copy of the grand Saga, and of Katrina's face, as she bent puzzling over it, every now and then bursting out with some ejaculated bit of translation, beginning always with, "Vell, you see!" I kept her hard at work at it, reading it to me, while I lingered over my lonely breakfasts and dinners, or while we sat under fragrant fir-trees on country hills. Wherever we went, the little old book and Katrina's Norwegian and English Dictionary, older still, went with us.

Her English, always incalculably wrong and right, in startling alternations, became a thousand times droller when she set herself to deliberate renderings of the lines of the Saga. She went often, in one bound, in a single stanza, from the extreme of nonsense to the climax of poetical beauty of phrase; her pronunciation, always as unexpected and irregular as her construction of phrases, grew less and less correct, as she grew excited and absorbed in the tale. The troublesome *th* sound, which in ordinary conversation she managed to enunciate in perhaps one time out of ten, disappeared entirely from her poetry; and in place of it, came the most refreshing *t*'s and *d*'s. The worse her pronunciation and the more broken her English, the better I liked it and the more poetical was the translation. Many men have tried their hand at translation of the Frithiof's Saga, but I have read none which gave me so much pleasure as I had from hearing Katrina's; neither do I believe that any poet has studied and rewritten it, however cultured he might be, with more enthusiasm and delight than this Norwegian girl of the people, to whom many of the mythological allusions were as unintelligible as if they had been written in Sanskrit. She had a convenient way of disposing of those

when she came to such as she did not understand: "Dat's some o' dem old gods, you see, — dem gods vat dey used to worship." It was evident from many of Katrina's terms of expression, and from her peculiar delight in the most poetical lines and thoughts in the Saga, that she herself was of a highly poetical temperament. I was more and more impressed by this, and began at last to marvel at the fineness of her appreciations. But I was not prepared for her turning the tables suddenly upon me, as she did, one day, after I had helped her to a few phrases in a stanza over which she had come to a halt in difficulties.

"As sure's I'm alive," she exclaimed, "I believe you're a poet your own self, too!" While I was considering what reply to make to this charge, she went on: "Dat's what tey call me in my own country. I can make songs. I make a many: all te birtdays and all te extra days in our family, all come to me and say, 'Now, Katrina, you has to make song.' Dey tink I can make song in one minute for all! [What a kinship is there, all the world over, in some sorts of misery.] Ven I've went to America, I made a nice song," she added. "I would like you to see."

"Indeed, I would like very much to see it, Katrina," I replied. "Have you it here?"

"I got it in my head, here," she said, laughing, tapping her broad forehead. "I keeps it in my head."

But it was a long time before I could persuade her to give it to me. She persisted in saying that she could not translate it.

"Surely, Katrina," I said, "it cannot be harder than the Frithiof's Saga, of which you have read me so much."

"Dat is very different," was all I could extract from her. I think that she felt a certain pride in not having her own stanzas fail of true appreciation owing to their being put in broken English. At last, however, I got it. She

had been hard at work a whole forenoon in her room, with her dictionary and pencil. In the afternoon she came to me, holding several sheets of much-scribbled brown paper in her hand, and said shyly, "Now I can read it." I wrote it down as she read it, only in one or two instances helping her with a word, and here it is: —

SONG ON MY DEPARTURE FROM BERGEN
FOR AMERICA.

THE time of departure is near,
And I am no more in my home;
But God, be thou my protector.
I don't know how it will go,
Out on the big ocean,
From my father and mother;
I don't know for sure where at last
My dwelling-place will be on the earth.

My thanks to all my dear,
To my foster father and mother;
In the distant land, as well as the near,
Your word shall be my guide.
It may happen that we never meet on earth,
But my wish is that God forever
Be with you and bless you.

Don't forget; bring my compliments over
To that place where my cradle stood, —
The dear Akrehavnske waves,
What I lately took leave of.

Don't mourn, my father and mother,
It is to my benefit;
My best thanks for all the goodness
You have bestowed on me.

A last farewell to you
All, my dear friends;
May the life's fortune, honor, and glory
Be with you wherever you are.
I know you are all standing
In deep thoughts
When Harald Haarfager weighs anchor,
And I am away from you.

A wreath of memory
I will twine or twist round
My dear native land,
And as a lark happy sing
This my well-meant song.
Oh, that we all may be
Wreathed with glory,
And in the last carry our wreaths of glory
In heaven's hall.

Watching my face keenly, she read
my approbation of her simple little song,
and, nodding her head with satisfaction,
said, —

"Oh, sometime you see I ain't quite
that foolish I look to! I got big book
of all my songs. Nobody but myself
could read dem papers. It is all pulled
up, and five six words standing one on
top of oder."

H. H.

THE FUTURE OF HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL.

THE president of Harvard University is attempting to bring about something like a transformation of the Divinity School of that institution, upon principles whose enunciation has provoked no little discussion. For the most part, this discussion has been unsympathetic, whether on the ground that those principles are not reducible to practice, or on that of the objectionable character of the results, if they should be so reduced. Even when the president's scheme has been favored, it has often been on grounds which have only more seriously compromised it in the eyes of those who

thus questioned the value of the results proposed.

But it is submitted that there is a point of view from which the proposed plan of transformation would appear not only a logical development of the past history of this school, but also a profoundly philosophic interpretation of the obligations of such an institution as Harvard University to the present and the coming age.

The authorities of the university have, for a half century or more, insisted upon the unsectarian and undogmatic character of its Divinity School, and have

therefore been unwilling to have the name of any one sect or denomination attached to it. It is frankly admitted, however, that it has been, none the less, to all practical intents and purposes, Unitarian. In a controversial and most dogmatic age, it has been a distinctive characteristic of this one body of Christians that, unlike all others, it held dogmatic differences to be of very subordinate importance. There has been but this one denomination which would not strongly repudiate any undogmatic or "unsectarian" ministerial training: all other theological or even ecclesiological education has been, as it is still, based upon the acceptance of certain dogmatic and ecclesiastical premises, the polemic defense of which was a dominant motive in such education. In such an age, under such conditions, to attempt to stand apart from the dogmatic struggle in which all denominations of Christians — save only one — were earnestly engaged, and especially to attempt to educate ministers upon the principles of such doctrinal neutrality, was of necessity, in the eyes of all such denominations, to accept practical identification with that one.

From this identification, the other, and notably the college interests of the university have undoubtedly suffered: and for this reason the president and fellows twice — in 1855 and in 1858 — sought to disembarass the university of trusts which so seriously involved it. Both efforts were unsuccessful; and it therefore remained only to discover some way of relieving the Divinity School of its practically Unitarian character, — some principles upon which these trusts could be so administered that, instead of being a source of weakness, they might become a source of new strength.

Although the college was itself — quoting from the president's report — "originally established largely for the sake of training ministers," the Divin-

ity School has "for sixty years represented and maintained" the principle that "the various philosophical theories and religious beliefs should be studied before, and not after, any of them are embraced." As a matter of fact, however, to whatever extent these various theories and beliefs are made the subject of *private* investigation before any one system of belief or of ecclesiastical fellowship is accepted, rather than others, the question of theological and ecclesiastical affiliation is almost invariably determined prior to any serious purpose of studying for the ministry. A divinity school, therefore, conducted on the principle thus above laid down, would naturally be found, as it has been found in the present case, "practically unserviceable to the vast majority of young men who prepare for the ministry;" to all, in fact, but those already virtually identified with the one undogmatic denomination above referred to.

As a school for training ministers, then, it has been impossible to divest this Divinity School of a practically sectarian character: if, therefore, it is to be resolutely relieved, in the interests of the college, of such a character, it would seem that it must cease to be, save perhaps incidentally, a divinity *school* at all. Are there any other theological or ecclesiological functions which such a department of the university *can* consistently undertake to discharge, upon the principles thus maintained for the last sixty years?

During this period the state of the religious world has been singularly unfavorable, even antagonistic, not merely to training ministers, but to the attempt to enter upon any *other strictly* theological or ecclesiastical work, upon these principles. There has been no sphere in which these principles could unite Unitarian and Puritan, Methodist and Presbyterian, Baptist and Churchman. There has been no common ground upon which thoroughly representative

members of any two of these systems could meet as such. So long as each conscientiously claimed to exhaust the field of legitimate theological teaching or of ecclesiastical training, so long the distinctive principles of each were naturally held to be inconsistent with, if not the absolute negation of, those of every other.

During the latter part of this period, there has indeed been far more of personal commingling and individual religious co-working between those whose ecclesiastical affiliations and theological convictions remained as antagonistic as ever. This has no doubt done much to relieve the different Christian bodies of the personal feeling which once too generally characterized their relations, and so to prepare for a future thus dimly foreshadowed: but the real conditions were not yet changed, since such persons met and coöperated not as *representatives*, but as those who, for the time being, ignored these controversies.

But in the more irenic era which is now apparently coming to divided and distracted Christendom, while these dogmatic and ecclesiastical differences — antagonisms, even — still exist, yet, nevertheless, the explorers of Christian thought have reached at last a loftier plateau region, accessible from every side, in whose pure, bracing air all such differences can be compared, discussed, no longer in the struggle for victory, but now in the far nobler search for truth, by whomsoever it may be held, wheresoever it may even yet be hid.

Upon this elevated ground, and upon this alone, it is now possible to conduct a scientific and comprehensive study of the theological and ecclesiastical problems of the age. It is to this lofty region that the president of Harvard University wishes, as it would seem, to raise that Divinity School, which on the plains below has failed, and must inevitably fail, of such larger purposes, and which, as a training school for ministers, has

only embarrassed the university by the practically denominational character which circumstances have so unavoidably forced upon it. Such a scheme would involve the transformation of Harvard Divinity School into something of much greater importance, of larger and more far-reaching scope than have heretofore been so much as aimed at.

Let the consideration of such a purpose be approached from another direction.

No church, ecclesiastical organization, or sect exists, or can exist, — far less discharge the functions of a Christian church, — on the basis of an unbiased, judicial search for yet undetermined theological or ecclesiastical truth. The pulpit is not available for academic purposes. Every distinct ecclesiastical organization must logically assume that such an investigation is either unnecessary, or that it has been concluded; and that it is upon results no longer admitted to be questionable that its distinctive existence is based. The preacher and the catechist have no reason for being but the conviction that the principles which they seek to inculcate, the dogmas which they teach, the ecclesiastical systems which they defend, have already been surely ascertained to be true.

Whatever attitude any individual theologian or ecclesiastic may personally take toward such questions, in his character of student, the theological seminary or divinity school of any given church or sect must therefore, *as such*, take its stand upon the principles and dogmas, the convictions and even the traditions, of that body as conclusions already reached, which it is the object of that school to qualify its alumni to preach, to disseminate, and to defend. There is no logical room for even a reformer *within* any such body, save on the theory that such body has, in practice, departed from its own principles, to which he seeks to bring about a re-

turn. From this necessity of its character *no* such denominational seminary can release itself; not even the Divinity School of Harvard University, considered as practically Unitarian. In so far as even a negative denominationalism has been impressed upon it, it must be held to assume the negation of very much that other denominations hold as essential truth and divine ordering.

If, then, the Harvard Divinity School has been heretofore, in despite of its own principles, necessarily Unitarian, in consequence of its implied *negation* of dogmatic principles held by all other Christian systems, so also the theological seminaries of those other systems are equally confined, by the conditions of their several purposes as such, to the direct *assertion* and inculcation of principles and doctrines already accepted as established.

But whatever the principles upon which theological seminaries must, as *schools*, be conducted, the day is now past when the enlightened Christian scholar and thinker—however strong he may be in his theological convictions and staunch in his ecclesiastical loyalty—can affect to regard his own church or system as *actually* in exclusive possession of the whole field of Christian teaching or of Christian influence, or claim that it is such a realized ideal of Christian belief and practice that there is no room left for any other. Indeed, the very fact that there are actually other organizations of Christian teachers and workers fulfilling important religious and ecclesiastical functions which would otherwise go undischarged, accomplishing results which would otherwise be lost to the world, would place every Christian man, however strongly partisan, in this dilemma:—

Either (1) the actual life and teaching of his own ecclesiastical system falls short of its principles;

Or (2) those principles are themselves partial and defective.

Either of these alternatives is, in the case of any given denomination, speculatively possible; one *or* the other is certainly true of every Christian organization in the land.

In view of the possibility of the *first*, the conditions of all earnest religious life require of each such denomination severally, and more especially of its philosophic thinkers, the creation of an ecclesiastical philosophy of its own distinctive belief and life,—the development of an ecclesiastical statesmanship of its own distinctive polity. This is what each such church or system has a right, therefore, to expect of its own theological seminaries.

But there is another, and in some respects an even greater, need, in view of the fact that the second alternative is certainly true in most cases; and possibly true of any, and therefore of every, one.

The present state of religious thought not only admits, but requires, a *theological philosophy* which study and combine in their scientific relations to each other all the various doctrinal systems of American Protestantism, to say the least. The state of ecclesiastical controversy, the new problems which the present age seems called upon to solve, demand the creation of a comprehensive and exhaustive *ecclesiology*, which shall take account of all the various types of American Christianity, the ebb or flow of each distinct form of organic religious life and energy, the mutual actions and reactions of divided Christianity; which shall eliminate from their several experiences the lessons taught, the results attained, by each; and which shall thus work out, academically, the principles of those great ecclesiastical movements and convergences that the concurrence of Christian churches and sects, considered in the aggregate, are working out empirically, on the broad field of practical religious life and action.

Surveying the great ethnographical divisions of Christendom, such a philosophy would note that Christianity is by some races regarded as primarily a *system of doctrine* addressing itself chiefly to the intellect, and interesting itself principally in the inquiry concerning the truth or falsehood of the various doctrines which claim to be divine. It would note that by others Christianity is accepted, primarily, as embodied in an *institution*, instinctively raising, above all others, the question, "Where and what is the church of Christ?" Yet again, it would note that others conceive of Christianity rather as a *spiritual power*, working in the heart and thus moulding the life of man; and to these the only essential search is for those influences which shall most efficaciously awaken the affections and draw them Christward.

An exhaustive ecclesiology should therefore be ecumenical, examining and seeking to interpret the mutual relations, influences, and combined results of these seemingly inconsistent, but perhaps only complementary, ethnographical types of Christianity. Thus only could it turn back and fully interpret the interrelations of the dogmatic, the institutional, and the spiritual in the conflicts and co-operations of American Christianity.

To make this argument clearer, an analogical illustration may be reverently drawn from the relations of an ideal statesmanship to secular politics.

The great mass of those who interest themselves in public affairs are divided into at least two great parties, — the one conservative and the other progressive. The mere politician and the body of the adherents of either party hold, and perhaps really believe, that the well-being, if not the very life, of the country depends only upon its conservatism or only upon its progressive spirit, as the case may be. The true *statesman*, with whichever party he may associate himself, whether he be personally a con-

servative or a liberal, knows perfectly well that the maintenance of the national life depends upon the existence, and the well-being of the country upon the balance and virtual coöperation, of *both* parties; and that any serious impediment thrown in the way of the influence or activities of either would be gravely harmful to the public welfare.

Should the conditions of any given epoch develop special interests or reveal special needs, of which both the great parties remained unmindful, there would inevitably arise a third party to advocate them. Should such interests or needs be local as well as peculiar to the times, such new party would also be local. In either case, the mere local politician, careless of the great principles of the old parties, would be apt to act as though the whole success of government depended upon the one temporary or local truth or principle of which he was the representative. The statesman would recognize in the existence of such a supplemental party the sufficient evidence that there were interests, for the time being, at all events, or in certain localities, of more importance than usual, of which the great parties of the land were unmindful or neglectful; and this once recognized, a true statesmanship would so provide for those temporary or local interests that such minor party would be absorbed in that which thus provided for it, and become to it a new element of strength.

So, an exhaustive ecclesiastical philosophy would teach us all that there are divisions and antagonisms in Christendom only because of the past or present lack of religious statesmanship; and that the new sects which arise at any given period, or in any given country or community, are the temporary or the local consequence of this lack of statesmanship on one side, and of the presence of earnest though possibly one-sided religious leaders on the other.

In easy, prosperous times, — to re-

turn to the illustration, — when a nation can support a considerable waste of its resources and energies, the divisions and even the bitter strife of such parties can go on with comparative safety. But in a period of invasion, or of any great national peril, there are times when the harmonious coöperation, if not the practical consolidation, of all parties, large and small, is the condition of the nation's life.

In such an emergency, who are they who would be brought together to discover a *modus coöperandi*, to evolve from all such party principles a great and comprehensive national policy? Obviously, neither the narrow-minded partisans, who remain persuaded that all political wisdom is to be sought among their own following, nor, on the other hand, those who are the mere accidental associates of their respective parties, and who are therefore in no sense representative men. The true statesman can never be a mere party politician; but as little can he be without strong and clearly defined convictions on the questions which divide parties; and it is from the consultations of statesmen only that the nation can hope for such honest and stable political unity as she needs.

So the ecclesiastical statesman can never be a mere bigot or sectarian controversialist; but as little can he be found among those who hold that the questions which divide the churches and sects of Christendom are matters of indifference. It is therefore to neither of these that believers must look for statesman-like counsels, in a day when Christian unity has become *essential* to withstand the assaults of irreligious agnosticism, materialism, and infidelity.

The conditions of no *denominational* theological seminary permit it to accomplish such a work. Nor could it be undertaken by any concourse of those who are not personally in full sympathy and thoroughly representative of their several systems of theology and their re-

spective forms of ecclesiastical organic life. A service of this kind could be rendered to the Christianity of the future only by the theological and ecclesiastical department of a great non-sectarian and undogmatic university, such as Harvard claims to be, or such an institution, perhaps, as the Johns Hopkins University; because such an institution could alone call to her aid and command the united services of great scholars, profound thinkers, and, at the same time, loyally representative members of widely differing forms of American Christianity.

Such a theological and ecclesiological academy would not be a divinity school, in the sense of a place of training for any one type of Christian minister. It would offer to divinity students of any and every name opportunities for pursuing special branches of instruction; and even those engaged in the Christian ministry itself would not infrequently pause, or turn aside temporarily from active work, to avail themselves of one or another special course. But its noblest function would be that it would bring and maintain together a body of Christian thinkers, philosophers, and ecclesiastical statesmen, whose combined labors would give to the Christian world results which, in our land at all events, could probably no otherwise be attained.

It is to be hoped, it is believed, that something like this is the purpose of the president of Harvard University; that, sooner or later, some such scheme will be carried out by the corporation, and Harvard Divinity School be eventually transformed into an American Academy of Ecclesiology and Theological Philosophy.

But if it be still premature to propose such an academy, is it premature to hope that at Cambridge, or Baltimore, or elsewhere, *some* institution may be found ready to take at least a first step in a direction so important to the religious world? Some university — for this is

more distinctively university than college work — which aims at retaining a positively Christian, while it avoids a specifically denominational character, — some such university there surely ought to be, ready to establish, on the common

frontiers of Christianity, philosophy, and history, at least a pioneer chair for the scientific study of comparative ecclesiology, and for the preparation of a grammar, or certainly a primer, of Christian irenics.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

THE DRAMAS OF THE ELDER DUMAS.

“THERE is in everything a maturity which must be waited for,” says Chamfort; “happy the man who arrives at the moment of this maturity.” At the end of the first quarter of this century, it was evident to any one in France who had eyes to see that the time was ripe for a new growth in the drama. In French tragedy as it then was, all that one could hear was the empty echo of a hollow past. Elsewhere in literature and art there was the murmur of new life: in prose fiction and in poetry there had been a new birth; and even on the stage there were signs of the coming of new blood. The national *vaudeville* had been renewed by Eugène Scribe, who had stamped it with his image and superscription; while Pixérécourt and Victor Ducange had made themselves masters of melodrama, imported from Germany, and were using it to wring all hearts at will. Even in the classic *Théâtre Français* two or three daring attempts had been made to break the cast-iron rigor of the so-called unities. In 1827 a company of English actors, headed by Kean, Charles Kemble, Young, and Macready, crossed the Channel to act in Paris. At the end of the year after the English tragedians had gone, Victor Hugo published his unacted and unactable *Cromwell*, with a preface laying down theories of dramatic art so iconoclastic as to seem almost impious to those who had grown up under the influence of the accepted

perversion of Aristotle's precepts. The chief of Hugo's declarations was that the drama should be a reflection of life in its mingling of the tragic and the comic, the terrible and the grotesque. To the French Classicists of nearly sixty years ago this dictum was inexpressibly shocking. Like all reformers, Hugo pushed his argument too far and too strenuously, but essentially it is not one to be disputed now. In Hugo's preface the programme of the Romanticists, as the new school was called, was laid down, and it only remained for them then to give the performance. Hugo himself wrote *Marion Delorme*, which was not allowed to be acted. The waited-for maturity had come, but another writer was happy enough to arrive before Hugo. On the 11th of February, 1829, a full year before any piece of Hugo's was played, there was produced at the *Théâtre Français* a five-act drama, full of fire and action, called *Henri III. et sa Cour*, and written by Alexandre Dumas, a young quadroon, who owed to his fine handwriting a place as clerk under the Duke of Orléans, and who had promised himself some day to live by his pen instead of his penmanship.

Like Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas was the son of a revolutionary general. His father, the Count Mathieu Dumas, was the son of the Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie. In his characteristically voluminous memoirs Dumas tells us

how he spent his early youth in the country, running wild and laying up stores of strength. He seems to have grown up as void of learning as he was of fear. His mother tried to get him to read Corneille and Racine; he confesses that he was prodigiously bored by them. But one day there came along a company of apprentice actors from the Conservatory, and gave the Hamlet of the good and simple-minded Ducis, with Hamlet acted in imitation of Talma. It made so great an impression on Dumas that when he wrote his memoirs, thirty-two years afterward, he could recall distinctly every detail of the performance. He sent to Paris for the Hamlet of Ducis, and in three days he had the part by heart. He was then not sixteen years old. Two or three years later he had the pleasure of seeing Talma as Sylla, and was introduced to him as a young man who aspired to be a dramatist. Talma greeted him so kindly that he was emboldened to ask the great actor to lay hands on him in consecration, as it were, and to bring him luck in his vocation. "So be it," said Talma, laying his hand on the youth's head. "Alexandre Dumas, I baptize you poet, in the name of Shakespeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller!"

When Dumas was twenty years of age he and his mother came up to Paris, and he got himself a clerkship under the Duke of Orléans. Then he took up in earnest the hard trade of a professional play-maker. In the first four years of his life in Paris Dumas succeeded in getting acted three vaudevilles, of no special value, and each written in collaboration with one or two of his comrades, hopeful and struggling youngsters like himself. He made also a tragedy of Fiesque, imitated from Schiller. In 1827 Dumas saw in succession the masterpieces of the English drama performed by English actors. (He had English enough to follow Shakespeare, as he had had German enough to paraphrase Schil-

ler.) Just before the English performances ended, leaving Dumas with new lights and having opened to him new ranges of vision, the Salon set forth its annual show of pictures and sculptures; and here Dumas observed two bas-reliefs, the energy and fineness of which struck him. One was a scene from the Abbot, and the other represented the death of Monaldeschi. Dumas did not know who Monaldeschi was, so he borrowed a biographical dictionary, and there made the acquaintance of Christine of Sweden and of her physician lover; and he began at once to work their story into a five-act tragedy in verse. When it was written, by good luck he got audience of Baron Taylor, the manager of the Théâtre Français, who invited him to read it before the committee of comedians which had the accepting of new plays. Very comic indeed, and very characteristic of the changing condition of the drama just then, was the declaration of the committee that it did not know whether the play was Classic or Romantic. "What matter?" asked the author. "Is it good or bad?" And the committee did not know that, either. Finally, however, it accepted the piece on condition that it was approved by one of the regular dramatists of the house. So Dumas was forced to leave the play for a week with Picard, the author of the *Petite Ville*, imitated by Kotzebue. When he went for his answer, Picard asked him if he had any other means of existence than literature; and when Dumas answered that he had a fifteen-hundred-franc clerkship under the Duke of Orléans, the withered old dramatist handed back the manuscript of Christine, saying, "Go to your desk, young man, — go to your desk!"

In spite of this chilling criticism, the Comédie Française accepted Christine, and put it in rehearsal. But delays arose, and disagreements with Samson according to one account, and with Mademoiselle Mars according to another;

and in a little while Dumas was convinced that Christine would never be acted at the Théâtre Français. In this he was right; and his first drama, like Hugo's, was brought out after his second. It was perhaps well for Dumas that this was so, for it is a great advantage to begin by hitting the bull's eye; and Christine would never have made as striking a success as *Henri III.* After he was established as a dramatist, Dumas remodeled Christine, and from a quasi-classic tragedy it became a frankly romantic "trilogy in five acts, with prologue and epilogue," with changes of scene to justify the new sub-title, Stockholm, Fontainebleau, and Rome, and with the introduction even of a wholly new and important character, Paula. As the original version is no longer before us, criticism is impossible: no doubt it was tamer in movement and duller in color than the play as we have it; no doubt it was a somewhat timid attempt at Romanticism; even in the revised version it is not one of Dumas's best. The verse in which it is written is verse; it is not poetry. Dumas, although not exactly constrained in writing Alexandrines, never handles them with the assured ease of a master. Though he bends the metre to obey him, the result is good journeyman verse-making, — nothing more; and there is never the burst of lyric fervor which sometimes makes Hugo's lines sing themselves into the memory.

Dumas threw off the shackles of metre when he began to write his second drama, *Henri III.* In style too, as well as in speech, it was ampler and more frankly romantic than his first. Since Christine had been originally outlined, Hugo had published the preface to *Cromwell*, the Romantic revolt had gained great headway, and the time for paltering between the two schools had passed forever. *Henri III.* showed no hesitation or wavering: it was a bold, not to say brutal, picture of an epoch of his-

tory; it was the first French play in which history was set squarely on the stage, much as Scott had shown it in his novels. And, truth to tell, Scott had his share in the drama, directly as well as indirectly. Dumas had found one suggestion in Anquetil and another in the *Mémoires de l'Estoile*: combining and developing these hints from the records, he had made the main plot of his play, utilizing for one of its chief situations a scene from Scott's *Abbot*, — probably the one represented in the first of the two bas-reliefs mentioned. Dumas also drew on his abandoned version of Schiller's *Fiesco*. He has told us that he had studied Schiller and Goethe and Calderon and Lope de Vega, scalpel in hand, seeking to spy out the secret of their skill; and what wonder was it that a few shreds and fragments of the foreign authors should cling to the end of his knife, and get themselves somehow worked into his model! Made, in a measure, of reminiscences, *Henri III.* hangs together singularly well, and possesses a unity of its own. Some of the brick and some of the mortar are borrowed without leave, but the finished house is Dumas's property beyond all question.

The late Alphonse Royer, who was present at the first performance, has recorded that he never again saw such a sight, and that from the third act on, the audience was wild with excitement. The changing scene, and startling situations were followed with breathless interest. The touches of local color, the use of the language and even of the oaths of the time, the ease and grace of the sketch of the king's court, with the *mignons* playing cup-and-ball, the life and vigor of the whole drama, charmed and delighted an audience tired with the dignified inanity of the Classicists. The very violence of the action gave a shock of pleasure to the willing spectators. It is to be said, too, that the partisans of the Classicists, not afraid of the

first play of an unknown writer, had not assembled to give it battle, as they did a year later when *Hernani* was brought out; and so Henri III. took them by surprise, and gained the victory before they could rally. And a profitable victory it was for the author. Before writing *Henri III.* he was a clerk at fifteen hundred francs a year, a little less than six dollars a week. Henri III. had been written in about eight weeks; and in addition to what he received from the *Théâtre Français* for the right of performance, he sold the copyright for six thousand francs. By two months' labor of his pen he had gained far more than he could have made in four years by his penmanship.

Taking all things into consideration, one is inclined to call *Henri III.* Dumas's best drama. In the long list of his plays, it is not easy to pick out another as simple, as strong, as direct, and as dignified. It has a compressed energy and a certain elevation of manner not found together in any of his other plays. But whether the best of his dramas or not, it is emphatically a very remarkable play to have been written by a young man of twenty-six. It is especially remarkable when we recall that it sprang up from the dust of the Classicist tragedies, and that it was the first flower of Romanticism on the stage. There are many things one might single out for praise: for one, the intuition by which Dumas grasped the cardinal principle of historical fiction, deducing it, perhaps, from the example set by Scott in his novels. This principle prescribes that the chief characters in which the interest of the spectator or the reader is to be excited shall either be wholly the invention of the author, or actual personages so little known that the author may mould or modify them as he please. A transcription of historic fact may then serve as the scaffolding of the story, and real characters may be reproduced to give it solidity and pomp. In

other words, history may be stretched for the warp, but fiction must supply the woof. This is what Dumas generally did in his novels; and it is what he did admirably in *Henri III.* We see the crafty, courageous, and effeminate Henri III. himself, the resolute, masculine, intriguing Catherine de Medicis, and the stern and rigorous Duke of Guise; and these serve to set off the high and noble heroine and the melancholy and devoted hero, who, although bearing historic names, are in fact truly projections of the dramatist's imagination.

The story of *Henri III.* has a purity and a sobriety lacking in most of Dumas's other plays, yet it yields to none of them in effect, in freedom, or in force. The plot may be told briefly. The weak-kneed but quick-witted King Henri III. is under the rule of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, who fears the ascendancy gained over him by St. Mégrim, and dreads the growing power in the state of the Duke of Guise. She craftily sets one against the other by fostering the love of St. Mégrim for Catherine of Cleves, wife of the duke, and she contrives an interview between them at an astrologer's, — an interview innocent enough, even if the speedy coming of the duke had not put to flight the duchess, who leaves behind her a handkerchief, which her husband finds. In the next act the Duke of Guise and St. Mégrim bandy words before the king, who makes St. Mégrim a duke too, that he may fight Guise as his peer; and the combat is fixed for the morrow. But the wily Guise has no desire to die in a duel; so in the third act we see him in full mail armor standing over his wife, grasping her arm with his iron gauntlet, and by physical pain forcing her to write a letter to St. Mégrim, bidding him to her palace that night. In the following act St. Mégrim gets the note; and the king, anxious about the issue of the single combat, the next morning lends St.

Mégrim his own special talisman against death by fire or steel. In the last act St. Mégrim comes to the apartment of the duchess to keep his appointment. While the duchess is trying to tell him hastily how she has vainly sought to give warning of the trap in which he is caught, the outer door of the palace clangs to, and the tread of armed men is heard on the stairs. Helpless and unarmed before the danger which draws nearer and nearer, St. Mégrim knows no way to turn; when suddenly a bundle of rope falls at his feet, thrown through the window by the duchess' page, who has overheard enough to suspect. The duchess thrusts her arms through the rings of the door in place of the missing staple, to give St. Mégrim time to let himself down to the ground. When the door opens the duke strides in and goes straight to the window. St. Mégrim has fallen among thieves, for Guise's men are below. He is wounded and bleeding, but not dead. "Perhaps he has a talisman against fire and steel," says the Duke of Guise. "Here, strangle me him with this!" and he drops down to his hirelings the handkerchief of his wife which he picked up at the beginning of the play.

This telling of the tale is bare and barren indeed; it hides the good points, while exposing the weak. That the story is of thinner texture at times than one could wish is sufficiently obvious. French and English wits have readily found spots to gird at. In a French parody of the play, the moral was summed up in four lines, which made fair fun of the handkerchief expedient:

"Messieurs et mesdames, cette pièce est morale:
Elle prouve aujourd'hui sans faire de scandale
Que chez un amant, lorsqu'on va le soir,
On peut oublier tout . . . excepté son mou-
choir!"

And Lord Leveson Gower's English adaptation, called *Catherine of Cleves*, gave the author of the Ingoldshy Legends a chance to condense the story in

comic verse, and to give it at least one keen hit:—

"De Guise grasped her wrist
With his great bony fist,
And punched it and gave it so painful a twist
That his hard iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch
in:—
*She did not mind death, but she could not stand
pinching!*"

Henri III. et sa Cour is not a play of the highest order, and it has sufficiently obvious blemishes; but it is a strong and stirring drama, and one of the best of its class, of which it was also almost the first. It is a very much better play than *Christine*, or than *Charles VII. chez ses Grands Vassaux*, a second attempt in rhymed Alexandrines scarcely more successful than the first. It is a finer play than either of the two dramas he produced in 1831: of these the first was the frantically immoral and preposterously impossible *Antony*, which Dumas strangely chose to consider his chief title to immortality; and the second was *Napoléon Bonaparte*, which he had cut with a hasty pair of scissors from the many memoirs of the time, and which is more of a panorama than a play. The author had to confess that it made no pretense to be literature, except in so far as a single character gave it value, — the character of a magnanimous and heroic spy, omniscient, ubiquitous, and ever ready to sacrifice himself for Napoleon.

After *Henri III.*, the next of Dumas's dramas which needs consideration is the *Tour de Nesle*. This is as remarkable a play as the first; it is a play of the same kind, but more exciting, more terrible, more brutal. The dramatist has given another turn to the screw, and the pressure is more intense. Considered solely by its effect in the theatre, the *Tour de Nesle* is one of the most powerful plays ever written. The clash of conflicting interests and emotions catches the attention in the first scene and holds it breathless till the last. There is a resistless rush of action: im-

probabilities so glaring that on other occasions you would cry aloud are here so dexterously veiled and so promptly turned to advantage that you have neither wish nor time to protest; situation presses after situation, each stronger than the other; a complicated plot, intricate in its convolutions, unrolls itself with the utmost ease and simplicity. The eye is kept awake and the ear alert, and the interest never flags for a moment, from the rising of the curtain to the going down thereof. Then, ah then, with the final pause, there is at last and for the first time a chance for reflection; one falls to wondering what manner of monster this is which has held one motionless and almost panting for so many hours, and one begins, it may be, to suspect that the drama is either a mass of absurdities or a phantasmagoric nightmare, or both at once. But, whatever it is, and however much sober second thought may find to cavil at, its power, its sheer brute force, is indisputable.

Outcry has been made about the immorality of *Henri III.* and the *Tour de Nesle*, surely without reason. Antony is immoral, it is true, shamelessly and grossly immoral, but not *Henri III.* or the *Tour de Nesle*. The latter has been termed a tissue of horrors, but Dumas tries to get no sham pathos out of sins he sets forth, and they are not dallied with, or in any way palliated. Dark crimes were frequent enough in the dark days in which the action of the *Tour de Nesle* is laid. Nor are these crimes so repulsive that they are without the pale of art, as are some of the subjects Calderon treats, for example. The horrible is not necessarily immoral; rather, if anything, the reverse. The accumulation of sin in the *Tour de Nesle* is not more horrible than it is in *Medea*, nor so horrible as in *Œdipus*. It must be confessed at once that the effect is more revolting in the modern play than in the ancient, because the Greek tragedians

were poets, and their later imitators have tried to catch also something of the poetic spirit. But Dumas's treatment of a similar situation has no touch of poetry; it is prosaic, baldly prosaic, and so the horrors stand forth in their nakedness. The modern French play may be more shocking, but essentially it is no more immoral, than the old Greek tragedy. After all, morality is an affair not of subject, but of handling; and Dumas's treatment, while not as austere and ennobling as the Greek, is not insidious or vicious. Except in so far as all over-exciting exhibitions are harmful, I do not believe that any one ever has been injured by the *Tour de Nesle*, which has been acted in half the theatres of the United States at one time or another during the past half century.

It was with intention that reference was made to Calderon. There is something in the exuberant prodigality of Dumas's production which recalls the most brilliant days of the Spanish stage. Dumas can stand a comparison with Lope de Vega and Calderon; it is not altogether to his disadvantage. In the qualities in which they were most eminent, ease and fertility and skill, he was also most abundant. In the vastness of his production he recalls Lope de Vega, but it is perhaps with Calderon rather than Lope de Vega with whom Dumas may be compared, when one considers quality instead of quantity. Dumas lacked the simple faith of Calderon, and Calderon was without the self-consciousness which was so strong in Dumas; and the points of resemblance are scarcely more than the points of dissimilarity. Archbishop Trench dwells on the technical play-making skill of Calderon, in which Dumas was assuredly his equal, while in fecundity of character, if not of situation, the French dramatist excels the Spaniard. Where Dumas is inferior is in that indescribable quality we call "style." Calderon, like Victor Hugo, is a playwright doubled with a

lyric poet; in the highest sense, neither is a true dramatic poet, as are Shakespeare, Molière, and Schiller. And the distinction between the clever playwright who is also a lyric poet and the true dramatic poet is not at all trivial, even if it seem so. Much as Dumas was like Calderon in ease and abundance and skill, he was far inferior in that he was not a poet, and that he is altogether lacking in elevation.

It was in 1836 that Dumas brought out *Don Juan de Marana*, or the Fall of an Angel, a mystery in five acts. This is the play which puts us most in mind of Calderon. The story is one which the author of *Life is a Dream* might well have told, and would have told with a simple sincerity and an honest faith not to be found in Dumas's drama. The bold use of sacred personages as part of the machinery of the play is more in the style of the pious and priestly Calderon than of a worldling like Dumas. The chief figure is a repetition of the traditional type of Don Juan, accompanied throughout by the good and evil angels of his family striving with each other for his soul. Most of the scenes are on the earth; though there is one under the earth in a tomb, in which a dead man comes to life for a moment, and another above the earth in the heavens, in which the good angel begs permission of the Virgin Mary to be allowed to go down into the world as a woman, to be more closely united with her beloved Don Juan. In the course of this truly extraordinary production we have duels and deaths by the half dozen, suicides, seductions, elopements, murders, poisonings, ghosts, and spectral visions. Calderon handles elements not unlike these without shocking our moral sense; however extravagant the events in his tale, it is easy to see they have been touched by the magic wand of the poet. Dumas uses a showman's pointer instead of a poet's wand, and so, in spite of all effort to moralize, his

precious hodge-podge is not exactly edifying.

Don Juan de Marana is one of the pieces against which Thackeray particularly protested in his essay on French Dramas and Melodramas, reprinted in the *Paris Sketch-Book*. It affected him so unpleasantly, with all his liberality and fondness for freedom, that he cried aloud for government interference and the putting down of such indecent entertainments as this by the stern hand of the law. It is not a little curious that Thackeray, who lost no opportunity of heartily praising Dumas's novels, has only words of reprobation for his plays. For one thing, it must be remembered that Dumas had not regularly set up as a novelist, with a sign over his door and daily office hours, when the *Paris Sketch-Book* was written; he was then known only as a dramatist. The charm of the story-teller had not yet disposed Thackeray, whose morality was sturdy and militant, to look with lenity on Dumas's slipshod ethics. Then, too, Thackeray had not himself a very quick feeling for strength of situation and stage effects in general; and perhaps he was therefore not precisely the critic to appreciate at its full value Dumas's best quality. Whatever the cause of Thackeray's lack of liking for Dumas as a dramatist, it is certain that he did not like him, and he showed it plainly in the essay already referred to. Not only does he fall foul of *Don Juan de Marana*, but he makes fun of some of the rodomontade which fills the preface to *Caligula*; harmless enough it seems to us now, and not to be taken seriously. Besides *Caligula*, which failed, Thackeray also dissected, with the finest-edged scalpel of his sarcasm, *Kean*, a drama the action of which Dumas chose to lay in England. In spite of its success, due no doubt for the most part to the acting of Frédéric Lemaitre, *Kean* can scarcely be considered a fair specimen of Dumas at his best. The hero is Edmund Kean, most

erratic and most miserable of Mother Carey's chickens; and Dumas, with a truly Parisian disregard for exact facts, makes Kean indeed a tragedy hero. Thackeray has so thoroughly shown the flimsiness and absurdity of the play that nothing remains to be said.

I have called *Don Juan de Marana* a hodge-podge, not merely because the drama has no very distinct unity of design, but more particularly because it was compounded of scraps stolen from half a score of authors. The outline of plot and character had been borrowed from Molière, of course, and more especially from Mérimée; and individual incidents had been taken from Goethe, Musset, Scott, Shakespeare, and even "Monk" Lewis. It must be confessed at once that this proceeding was not unusual with Dumas, although the plagiarism is rarely as flagrant as here. All through his earlier plays are scattered little bits of Scott and Schiller and Lope de Vega, turned to excellent account and firmly joined to the rest of the work. The prologue of *Richard Darlington*, for instance, is from Scott's *Chronicles of the Canongate*. Generally it was but a hint, a suggestion, an effect, an incident, a situation, which he appropriated. Sometimes, as in the case of *Henri III.*, he borrowed from two or three authors. Sometimes, as in *Don Juan de Marana*, although the whole play was plainly his own, nearly all the separate scenes could be traced to other writers. Sometimes he even took a play ready-made, and condescended to the vulgar adaptation of which his own plays have only too often been the victims in English. Dean Milman's *Fazio* was thus turned into French verse as the *Alchimiste*. Sometimes, again, only the motive of the action came from outside, and the development was all his own. Racine's *Andromaque* furnished the basis of *Charles VII.*, and Dumas boldly braved the comparison by the epigraph on his title-page, *Cur non?*

Ben Jonson, as we are told, once

dreamed that he saw the Romans and Carthaginians fighting on his big toe. No doubt Dumas had not dissimilar dreams, for his vanity was at least as stalwart and as frank as Ben Jonson's. To defend himself against all charges of plagiarism the French playwright echoed the magniloquent phrase of the English dramatist, and declared that he did not steal, he conquered. It is but justice to say that there was no mean and petty pilfering about Dumas; he annexed as openly as a statesman, and made no attempt at disguise. In his memoirs he is very frank about his sources of inspiration, and tells us at length where he found a certain situation and what it suggested to him, and how he combined it with another effect which had struck him somewhere else. When one goes to the places thus pointed out, one finds something very different from what it became when it had passed through Dumas's hands, and more often than not far inferior to it. It can scarcely be said that Dumas touched nothing he did not adorn, for he once laid sacrilegious hands on Shakespeare, and brought out a *Hamlet* with a very French and epigrammatic last act; but whatever he took from other authors he made over into something very different, something truly his own, something that had *Dumas fecit* in the corner, even though the canvas and the colors were not his. The present M. Dumas asserts that "there are no original ideas, especially in dramatic literature; there are only new points of view." Granting this, as we may, it remains to be said that no one ever took more new points of view than Dumas. In a word, all his plagiarisms — and they were not a few — are the veriest trifles when compared with his indisputable and extraordinary powers.

Besides plagiarism, Dumas has been accused of "deviling," as the English term it; that is to say, of putting his name to plays written either wholly or in part by others. There is no doubt

that the accusation can be sustained, although many of the separate charges are groundless. The habit of collaboration obtains widely in France, and collaboration runs easily into deviling. That Dumas yielded to temptation now and then is not to be wondered at. There was something imperious in his character as there was something imperial in his power; he had dominion over so many departments of literature that he had accustomed himself to be monarch of all he surveyed; and if a follower came with the germ of a plot, or a suggestion for a strong situation, Dumas took it as a tribute due to his superior ability. In his hands the hint was worked out and made to render all it had of effect. Even when he had avowed collaborators, as in Richard Darlington, he alone wrote the whole play. His partners got their share of the pecuniary profits, benefiting by his skill and his renown; and most of them did not care whether he who had done the best of the work should get all the glory or not. At times, too, as in the case of Perrinet Leclerc and of the *Tour de Nesle*, his name did not appear at all; he tells us in his memoirs that the former was in part his handiwork, and it is not even yet included in his collected plays.

The case of the *Tour de Nesle* is different and not a little complicated. Dumas has written a long and somewhat disingenuous history of the play. It seems that M. Frédéric Gaillardet (afterward the founder of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* in New York) wrote the *Tour de Nesle* and took it to Harel, the manager of the *Porte St. Martin Théâtre*. Harel saw in it the raw material of a strong piece, and accepted it, subject to revision by a more practiced hand. He sent the play to Jules Janin, who rewrote it, and then knew enough to see that the result was hopelessly undramatic. Harel then took Janin's manuscript to Dumas, who, according to his own ac-

count, discarded most of the original play, and wrote a new drama around the central situations. Having thus made what was substantially a new play, Dumas arranged with Harel that M. Gaillardet should get the full author's fee, which the *Porte St. Martin Théâtre* was accustomed to pay, and that his own fee should be independent of M. Gaillardet's. In spite of Harel's repeated requests, Dumas refused to allow his name to be put on the bills. Under such circumstances, a play is announced as by MM. Gaillardet and —, but Harel chose to announce the *Tour de Nesle* as by MM. — and Gaillardet. M. Gaillardet rushed into print, and M. Dumas rejoined, setting forth his own share in the composition of the drama. Subsequently Dumas and Gaillardet fought a bloodless duel; then there was a lawsuit; after many years peace was declared, and M. Gaillardet was pleased to acknowledge the great service Dumas had rendered to the *Tour de Nesle*. Looking back now, one can scarcely have a doubt as to whom the success of the drama was due: whether to M. Gaillardet, who had not done anything like it before and who has not done anything like it since, or to Dumas, who had shown in *Henri III.* and *Antony* his ability to write a play of precisely the same quality. The original sequence of situations was no doubt suggested by M. Gaillardet, but the play as it stands is unequivocally the handiwork of Dumas.

That Dumas plagiarized freely in his earliest plays, and had the aid of devils in the second stage of his career, is not to be denied, and neither proceeding is praiseworthy. But although he is not blameless, it irks one to see him pilloried as a mere vulgar appropriator of the labors of other men. The exact fact is that he had no strict regard for mine and thine; he took as freely as he gave. In literature, as in life, he was a spendthrift, — and a prodigal is not always as scrupulous as he might be in replenish-

ing his purse. Dumas's ethics deteriorated as he advanced. One may safely say that none of the plays bearing his name fails to prove itself his by its workmanship. When, however, he began to write serial stories and to publish a score of volumes a year, then he trafficked in his reputation, and signed his name to books which he had not even read. An effort has been made to show that *Monte Cristo* and the *Three Musketeers* series were the work of M. Auguste Maquet, and that Dumas contributed to them only his name on the title-page. It is foreign to the purpose of the present essay to deal with Dumas as a writer of romance, but as these novels were at once cut up into plays, a consideration of their authorship is in order here. I do not see how any one with a pretense to the critical faculty can doubt that *Monte Cristo* and the *Three Musketeers* are Dumas's own work. That M. Maquet made historical researches, accumulated notes, invented scenes even, is probable, but the mighty impress of Dumas's hand is too plainly visible in every important passage for us to believe that either series owes more to M. Maquet than the service a pupil might render fairly to a master. That these services were considerable is sufficiently obvious from the printing of M. Maquet's name by the side of M. Dumas's on the title-pages of the dramatizations from the stories. Señor Castelar has said that all Dumas's collaborators together do not weigh half as much in the literary balance as Dumas alone; and this is true. I have no wish to reflect on the talents of Dinaux, the author of *Thirty Years*, or a *Gambler's Life*, and of Louise de Lignerolles, or on the talents of M. Maquet himself, whose own novels and plays have succeeded, and who was so highly esteemed by his fellow-dramatists as to be elected and reelected the president of the Society of Dramatic Authors; yet I must say that the plays which either Dinaux or M. Maquet has written by

himself do not show the possession of the secret that charmed us in the work in which they helped Dumas. It is to be said, too, that the later plays, taken from his own novels, in which Dumas was assisted by M. Maquet, are very inferior to his earlier plays. They are mere dramatizations of romances, and not in a true sense dramas at all. The earlier dramas, however extravagant they might be in individual details, have a distinct and essential unity not to be detected in the dramatizations, which were little more than sequences of scenes snipped with the scissors from the interminable series of tales of adventure. How could the plot of the *Three Musketeers*, so far as it has any single plot,—how could it be compressed within the limits of five or even six or seven acts? *Monte Cristo* was brought out as a play in two parts December 3d and 4th, 1848; and three years later two more divisions of the same story were put on the stage. Obviously enough, pieces of this sort are like the earlier *Napoléon Bonaparte*, not plays, but panoramas; slices of the story serve as magic-lantern slides, and dissolve one into another at the will of the exhibitor. Full as these pieces are of life and bustle and gayety, they are poor substitutes for plays which depend for success on themselves, and not on the vague desire to see in action figures which the reader has learned to like in endless stories. These dramatizations were unduly long drawn: naturally prolix, not to say garrulous, Dumas, when his tales were paid for by the word, or at least by space, let the vice of saying all there was to be said grow upon him. Whatever may be the case in prose fiction, on the stage the half is more than the whole.

Side by side with these dramatizations Dumas continued to bring out now and then dramas in his earlier manner: for example, the already-mentioned *Alchimiste* (1839) and *Hamlet* (1849), and also a *Catiline* (1849), likewise in verse,

besides an occasional play in prose, including, for one, an adaptation of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*. None of these, however, is as interesting or as important as any one of his earliest four or five successes. The only works of his more mature years which enlarge his reputation are his comedies. He brought to the making of comedy the same freshness, facility, fecundity, and force that he had brought years before to the making of drama. After all, it is not inexact to say that the two chief qualities of Dumas were abundance and ease. Other writers of his time were abundant, none was so easy. Contrast his running sentences with the tortured style of Balzac, and we can understand how it was that Dumas could write a volume in a few hours, and that Balzac once spent a whole night toiling over a single sentence. Now ease and abundance are invaluable to a writer of comedy. Although the half a dozen comedies Dumas wrote vary in value, all are equally facile and flowing. *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* and the *Demoiselles de St. Cyr* and the *Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* (which his son edited for the Parisian stage a few years ago) are as simple and unaffected plays as you can find, and they are plays of a new kind. The comedies of Dumas are unlike the comedies of any other French dramatist. They are as different from the more philosophic comedy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as they are from the realistic and dramatic comedy which his son brought into fashion. They are a little like the best of the comedies which Scribe wrote for the *Théâtre Français*, although they have a boldness and a freedom Scribe could never attain. Perhaps more than anything else they resemble the English comedies of intrigue and adventure imitated from Spanish models, chief among which is Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not*. In Dumas's plays, however, both situation and dialogue seem

less forced, although it is unfair ever to speak of either as though it were at all forced. Dumas had little humor, as we understand the word, and what he had was on the surface; but he was witty without effort and without end. It is a quality he seems to have discovered after he had written his earlier and more famous plays, for in these there is little to relieve the tensity of emotion, although they are not as barren as most of Victor Hugo's dramas. In his comedies, however, his wit had a chance to show its nimbleness. This wit is lightsome and buoyant rather than penetrating. It is not epigrammatically sparkling, with a hard brilliance, like Sheridan's and Congreve's; it appears less studied and more natural than either, and more to be compared to the graceful and clever wit of a ready man of the world. As I have said, it is as unfailing as it is spontaneous. I can recommend a little comedy in one act called the *Mari de la Veuve*, and written during the desolation caused by the cholera, to all who may desire to see as bright and light a little play as could be desired. In his memoirs Dumas tells us that the primary idea of this tiny piece was one friend's, and that the development and construction were another's, and that all he did was to take their plans and write the dialogue. But it was such dialogue as none but he could write. This very play contains an admirable instance of his tact in turning a difficulty. A husband has written to his wife bidding her to announce his death for reasons not given but imperative: it is from the false position thus created for the wife, who is supposed to be a widow, that the comedy is evolved. Shortly after the rise of the curtain the husband appears, but too much in a hurry to explain why he has to conceal his existence. The explanation is never furnished. At the end of the piece, as the notary enters to draw up the contract reuniting the pair, the husband

lightly remarks to his wife, "I will tell you all about it to-morrow!" and the curtain falls, leaving the spectator amused and entertained, but still in ignorance why the husband found it necessary to give out his own death. One is inclined to surmise that the pair of collaborators who planned the play devised a reason for this, — a reason which Dumas found insufficient; and not having time to concoct another, he made the difficulty disappear by not giving any reason at all.

From the sombre Antony to the laughing Mari de la Veuve is a long stride, but Dumas took it without straining, and many another beside. Even more remarkable than the range of Dumas's work is its general level of merit. He had at least one element of greatness, — an inexhaustible fecundity; and more than this, when we consider the quantity of his dramas, the quality of the best of them seems singularly high. There is but one dramatist of his generation who will stand comparison with him; and even Victor Hugo, master as he is of many things, is less a master of the theatre than Dumas. He was the superior of Dumas in that he was a poet and had style, as Dumas was willing to confess. But for success on the stage poetry and style are not so potent as other qualities which Dumas had more abundantly than Hugo. He had an easy wit, which Hugo lacked, and which is of inestimable service to the play-maker. He had a flexibility of manner to which Hugo could not pretend: we have seen how many different kinds of drama Dumas attempted, while all Hugo's pieces are cast in the same mould. As Heine said, "Dumas is not so great a poet as Victor Hugo, but he possesses gifts which in the drama enable him to achieve far greater results than the latter. He has perfect command of that forcible expression of passion which the French term *verve*, and he is, withal, more of a Frenchman than Victor Hugo is." Else-

where Heine credits Hugo with a Teutonic want of tact, and suggests that his muse has two left hands. Now, Dumas's muse had a right hand which never forgot its cunning. Dumas's dramas, extravagant as some of them are, strike one as more natural than Hugo's, perhaps because the latter reveal too openly the constraint of their construction, as the former never do. Dumas was frank to praise Hugo and to acknowledge his own indebtedness to him; yet he spoke his mind freely about his competitor. He is reported as saying that "each had our own good points, but mine were better. Hugo was lyrical and theatrical; I was dramatic. Hugo, to be effective, could not do without contrasting drinking-songs with church hymns, and setting tables laden with flowers and flasks by the side of coffins draped in black. All I wanted was four scenes, four boards, two actors, and a passion." It is easy to smile at this as mere vanity and vexation of spirit, but, magniloquence apart, it is sound criticism, nevertheless. Like Hugo, Dumas was born of revolutionary blood; and both were as militant in literature as their fathers had been in actual life. From his father Dumas inherited little but the physical force which sustained him in his reckless waste of energy, and which helped to give him the abundant confidence in himself. These two things, indeed, strength and confidence, are at the bottom of his career of marvelous prodigality. It was confidence and strength combined which made possible his unhesitating, unrelenting life of toil in so many departments of literature. This life is in many respects a warning rather than an example: with his great powers, one feels that he ought to have done something higher and nobler; but that the power was great admits of no cavil. The present M. Alexandre Dumas, who is as restrained as his father was exuberant, and who looked on his father as a sort of prodigal son, upholds the honor of

the family and pushes filial reverence to the extreme verge of extravagance (and yet, due allowance made, he is not so very far out) when he speaks of his father as "he who was and is the master of the modern stage, whatever noise may be made about other names; he whose prodigious imagination touched the four cardinal points of our art, tragedy, his-

torical drama, the drama of manners and the comedy of anecdote; he whose only fault was to lack solemnity, and to have genius without pride and fecundity without effort, as he had youth and health; he who, to conclude, Shakespeare being taken as the culminating point, by invention, power, and variety approached among us most closely to Shakespeare."

J. Brander Matthews.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

THE horror excited by the attempt on the President's life was, of course, in the main the ordinary human civilized horror of assassination. This is always deepened when the victim is assailed at his post, and when the post is a conspicuous one, and when death seems to come because he has been faithful to his duty. Society has more than usual tenderness for what may be called its sentinels, — that is, for the persons who expose themselves in its service, — and the more responsibility it puts on them the greater the tenderness becomes. Nobody, on hearing that General Garfield had been stricken down, probably thought for one moment of his faults or shortcomings. Democrats were as much impressed by the tragedy as republicans, and the reason was that all felt that it was holding a high place in the public service which had made him the victim. Sympathy of this kind, too, was not confined to the United States. It was felt all over the civilized world, — felt by millions, probably, who knew little or nothing of the President's past career, and knew as little of his duties or responsibilities. They did know, however, that a nation had raised him to great eminence, and that it was because he was eminent that Guiteau's pistol was leveled against him; and they felt for him, accordingly, that sorrow which has

become almost instinctive with the civilized man, for the misfortunes of those who keep watch and ward while others sow or reap, and spin or weave.

But no one who observed the expressions of popular feeling during the month of July could help seeing that there was in the general indignation and regret a good deal of mortification and humiliation. Of these there was not much trace when Lincoln was assassinated. *That* seemed like a not unnatural sequela of the civil war. It had been feared from the day on which he was inaugurated. He acknowledged the existence of the danger himself, in his simple way, when he put a soldier with a musket beside him in the carriage. Then, too, the country was familiar with deeds of violence. It had seen tens of thousands, during the previous five years, come to a bloody end. Lincoln, to hundreds of thousands, if not millions, represented aggression, lawlessness, conquest, and oppression. When one reads, in fact, of the ferocious language towards him, and towards the whole Northern people, in which Southern politicians, from Jefferson Davis down, and the leading Southern newspapers were in the habit of indulging, and the readiness of the Southern mind at that period to think of the killing of an enemy even in cold blood as, somehow,

not murder, the wonder is that Booth's attack should have been the first. The generation of Southerners which began the war had never known a Southern jury to refuse to accept a previous quarrel as justification of a homicide, or, in other words, had never seen malice prepense treated as of the essence of blood-guiltiness. That Lincoln should have gone unscathed for one whole term seems in these quiet times even stranger than it did then.

When General Garfield was elected, however, the peaceful habit of mind was probably more widely diffused through the country than it had been since the foundation of the government. There have been assassinations enough, Heaven knows, during the past fifteen years, but there never has been, heretofore, the dislike of bloodshed as a remedy for private wrongs which now exists in all parts of the Union. There are unmistakable signs at the South of the growth of a public opinion hostile to dueling, and *a fortiori* hostile to all violent modes of redress for either real or fancied wrongs. No President, since the antislavery agitation began, had as much reason to think himself safe as President Garfield had, or less reason to suppose that it would be prudent to make access to Presidents more difficult. There had been no dispute about his election. He was a man of singularly genial temper. There was nothing in his career to excite envy, hatred, or malice. He had won his way to prominence by arts which nearly every American admires, and there was a large element of pathos, which everybody felt, in his final triumph.

Not only, then, did he seem, in the popular eye, to be protected by the immunity which republican Presidents, as distinguished from sovereigns, are supposed to enjoy, but by the peculiar immunity which in the United States is always enjoyed by "the poor boy" who fights his way up to distinction, and is

not ashamed of his beginnings. It appeared easy enough to account for the attempts on the lives of the emperors of Russia and Germany and the king of Italy. They represented a system which existed, to all outward appearance, for the benefit of a particular family, and to destroy the head of the family was to shake the system. Then, also, there is in all monarchical governments wide room for the play of the monarch's discretion. He has so many honors or privileges to bestow or refuse; so many pardons or promotions always ready to his hand; can do so much to make or mar a man's fortune; can inflict so much misery without ever having to answer for it,—without even having to allow the victim the comfort of remonstrance or criticism. A king lives so long, too. He may be on the throne forty or fifty years, during which those who think he has wronged them know there will be no appeal from him, and that all men in power will make it their duty not to question the justice of his decrees. In fact, it needs no deep examination of the nature and function of royalty to see that some of its traits must readily suggest assassination to men with a grievance, and either not afraid of death, or very confident of the efficacy of their means of escape. The sentiment of loyalty is the one moral defense which it possesses which the presidency does not; but this is comparatively feeble in our time, and never was strong in more than a very small circle. It has a dangerous tendency to rouse a sort of reactionary hatred among persons who do not feel it, and yet are called on to acknowledge it as a political agency. The very idea of a man raised above the law, and claiming reverence without regard to his personal merits, has become to hundreds of thousands, in our day, a highly inflammatory idea, which kindles fanaticism of protest, before which loyalty, even in its best days, would have to pale its ineffectual fires. There is less discussion

now than there used to be, even among speculative writers, about the lawfulness of tyrannicide, but there has probably never been a time when so many fairly moral and rational men would think so little of killing a king as a means of promoting a much desired political change. There is no doubt that monarchs owe their safety, such as it is, far more to the growth of belief in the possibility of bringing about desired political changes by peaceable means than to increased mildness of manners or increased horror of assassination. The Nihilistic atrocities in Russia are not simply proofs of the ferocity of Russian conspirators. They show also that the Czar is more of a political obstacle than the sovereign in any other civilized country.

The mortification felt in this country when President Garfield was shot was therefore, in large part, the product of surprise that the differences between the office of President and that of king, even of constitutional king, did not in a time of profound peace secure his safety. Most Americans had no doubt that it did secure it; that he was in no more danger of assassination as President than any other person in the community. Everybody had these differences at his tongue's end, when he heard of attempts on the life of the Czar, or of the Kaiser. The presidential office is not hereditary; it can only be filled by a man whom, whether worthy or not, the majority thinks worthy. It is elective, and nobody can enter on it with any glamour of divine light about him, or with any special claim to "the grace of God." The President is always a man taken from the people, and destined to return to the ranks of the people as one of themselves. His term is short. Even the most impatient of his enemies has not long to wait before seeing him lose his power, and securing an appeal from his decisions to his successor. Everybody whom he offends has the relief, and in-

deed luxury, of abusing him. The law puts no restraint on the terms in which he may be assailed, and even lying about him has in practice an impunity which does not attend it in the case of any other man in the nation.

These are all important vents for the feelings which in monarchical countries are likely to lead to attempts to assassinate the chief executive officer. But the most important difference of all between the President and a king, in the popular eye in this country, lies in the fact that he is supposed to enjoy less discretion than kings. He is not a "fountain of honor," as a king is. He can bestow no decorations or pensions. His social countenance or favor does nothing for anybody. He is titular commander-in-chief of the army and navy, it is true, and commanders-in-chief have necessarily much power over the fortunes of soldiers and sailors; but there are practically no army and no navy here. Nor is there any state church, with bishoprics, deaneries, or canonries, in the presidential gift. Moreover, in the popular conception of the office, the President has no prerogative, properly so called. He cannot declare war, or make peace. He can pardon criminals, but only a very limited class of criminals, — those who violate federal laws. He cannot protect any man from trial or impeachment. He is himself liable to impeachment. He has been impeached for, among other things, using bad language in public. He is the creature of the law, and his duty — the only duty which the ordinary American thinks of as belonging to him — is to take care that the laws are faithfully executed. His death does not necessarily cause the holding of a new election, and thus procure for the opposite party another chance of getting into power. His successor is designated by law when he takes office. Why, then, should any one think of murdering him for any political object? What could any one gain by murdering him? He might, of

course, be murdered for revenge, but history shows that political murders for simple revenge are so rare as not to be worth considering. The murder of Mr. Percival by Bellingham seems an exception to this rule; but Bellingham was an undoubted lunatic, and would have escaped as such but for the indecent haste of his trial. No assassination or serious attempt at assassination of high political personages, it may be safely said, has ever been committed by a person who would be held morally and legally accountable for his acts, except with the expectation of thereby producing some important political change. But the powers and duties of the American President and the devolution of his office are apparently so regulated by law that no change worth, to a tolerably rational man, the risk involved in killing him has hitherto seemed possible. Americans have therefore probably been less concerned about his personal safety than any people ever were before about that of their chief magistrate.

But when Guiteau's attempt was made they began, not unnaturally, to inquire whether they had not been mistaken in supposing the conditions of the President's official life so very different from those of a king. If Guiteau had been unmistakably insane, it would of course have made such an inquiry unnecessary. It so happens, however, that he is, if insane at all, — and his apparent mistake about consequences does indicate considerable unsoundness, — not more insane than that very large class of the community called erratic. This is a class whose members are able to follow the current of affairs with attention, though intermitting attention, and to reason about them without plain absurdity, and are consequential enough in their conduct to enable them occasionally to obtain employment. Their unsoundness and inability to succeed consists largely in a quality which is prominent in savages, but in them is ascribed not to in-

sanity, but to imperfect development, — namely, want of tenacity of purpose. Guiteau seems to have done a variety of things with a certain amount of ability — small, to be sure, but still sufficient to enable him to earn a livelihood, if he had stuck to any one thing. Instability, combined with inordinate vanity, brought him to want, and want made him tricky. But until he shot the President no one thought him too insane for *all* share in the world's work. When he shot him, therefore, it was not unnatural that people should listen to his explanation of his act, not as a defense, but as an elucidation of the kind of motives by which this very large class to which he belongs are acted on. That his talk was silly is nothing to the purpose. Two thirds of the talk one hears in a bar-room, for instance, is silly. It becomes important when we remember that there are thousands of persons like him afloat, that is, persons capable of forming plans under a delusion, and pursuing them for a short period with determination, — the delusion being one which a man might entertain without rendering himself thereby liable to confinement.

His story was in substance that he belonged to the portion of the republican party opposed to the President, and led by General Grant and Mr. Conkling; that he wished General Arthur to become President; and that if he did so he (Guiteau) expected to be rewarded for his trouble with an office, besides being pardoned for the murder. It appeared, too, on inquiry, that he had unsuccessfully sought office from President Garfield; but it did not appear that anybody to whom he applied for aid in getting office thought him more flagrantly unfit than many other office-seekers, or his application more absurd than those of many others. In fact, he seems to have been looked on simply as a poor specimen of a class of adventurers who plague the Departments a good deal on the occasion of every new administraz-

tion and sometimes plague them successfully.

Now the public was startled at finding that he was tolerably correct in his view of the political situation. He described it much as any "stalwart" would have described it. What he desired, too, in the way of change — the substitution of General Arthur for General Garfield as President, the reorganization of the cabinet, and the conduct of the administration under the inspiration of Mr. Conkling and General Grant — was exactly what all the "stalwarts" desired. They would all have declared, if questioned, that if such a change could be brought about honorably it would be a most fortunate thing for the party and the country. So that it plainly appeared that a political situation had arisen which most Americans had supposed was not possible under this government, a situation in which the death of the President would almost certainly produce the effect of a new election won by the opposition, by putting the administration into the hands of his bitter enemies, and leading to some considerable changes. It was, in short, just the kind of situation which in the Old World has produced the great historical assassinations and attempts at assassination, and notably the assassination of William the Silent and Henri IV. In both these cases things had reached a pass which made a cause or *régime* dependent for success or stability on a single life, and would have made the death of a particular man, if it came naturally, welcome to a large body even of honorable, sincere, and disinterested persons. No such situation ever lasts long anywhere without touching some diseased imagination, and one great object of all free constitutions is to provide against its creation. I do not think I overstate in saying that the American people were shocked two months ago in finding they had not provided against it. Most readers will be shocked still more, if they

will take the trouble to see how closely Gerard, who murdered William the Silent, and still more Ravallac, who murdered Henri IV., resembled Guiteau both in character and career. They were both more fanatical than he, but they belonged to the same category of unstable, flighty, and vainglorious people who seek to achieve fame by a single blow, and find all ordinary pursuits and industries too monotonous for them.

There is, in fact, a curious likeness between Ravallac and Guiteau. Ravallac began life as a lawyer's clerk; then he turned school-master; then got into jail for debt, and while there had numerous visions. On his discharge he joined the Feuillants in Paris, much as Guiteau joined the Oneida Community, but was expelled as a fool and visionary. They would not have him even as a lay brother. While knocking about the world, after this, seeking occupation, he heard of the king as the enemy of the Catholic faith, who threatened the church with unnumbered woes; and he heard it from men who would not for worlds have harmed a hair of the king's head, but would, doubtless, have considered the changes the king's death would work, and as a matter of fact did work, most desirable. Their talk opened to Ravallac's sick fancy an easy road to distinction, and he took it. After he struck the fatal blow he made no attempt to escape, but, says L'Etoile, "remained, knife in hand, to show himself and vaunt himself as the greatest of assassins."

The civil service reformers have met with some opposition, but after all very little, in their attempts to "make capital" out of Guiteau's crime by ascribing it to "the spoils system," and use it as an argument in favor of a different system of appointment and a different tenure in the civil service of the government. Of course no effort "to make capital" out of anything is wholly unattended with extravagance. Anything

which makes the hostility of the stalwarts a *guilty* cause of Guiteau's offense is unwarrantable and unfair. It would be absurd to ask men to refrain, in political contests, from all language which may by any possibility incite some crazy man to commit a murder. But then we must, on the other hand, not be deterred, by the fear of hurting some one's feelings, from saying that there can be no manner of doubt that this opposition was a cause of Guiteau's offense, and that it was the spoils system which made it so. The quarrel of the stalwarts with the President was a quarrel about offices, and about nothing else. What they asked of him, and reproached him for not granting, was a different distribution of offices from the one he had made. This different distribution of offices was the change, and the only one of moment, which would have resulted from the accession of General Arthur to the presidency. It was this change that Guiteau had in mind when he fired his shot. Now it was probably unfair to say that the Jesuits put Ravailiac up to kill Henri, but it is none the less true that if there had been no Jesuistic hostility to Henri's policy of toleration Ravailiac would never have killed him, and a French reformer would have been fully justified in denouncing Jesuit rancor and seeking its extirpation from the kingdom, if that were possible, as the cause of the tragedy.

What has made the Guiteau attempt so useful to the civil service reformers is not the discredit it has brought on the enemies of the reform, for that is after all remote and indirect, but the revelation it has made of the extent to which the spoils system, by enlarging enormously the field of the President's discretion, assimilates his position in the matter of responsibility to that of a monarch. The more arbitrary power he exercises and can use, either for his own personal benefit or that of others, the greater the temptation to assassinate

him, either to revenge denial, or bring about a "new deal," by a fresh hand. If places were filled and promotions made by legal machinery, as they are for the most part in England and in Germany and France, he would be the mere arm of the law, which even the crazy could see it would do no man any good to lop off or disable. As he is now, he is the dispenser of more favors than any monarch in Europe would be if he had no standing army. No monarch possesses or would dare to exercise the power over the civil servants of the government which the President exercises, and it is a power which no President can exercise without giving offense to great numbers of unsteady minds. His use of it every four years at least, and in a minor degree every year, has on what may without injustice be called the class of adventurers of both sexes the unsettling effects of a great public lottery. The sole difference is that in the one case, in order to draw a prize, one has to have some slight clerical capacity, and must go to Washington and "lobby," while in the other one has only to buy a ticket. But the only effect of this difference is to diminish the number of candidates by making the process more expensive. In neither case is any thought bestowed by those who seek to win on mental capacity or moral standing as a condition of success. The office-seeker is apt to be a person who has failed, or thinks he is going to fail, in ordinary pursuits. In this country this usually indicates some sort of defectiveness, either of mind or character, and he looks to government employment solely because he expects that its standards are not so rigid as those of private employment. Consequently, the possibility of a "new deal" always most powerfully disturbs the class who are most easily disturbed, and is sure to furnish the Gerards, Ravailiacs, Catesbys, Thistlewoods, and Guiteaus whenever the situation seems to call for them or rather tempt them.

In other words, the President, by his arbitrary dealing with offices, calls about him, and excites, or depresses, or exasperates, the only persons from whose anger he runs any risk, — the only persons who are likely to find incentives to violence in the ordinary denunciation of political contests.

It is to be observed, too, that it is the spoils system only which makes the hostility of the Vice-President to the President a matter of eager interest to this class. If the only possible result of the Vice-President's accession to power were the recommendation or support by the White House of a new set of measures, or some new line of public policy, the change would have no interest whatever for the Guiteaus, though it might have much for the intelligent and steady and industrious. It is the conversion of "politics" into a scramble for offices which makes the appearance of the Vice-President at the head of a faction hostile to the President like the alarum of Byron's Tambourji to the Klephts, a sign to broken and unlucky people, who have lost their places and exhausted their credit, that there may be another chance for them. It suggests to every one of them the thought, "What a lucky thing it would be if he could only come into power!" It consequently goes far to destroy the effect of the constitutional provision which designates the Vice-President as the President's successor, in case of his death, in so far as this provision is intended to produce certainty and quiet in the demise of the office. The succession of a

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Vice-President hostile to the administration is attended, in fact, with all the inconveniences, and has none of the advantages, of a new election. It not only substitutes a man whom the people did not intend to be President for one whom they did intend to be President, but substitutes a man who disliked the President's ways and ideas, and is almost pledged to act in an entirely opposite direction, and for this purpose is likely to derange the whole machinery of government. If this derangement is to take place, however, every time a new President enters the White House, it should only take place after and as the result of a popular vote. To permit it as the result of the President's natural death would be a great and very inconvenient anomaly; to permit it as the result of his assassination is more than inconvenient, — it is highly dangerous. It ought to be a settled rule of American polity, that no man or body of men shall profit by assassination. Nothing should pass by murder, in the shape of either dignity or emolument, to any person designated for the succession by law. But the great lesson of the occasion is the danger to the president which plainly lies in his arbitrary power over the enormous body of persons who now compose the civil service of the government. They do not live under law, and as long as they do not live under law they will constitute in a certain sense a dangerous class, and will be surrounded by a still more dangerous class, composed of those who would like to oust them and get their places.

E. L. Godkin.

MR. HOWELLS'S NEW BOOK.

THIS little volume¹ of two hundred and fifty pages contains one story and two sketches. Neither story nor sketch cost the writer much labor, apparently. He has become so skillful in his art that it is almost as easy for him to shape exquisite things as it is for another to fail in the attempt. Prosper Mérimée never offered his reader a lighter or more highly-finished handful of fiction than these three studies. We have seen it written that Mr. Howells is a man of "mere talent." Mr. Howells reconciles us to mere talent; it seems to be a finer thing than the more Promethean endowment, for it gives us subtle characterizations, consummate workmanship, wit, humor, and pathos in abundance, and all of a quality not generally discoverable in the prose or verse of contemporary genius.

Mr. Howells's new book is especially interesting as offering side by side with the author's latest work an illustration of his earlier manner. A wide and constantly increasing group of listeners has gathered around him since Tonelli's *Marriage* was printed in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1868. Between this sketch and *A Fearful Responsibility* comes the episode entitled *At the Sign of the Savage*. Of the novelette which gives the title to the collection it is only necessary to say that it has all the charm of Mr. Howells's more elaborate stories. That it has no different charm is perhaps its one fault. It strikes us that Mr. Howells has here repeated himself a little. It seems as if certain actors in some preceding comedy of his were standing at the side-wings, and critically watching the progress of the after-piece. Vague but still recognizable shadows, not otherwise to be accounted for, are projected

upon the stage. The principal persons in *A Fearful Responsibility* have habits of dialogue and gesture not unfamiliar to us. Here and there Owen Elmore and his wife remind one of Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Ellison. Miss Lilly Mayhew is Miss Lydia Blood with a trifle more vivacity, or Miss Florida Vervain with darkened eyelashes and a sweeter disposition. Mr. Howells has given an enchanting atmosphere of reality to his story by laying the scene of it in the Venice of *A Foregone Conclusion*. We catch a glimpse of Mr. Ferris, the painter who amused himself with "consuling," and expect every instant to have Don Ippolito called in to assist Miss Mayhew in her Italian lessons. The war is going on in America; it is spring again; there are odors of rose and orange blossom in the small Venetian gardens, and morning and evening the air is sharp enough along the canals. We are more than half disappointed not to meet Don Ippolito coming down the narrow *calle* with his two handkerchiefs, like a Japanese *samurai* with his pair of swords. Here, as in others of his stories, Mr. Howells lays bare the intricacies of girl nature, — its shyness and daring, its coquetry and candor, its dove-like wisdom and serpent-like innocence. He has caught all these evanescent and winged things, and transfixed them to his page with the careful tenderness of a naturalist pinning his *papilionidæ*.

At the *Sign of the Savage* is a sketch of travel, in which the reader finds himself in Vienna. The narrative hinges on a humorously conceived and artfully presented incident, which seems almost like a plot when compared with the slender thread of story running through *A Fearful Responsibility*. We have

¹ *A Fearful Responsibility, and Other Stories.*
By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, author of *The Lady*

of the Aroostook, *The Undiscovered Country*, etc.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

been deterred from referring to the plot of the longer piece by a circumstance similar to that which prevented a certain historian from devoting a chapter to snakes in his work on Ireland. At the Sign of the Savage is notable for its clean-cut characterizations, and for those neat satiric turns which we have learned to regard as a matter of course, though not so many of them as there are in this one brief sketch would make the fortune of a new writer. Colonel Kenton, calmly discrediting everything set down in Baedeker's guide-book, is a stroke of genuine humor:—

“As they bowled along in the deliberate German express train through the Black Forest, Colonel Kenton said, he had only two things against the region: it was not black, and it was not a forest. He had all his life heard of the Black Forest, and he hoped he knew what it was. The inhabitants burned charcoal, high up the mountains, and carved toys in the winter, when shut in by the heavy snows; they had Easter eggs all the year round, with overshot mill-wheels in the valleys, and cherry-trees all about, always full of blossoms or ripe fruit, just as you liked to think. They were very poor people, but very devout, and lived in little villages, on a friendly intimacy with their cattle. The young women of these hamlets had each a long braid of yellow hair down her back, blue eyes, and a white bodice with a cat's-cradle lacing behind. The men had bell-crowned hats and spindle-legs; they buttoned the breath out of their bodies with round pewter buttons on tight, short crimson waistcoats. ‘Now, here,’ said the colonel, breathing on the window of the car and rubbing a little space clear of the frost, ‘I see nothing of the sort. Either I have been imposed upon by what I have heard of the Black Forest, or this is not the Black Forest. I’m inclined to believe that there is no Black Forest, and never was. There is n’t,’ he added, looking again, so as not to

speak hastily, ‘a charcoal-burner, or an Easter egg, or a cherry blossom, or a yellow braid, or a red waistcoat, to enliven the whole desolate landscape. What are we to think of it, Bessie?’ . . . Wherever they stopped, whatever they did, before reaching Vienna, Colonel Kenton chose to preserve his guarded attitude. ‘Ah, they pretend this is Stuttgart, do they?’ he said, on arriving at the Suabian capital. ‘A likely story! They pretended that was the Black Forest, you know, Bessie.’ At Munich, ‘And this is Munich!’ he sneered, whenever the conversation flagged during their sojourn. ‘It’s outrageous, the way they let these swindling little towns palm themselves off upon the traveler for cities he’s heard of. This place will be calling itself Berlin, next.’”

In *Tonelli's Marriage* the scene is again Venice; it is not a story, but a study of character, and, happily, of Italian character. The canvas is full of delightful detail and local color, and escapes those incongruities which result from placing the modern American tourist, male or female, against a background of mediæval architecture. The sketch was drawn before Mr. Howells deliberately set himself the task of story-telling. It lacks, perhaps, something of the precision and directness of his later touch, but is still lovely enough to be a model of style. It has that ineffable grace of youth for which an artist in his prime would willingly give all his laboriously acquired technique,—a grace no more possible of recapture than a perfume.

Mr. Howells has not anywhere painted a young woman more charmingly than in these pages, though the portrait is only in outline. He has probably put all the archness and pathos of Italian girlhood into the Paronsina, hastily as he has sketched her. The Paronsina is the daughter of an old notary named Cenarotti, to whom Tonelli, a faded fop

and harmless *buon diavolo*, acts as clerk and copyist. The history of the Little Mistress's first love affair, the conduct of which she trusts to the diplomatic Tonelli, insists on quoting itself: —

"In fact, it was altogether a business affair, and was managed chiefly by Tonelli, who, having met a young doctor, laureled the year before at Padua, had heard him express so pungent a curiosity to know what the Paronsina would have to her dower that he perceived he must be madly in love with her. So, with the consent of the signora, he had arranged a correspondence between the young people; and all went on well at first, the letters from both passing through his hands. But his office was anything but a sinecure; for while the Doctor was, on his part, of a cold temperament, and disposed to regard the affair merely as a proper way of providing for the natural affections, the Paronsina cared nothing for him personally, and only viewed him favorably as abstract matrimony, — as the means of escaping from the bondage of her girlhood and the sad seclusion of her life into the world outside her grandfather's house. So presently the correspondence fell almost wholly upon Tonelli, who worked up to the point of betrothal with an expense of finesse and sentiment that would have made his fortune in diplomacy or poetry. What should he say now? that stupid young Doctor would cry in a desperation, when Tonelli delicately reminded him that it was time to answer the Paronsina's last note. Say this, that, and the other, Tonelli would answer, giving him the heads of a proper letter, which the Doctor took down on square bits of paper, neatly fashioned for writing prescriptions. 'And for God's sake, *caro dottore*, put a little warmth into it!' The poor Doctor would try, but it must always end in Tonelli's suggesting and almost dictating every sentence; and then the letter, being carried to the Paronsina,

made her laugh: 'This is very pretty, my poor Tonelli, but it was never my *onoratissimo dottore* who thought of these tender compliments. Ah! that allusion to my mouth and eyes could only have come from the heart of a great poet. It is yours, Tonelli; don't deny it.' And Tonelli, taken in his weak point of literature, could make but a feeble pretense of disclaiming the child of his fancy; while the Paronsina, being in this reckless humor, more than once responded to the Doctor in such fashion that in the end the inspiration of her altered and amended letter was Tonelli's. Even after the betrothal the love-making languished, and the Doctor was indecently patient of the late day fixed for the marriage by the notary. In fact, the Doctor was very busy; and, as his practice grew, the dower of the Paronsina dwindled in his fancy, till one day he treated the whole question of their marriage with such coldness and uncertainty in his talk with Tonelli that the latter saw whither his thoughts were drifting, and went home with an indignant heart to the Paronsina, who joyfully sat down and wrote her first sincere letter to the Doctor, dismissing him. 'It is finished,' she said, 'and I am glad. After all, perhaps I don't want to be any freer than I am; and while I have you, Tonelli, I don't want a younger lover. Younger? Diana! You are in the flower of youth, and I believe you will never wither. Did that rogue of a Doctor, then, really give you the elixir of youth for writing him those letters? Tell me, Tonelli, as a true friend, how long have you been forty-seven? Ever since your fiftieth birthday? Listen! I have been more afraid of losing you than my sweetest Doctor. I thought you would be so much in love with love-making that you would go break-neck and court some one in earnest on your own account!'"

Tonelli's Marriage belongs to the period of the Italian Journeys, and is one

of the singularly rich results of Mr. Howells's three years' residence in Venice. His *Venetian Life*, in which the swan city is painted once for all, does not display a more consummate knowledge and appreciation of Italian traits. As a delineation of character, as an absolutely fresh and vitalized creation, Tomaso Tonelli ranks with Dr. Boynton in *The Undiscovered Country*. These two figures are Mr. Howells's masterpieces.

They prove that he possesses a quality which his critics have not sufficiently recognized, that is, versatility. From Dr. Boynton, with his unconscious charlatanism, to the superannuated notary's clerk, ogling the ladies at the *café* in the Piazza of St. Mark; from the subtle self-delusion of the New Englander to the simple conceit of the Italian, as Mr. Howells has drawn them, is as long a step as any novelist need take.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

IN two ponderous volumes¹ Mr. Jefferson Davis has submitted to the world his justification of his career as a public man. Many persons, probably, not only in this country but in Europe, were anxious to hear an account of the greatest struggle of modern times since the French Revolution closed at Waterloo, from the lips of a man who was the political leader, the conspicuous figure, and the official chief of one of the contending forces. Yet we cannot but think that the great majority of those who have eagerly expected the book will be disappointed when they read it. We do not say this because we think Mr. Davis has done his work badly, for from his stand-point it is well done, but because we are satisfied that it is not the kind of book which the public looked for. Most persons, we are inclined to believe, expected one of two things: either memoirs full of personal experiences, thoughts, and incidents, of what the newspapers call "revelations," spiced with attacks upon individuals, or else a careful history of the war and its causes, such as the ex-president of the Southern Confederacy would be likely to write

after twenty years of quiet reflection. But Mr. Davis has given us neither one nor the other of them, nor even a mixture of both. His two volumes are for the benefit of that august judge and sadly overburdened individual, "the future historian," and form an elaborate argument or plea in behalf of Jefferson Davis in particular, and of the Southern Confederacy in general. As a contribution to history, in the ordinary sense, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* is of little value, except, perhaps, for some of the private letters which are scattered through the various chapters. This may seem a strange assertion to make in regard to a book professedly historical, and written by a principal actor in the scenes which it describes. But it must be remembered, in the first place, that nearly one half of the whole work is devoted to arguments, legal and historical, on points of constitutional law, while the remainder is, after a fashion, only a history of the war itself. The former are clear and forcibly stated, for Mr. Davis is a man of undoubted ability and knows his subject thoroughly; but legal and constitutional arguments are not history. On the other hand, the portions relating to the war are so distorted, one-sided, and

¹ *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.* By JEFFERSON DAVIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

false, so thoroughly absurd, even, at times, as to be worthless as history. If a person utterly ignorant of the whole subject, say a highly civilized Maori scholar, some thousands of years hence were to read this book, he would learn that there had been a great and terrible war between two sections of the same country, the North and the South. He would find that all the battles from the first to the last, except in a few instances, lightly referred to or explained away, were won by the South. He would learn that all the men of the South were heroes, and performed everywhere prodigies of valor in their career of victory against overwhelming odds of men, money, and resources, while the soldiers and people of the North, with few exceptions, principally confined to their defeated generals, were cowardly, tyrannical, and in short so base and cruel that it would be difficult to tell why it was such a great exploit to overcome them. Yet at the end of all this he would be informed in an unmistakable way that the South had been thoroughly beaten, or, as the author prefers to put it, "subjugated;" and we are inclined to think that our searcher after truth would be sorely puzzled by such a consummation, and would wonder — and wonder in vain, if he had only these pages to turn to — why the side which had all the valor, truth, and right, and won all the victories of any apparent importance, should nevertheless have been hopelessly defeated. But in our day and generation there is no need to rectify such a narrative, nor do we intend to dwell on Mr. Davis's account of the war. We leave him in this respect to more competent critics, especially to our military historians, and to his own generals among the number, with an entire confidence that he will receive full justice. We have no doubt that if it is worth while, his account in many instances will be demolished as completely as it was in regard to the burning of Columbia by General Sherman, whose

statement of fact, as Mr. Davis has forgotten, was fully sustained by an impartial tribunal, — the mixed commission which sat to hear the British claims for cotton burned at that place, and which did not agree with Mr. Davis, General Wade Hampton to the contrary notwithstanding.

But putting all this aside, these volumes have in one way a real and lasting value, and will be of great service to our esteemed friend the future historian, who will unquestionably have a proper appreciation of their rightful merits. The future historian will not go to Mr. Davis's book for facts, but he will take it as a whole, arguments and history, so called, together; and he will find it an unequaled representation of a type of mind and of a mental condition which entered very largely into the war of the rebellion, and probably did more to precipitate that war than anything else. Time passes very rapidly, and even the greatest events soon grow dim, so that it is well worth while, especially for the younger generations who wish to know the history of the country, to study the type of man and of mind which is here depicted, and to examine closely the mode of thought and reasoning of which Mr. Davis is the best exponent.

As we read these pages we are carried back to the period before the war, into the atmosphere of the South in the time of the antislavery conflict, — an atmosphere murky with deceit and self-deception, when men listened only to their passions, and took their own ignorance of others for the truth. Mr. Davis is a man who has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, a genuine Bourbon; and it is this which gives value to his book and makes it typical. The world in its progress has moved by him, and he is no wiser and no better than before. Other men, other Southern leaders, for the most part have learned something, be it much or little, in the last twenty

years; Mr. Davis has learned nothing. He is a Southern leader of 1860, alive with the power of thought, and utterly unchanged in 1881, — a very rare and interesting combination. If he were not so, he would be more respectable as a man, but his book would be very different and probably much less instructive. As it is, these two large volumes seem as if they had come from under some corner-stone where men are wont to put the money and current literature of the day. The great building rises from the corner and becomes one of the landmarks by which pours day after day the eager stream of life. Years come and go: the building burns or is torn down, and from under the corner-stone we take up the yellow newspapers and old coins unchanged. They are the same, instinct with the spirit of the past, and yet speaking to us in the present tense, unconscious of the lapse of time, of the world's progress, of the manifold interests of humanity, of the new ideas of a new generation. They have passed into history without knowing it, and so have the ideas of the ex-president of the Confederacy. Like Irving's hero, he thinks that he is the same after his long sleep, and that the world is the same, while in reality he is an old man and it is a new world. Here the parallel breaks down, for Rip Van Winkle found out his mistake, but Mr. Davis has not and never will. For him the sun has stood still, and he rehearses the old talk of the old South with a ludicrous belief that it is new and valid. Thus he represents living what died long since, and so becomes of value to the historian.

The bare statement of the preface that the object of the book is to defend the constitutional doctrine of secession, and thereby to justify the conduct of the South, concentrates at once the utter confusion of thought which, whether willful or ignorant, was so largely responsible for the action of the South. Mr. Davis, speaking in 1881 with the

voice of 1860, has not learned, or refuses to acknowledge, that secession was not then and could never be a constitutional question. Secession was revolution, and the one vital point was whether it was possible, not whether it was legal; for revolutions are not concerned with law. They may be right or wrong; they may be peaceable or bloody; they may be to defend threatened rights, or to repel oppression, or to erect a despotism; but they are not, and can never be, even when the right to them is secured to the people in specific terms, as in the South American republics, constitutional. In the very nature of things, a revolution must be outside the pale of an existing constitution, and must appeal to humanity on grounds entirely foreign to constitutions, written or unwritten. To talk about secession as a constitutional right not to be interfered with is to say that men have a constitutional right to overthrow their government; and that is a very plain contradiction in terms, for a constitution is formed to create and maintain, not to destroy, political systems. Men have a right, no doubt, to revolution, but it is not a constitutional right, and it must rest on moral, not on legal principles, no matter how lawful the cause may be, or even if it is a revolution of precedents, as was our struggle of 1776. Mr. Davis says that the States exercised the right of secession from the old confederacy, and therefore they had it under the new. There is no question of the fact. The people of the various States pulled down the old confederacy, and set up a new form of government in its stead. They carried through a peaceful revolution, but they did not appeal to the Articles of Confederation as an authority. Men of English race, in drawing up a constitution of government, do not stultify themselves by putting in a clause to provide for its overthrow. When the men of 1787 found that the old confederacy was a failure they induced a majority of the people to agree

with them, destroyed it, and erected a new one. Mr. Davis says, again, that the constitution was regarded at its formation as a compact. Any one who is familiar with the history of that time will readily admit this to be true. It was an experiment, which the people, acting through their state organizations, agreed to try. Whether it would be permanent, or whether it would fall a victim to a revolution, as its predecessor had done, no man then could tell. Only two men of that day, so far as we are aware, saw deeply enough into futurity to perceive what the work of the constitution would be if it was maintained. Washington and Hamilton looked to the constitution to create, as they said, a national sentiment, and a national sentiment meant the creation of a nation. That was the possible work of the constitution, and that was what it effected. The compact of 1789 endured, and in 1860 it had made a nation out of a confederacy; it had become a national charter. The question in 1860 was not, Have certain States, or the people of certain States, the constitutional right to withdraw from a compact? but was just what it had always been: Have they sufficient reason and sufficient power to revolutionize the existing government, and substitute something else in its place? The issue was whether the nation which had grown up under the constitution should live or die, — whether we should have one Union or two. The North upheld the cause of the former, the South of the latter; the North prevailed. The people of this country did not go to war on a point of constitutional law; they fought to determine whether the nation should be broken up and divided, or should remain united and indivisible.

In support of the right of secession Mr. Davis adduces the attitude of Virginia and Kentucky in 1799, of New England in 1814, of South Carolina in 1832, and he might have cited many other examples, but none of them prove

anything. In a federal system one weapon of the minority is sure to be the menace of withdrawal or disunion. It is a terrible weapon, no doubt, and when it was grasped by New England, and afterwards by South Carolina, the Union quivered. In the former case, events removed the grievances of the States; in the latter, the national government yielded and compromised; but both meant simply that certain communities, defeated at the ballot-box, threatened to resort to revolution. But revolutions must stand or fall on their own merits. To argue the constitutional right of secession is beating the air. Such an argument at best was merely the necessary concession to the law-abiding and law-loving spirit of the race, which likes to fight revolutions on legal principles, and it degenerated in the hands of Mr. Davis and his friends into a mere cloud-compeller to obscure existing facts far mightier than any constitutions.

Mr. Davis's discussion is of value only as showing the state of mind to which reasoning of that sort was needful in order to cover up the real issues of the time. The secession of the Southern States is not to be tried by the constitution, because in its nature it transcends the constitution and aims at its subversion. The simple question is, Was the South justified in beginning a revolution? The answer lies in these volumes. Mr. Davis admits that slavery was only incidental; that the South did not secede on account of John Brown, or of the abolitionists, or of the course of certain Northern States as to slavery. In short, the South did not secede because the North had actually done anything, but, according to Mr. Davis, on account of what a sectional Northern party would do, in power. Nothing, absolutely nothing, had been done when the States seceded; and although it is an excellent specimen of Southern reasoning in the time of James Buchanan, it is childish, and even worse, to point to what hap-

pened in war as a proof of what the North would have done if the South had never seceded and there had been no war. The whole case can be put in a few words, although Mr. Davis dared not declare it at the time, and does not dare to state it now, but goes round and round in the old treadmill of deceptive phrases, and will not face the facts. The truth was that while the North had always been politically divided on slavery, as on all other points, on that question the South had ever been solid and united. For more than half a century the South ruled the country. In 1860 the South was beaten in a fair election, and a party of the North hostile to slavery came into power. Did the South submit, as the North had always done, to the popular will expressed at the ballot-box? No; the moment they were defeated in the elections they rushed into revolution. So long as they ruled the Union they maintained it; when the majority was adverse they undertook to destroy the Union. The simple statement of the fact is the bitterest condemnation which can be uttered.

It seems a startling paradox to say that self-governing communities of English race, living in freedom and under a democratic system, should precipitate upon themselves and upon their country such an awful calamity, and for a cause so comparatively slight, so unreasonable, and so at variance with the first principles of American liberty. The problem can be understood and solved only by a close observance of the condition of the Southern mind. Slavery had of course a powerful effect upon Southern character. It made the ruling classes despotic, fierce, and impatient of opposition, and it bred the narrow contempt to be found in a greater or less degree in every aristocracy for all who differ from them, or who engage in pursuits which they think humiliating. Yet this of itself is an inadequate explanation of the action of the South. Slavery served merely to

prepare the soil, in which the ideas carefully planted and nurtured by Southern leaders, drawn from the slave-holding class, grew rank and flourished. The leading theory was that the North had neither courage nor principle; and it is sorely to be lamented that there was some ground for this in the conduct of Northern politicians who helped the South, and were called "dough-faces" for their pains. But the universal acceptance of the theory lay in the colossal ignorance of the North which prevailed at the South. Most Southerners believed that they could leave the Union in peace when they saw fit, and that the North would not fight. Others, and among them Mr. Davis, thought there would be war, — an opinion which makes their course still worse than it would otherwise have been. But it is safe to say that all Southerners alike felt that the North could not fight, even if they tried. The cowardice, mean spirit, and love of money in the North had been preached so long that the Southern people had come to accept them as immutable truths. The South was cursed with the same miserable ignorance as that displayed by England when Lord Sandwich proclaimed the Yankees cowards. The South assumed that men of English blood, the descendants of the Puritans, the boldest and hardiest of their race, could not fight, and they paid for this ghastly mistake by four years of desolating war, by the ruin of their social system, and by utter and crushing defeat.

Blinded by this error, they were led by their false guides to believe that they were fighting for the constitution and for liberty. Even the fact that they held slaves could not disperse the idea that they were the champions of freedom. To a people thus confused, and with passions heated by a political issue which they were taught to think threatened their well-being, when it really could affect only a class, every species of lie was told, and upon them every

deception was practiced. Mr. Davis says now, as he and others said then to their followers, "Look at the awful growth of the national government! The very life of the States is in danger." They failed to point out that this overgrown government had reached that condition in a half century of almost complete control by the South. They omitted to show that the greatest stretches of power by the central government up to that time had been effected by Southern statesmen. And this is a specimen of their reasoning. The air was full of lies, equivocations, deceptions, and half truths, and in this atmosphere the South lived, thanks to the effects of slavery and a profound ignorance of their neighbors! Everything in the Southern mind was distorted and twisted. Nothing appeared to them as it really was, nothing had its true proportions; they lost in this way even the capacity to recognize existing facts, an attribute which Mr. Davis, as we see in this book, has never recovered, and the lack of which does so much to make the work typical and a living reproduction of an extinct species of thought.

This atmosphere of deceit went with them into the war, deepened their misfortunes, and made their downfall more complete. Take a few examples at random from Mr. Davis's book. What, for instance, can be said to a man who calls a mob, composed of the scum of a great city in a State forming a part of the Union, engaged in throwing brickbats at national soldiers, "noble and unarmed citizens;" who refers to Gettysburg as "a check;" who says the government at Washington imitated the worst days of the French Terror, in the border States? Words fail to do justice to a man who comes from a region where, in times of profound peace, men were hunted, imprisoned, and had a price set on their heads because they spoke and wrote against slavery, and who abuses fiercely the government of the Union for suppressing freedom of opinion and

free speech because in time of war they put traitors in prison and kept them there, and no doubt occasionally made mistakes and confounded the innocent with the guilty.

There is no need to dwell upon such things; they are mere illustrations of the utter falseness which beset the South with a thick darkness. The South got light at last, but it was a painful operation. As we read this book we know where to place the deepest blame for the war. It lies not upon the Southern people as a whole, nor upon their soldiers, who fought so gallantly and well, — for we have no need to belittle ourselves or our country by abusing and slandering our opponents, as Mr. Davis does in his treatment of the Northern armies. No; the heavy burden of causing the war, of making it possible, rests upon the leaders of the South, at home and in Washington, who represented the great planters and slave-holders, the rulers and governors of their States. It was for their interest to maintain slavery as it stood. When, in the march of progress and of modern ideas, it became evident that human slavery was doomed, instead of accepting the inevitable; instead of yielding to a world-wide public sentiment, which forced even the Tsar of Russia to abolish serfdom; instead of seeking to guide the movement of emancipation, and by gradual steps destroy slavery and so save themselves, they set themselves against the tide. With great skill and tenacity they held the government and made the Union subservient to slavery for nearly fifty years. When power passed from them without a single overt act on the other side, they hurried the country into revolution and war, setting the national life at stake by so doing. They made it their business to deceive others, — they may perhaps in some instances have deceived themselves; but their purpose was to rule unchecked, and if that was not possible over the whole country, then

the nation must be sacrificed. It was a great crime against the country and against humanity, and among the class and the leaders who were guilty of it and responsible for it Mr. Davis stands conspicuous. We have no wish to indulge in any sectional feeling. We respect the men who fought well; we respect those who accept the result in good faith, and we wish for nothing so much as peace and good-will everywhere. But we cannot read this book and refrain from putting the blame where it belongs, — on the Southern political leaders. We

have, furthermore, no desire to engage in the very simple amusement of abusing a man who has fallen below the point at which he deserves even hatred; but when he recalls to us what he and men like him were, and for what misery and sorrow, both North and South, he and his fellow-leaders of the Southern policy are responsible, the verses of Lowell ring in our ears, and will not cease: —

"I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Jedgegment where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a hand
Ez drippin' red ez yours, Jeff. Davis."

SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

LIVINGSTONE'S life was singular in what is, perhaps, the principal condition of a successful practical career ungoverned by extraordinary intellectual force, — the simplicity of its motives and ends. The continuous development of his character, the steady evolution of his plans, were a true growth, regular, harmonious, free from the intrusion of any stunting or deforming outward influences. No sudden discovery of new objects of effort, no expansion of view presenting human action in a widely different aspect, no revolution in belief reversing relative moral values, introduced complexity and discord into his life, as has been the case with other markedly conscientious men of his day. Dominated by one leading motive, tending to one main result, his career possessed a remarkable unity. He set out, a boy, to convert South Africa by the customary methods of missionaries. He soon saw that the developed religious ideas of Europe could not take root in a soil wholly savage and unreclaimed, — that barba-

rism must be overthrown before heathenism would yield; and so he came to direct his attention chiefly to bringing about social and economic changes, to suppressing the slave-trade and building a highway for commerce, and at last ended, as every one knows, by becoming the opener of a continent and the forerunner of a civilization. But until he was found by his attendants, on that May morning, kneeling and dead in the heart of Africa, he was always in spirit a missionary, and valued his labor less as contributing to extend the areas of knowledge and industry than as preparing the way for the coming of Christ to the peoples in darkness. The author of this volume¹ does not record, except in general, the progress of that great work, which is rather to be read in Livingstone's own writings; he sets himself only to the most pleasing and fruitful task of biography, — the illustration of character.

The simplicity of Livingstone's character makes any detailed presentation of it unnecessary, and even renders this

¹ *The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL. D., D. C. L.* Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the Possession of

his Family. By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D. D., LL. D. With portrait and map. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

account at times monotonous, particularly in its insistence on his piety, — a quality which in this case was so little affected by its accessories as to fail of interest to the imagination after a brief space, and was in itself of such slight variety in mood and expression, and of so great natural privacy, as to make the reiteration of his prayers and pious ejaculations somewhat trying; for, however these words burnt with fire to the weary and solitary explorer, they have become to the modern mind a dry shell. Beside his piety, his abiding conviction that his refuge and his strength was God, he displayed a persistent and enduring courage, sagacity, independence, a power of self-sacrifice, and an utter devotion of life and resources to a cause, exceptional even among men of his own moral rank; but this catalogue of virtues, like an epitaph, is destitute of specific meaning to one ignorant of the circumstances in which they were bred and exercised. These circumstances, however, strange and romantic to a degree that will make his life ever a stirring one to youth and interesting to experienced manhood, must be sought in this book, of which the principal excellence is the author's choice and arrangement of such illustrative matter. Of all, the most striking thing to us, not to go too much into detail, was the success with which Livingstone established social relations with the natives. Amiable through life toward all associates, exhibiting, especially toward the blacks, such admirable thoughtfulness, tact, and kindness, he was well endowed to win upon them by natural means; the surprise lies in the quickness and fullness of the blacks' appreciation of these qualities. He was aided in this task, of course, by the value he set upon the future of the African tribes, and by the readiness with which he looked beyond their childishness, grossness, and inactivity; and though an en-

thusiast is seldom free from illusion respecting the worth of his work, it is quite possible that Livingstone's estimate of their capacity may be justified by the event. Certainly the blacks in a savage state never appeared with so many of the fundamental good qualities of mankind as in his letters. One example of their intelligence ought not to be passed over. One day, as he was preaching to them upon the resurrection, they told him they could not believe a reunion of the particles of the body possible. He gave them a chemical illustration, and then referred to the authority of the Book that taught the doctrine. "And," exclaims the biographer, "the poor people were more willing to give in to the authority of the Book than to the chemical illustration!" "The poor people" may grow in mind, and possibly something may finally accrue to the wealth of the race from them; but whether the biographer's dreams, as well as Livingstone's, shall be realized, and a grand memorial pile rise at Ilala over his buried heart, and the like, is more dubious. There is no need of air-drawn rhetoric; through many real perils by land and sea, from beast and man, from disease, famine, and violence, Livingstone gained a definite success, of great significance to civilization in Africa. And apart from all success whatever, now or to come, he has given us the example of a faithful and inherently noble life, which utter failure could not have injured. America's share in his work, through Stanley, is familiar; but probably few know of the dearer tie which binds him to us in that his son Robert lies with the dead at Gettysburg.

The biography of Guizot, by his daughter,¹ is also mainly an illustration of character, but only as it was shown in private life. In the case of a man who played so great a part in the world's affairs, a biography that leaves his work

¹ *Monsieur Guizot in Private Life, 1787-1874.* By his daughter, MADAME DE WITT. Authorized

edition. Translated by M. C. M. SIMPSON. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1881.

almost wholly out of account, and uses it but sparingly even in the way of side-light, must be somewhat unsatisfactory, and may easily be misleading. Guizot's life was one of great and long-continued activity, but here he is seen in his arm-chair; and as with Livingstone's piety, so with Guizot's warm and tender family feelings; attractive and pleasurable though they are, prolix repetition grows wearisome. A due regard for that reticence which is the law of refined intimacy would have suppressed some of these pages, but it is only just to add that Madame De Witt, in admitting a world of strangers to the secrets of her father's heart, has exercised unusual discretion. Guizot, no doubt, found in the love of his two wives and his children his principal relaxation; but this is not so extraordinary that it needs to be made much of. He relates that at Talleyrand's he remarked, "Conversation is a great pleasure." "There is one still greater," said M. de Talleyrand, with a somewhat scornful smile, — "action!" Whereupon I retorted, "Yes, prince; but there is another which is greater far than the other two, — affection!" He looked at me with some surprise, but without smiling. I think that this dry, corrupt old diplomatist had wit enough to see that I was right." Probably the "corrupt old diplomatist" thought he was a "green girl." But the youth had abundant opportunity afterward to test his words: he had conversation and action and affection in ample measure, and he held to the truth of his somewhat commonplace "retort." Of more interest to men, however, is the type Guizot affords of that French seriousness of which we need to be reminded from time to time. He must have derived this temperament from his ancestry of the *Désert*, for it was of an old-fashioned kind. He was a model youth, sober, industrious; a better companion for his elders, it would seem, than for his mates. These elders, M. Suard and M.

Stapfer in particular, interested themselves in him, set him to work, admitted him to the salons; and he was rapidly advanced by means of the professor's chair, the doctrinaire state-craft, the minister's portfolio, until he became the chief adviser of Louis XVIII., to fall with the king. It does not come within the scope of this notice to estimate his contribution to the political growth of France or to the development of historical study; but we should recall that in the one he was a pioneer in the fruitful investigation of early French civilization, and that in the other he won the friendship of Lord Aberdeen and the satire of Heine. His early associations and his historic sense coöperated to render him conservative, both in politics and in religion: he trusted in God "without understanding him," and "bowed before the mysteries of the Bible and the gospel," and "refrained" from discussion of them; he had more faith in "guns" than in the ideas of the Revolution, and though he calls "national good sense" the "real Deity," — that national good sense which was in 1832 to "modify the short-sightedness and violence of the Reform Bill" in England, — still he does not seem to have conceived of a state resting on a true public. Of remarkable talents, but not of large-minded genius; of much force of character, but employing it in obstructing rather than in advancing progress; too often commonplace and obvious rather than brilliant and incisive in his utterances, he left the shadow of a great name, — possibly, like other shadows, larger than the reality casting it. After all, he wins, perhaps, most admiration and is most attractive when seen in the quiet privacy of his family: the knowledge of him there, where there was no place for coldness, stolidity, unscrupulous diplomacy, constitutional monarchy, and the like, must give the world a better impression of him than it has hitherto had, and is a gain. It is character-

istic of this volume that it contains little wit and few anecdotes.

Sir Anthony Panizzi was one of the men to whom the British Museum is most indebted. He was an Italian, exiled in early manhood in consequence of his connection with revolutionary schemes. On arriving in England, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and after a time was appointed to a post in the British Museum, of which he finally became principal librarian. These volumes¹ contain, besides an account of his life, a sketch of the history of the museum both before and during his administration; the rest of the biography is taken up by a narrative of the relation of Italian patriots to one another and their attempts to free Italy, and by the political correspondence of Panizzi with statesmen like Thiers, and men of letters like Prosper Mérimée; and this portion is historically most valuable and intrinsically most interesting. There is nothing especially noteworthy for Americans, however, unless it be some very ungracious remarks about us by Mérimée, in condemning England for not joining Louis Napoleon in attacking us during the rebellion. Panizzi, himself, was an energetic, painstaking, and able officer; fond of a fight, apparently, and often in one, but always bearing himself well and coming off victor. His enmities are fully shared by his biographer, who sometimes takes up his defense in so insignificant matters that they might have been forgotten, as in the case of the remarkably inefficient young gentleman who was "hired as a supernumerary," and "discharged for incompe-

tence." These volumes do not easily lend themselves to quotation or condensation; they are of permanent value, apart from their interest as biography, because of the light thrown upon the diplomacy of the time, and are of especial utility for librarians because of the insight afforded into the growth and management of the British Museum, — the present foremost position of which is chiefly due to Panizzi's intelligence and skill. The sketches of illustrious men which are inserted are a novel and excellent feature, many of the portraits being very vigorous and truthful.

Of the remaining biographies little need be said. That of Bishop Seabury,² largely occupied with a detailed narrative of bitter theological controversies long since the driest of dust, has but slight attraction to the secular mind, except so far as it gives glimpses of the trials and temper of the loyalists in the Revolution, among whom the bishop was a leader. The two bulky volumes upon Heine³ are a mass of ill-grouped details regarding him, and of extracts from his works. The information is valuable, but the literary skill and judgment of the compiler fall far short of his industry, fidelity to Heine's memory, and satirical spirit toward Germany. The translation, too, is frequently at fault. The few events of Sir William Herschel's life⁴ are recorded by Mr. Holden with simplicity, though not always in pure English. The book is an admirable scientific memoir, and it is to our national credit that one of our astronomers should be the first to perform this service for Herschel's memory.

¹ *The Life and Correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi, K. C. B.* By LOUIS FAGAN. In two volumes. Authorized American edition. To which is appended a third volume, containing Twenty Years' Personal and Bibliographical Reminiscences of Panizzi and the British Museum, 1845-1865. By HENRY STEEVENS, of Vermont, F. S. A., etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

² *Life and Correspondence of the Right Reverend Samuel Seabury, D. D., First Bishop of Connecticut and of the Episcopal Church in the*

United States of America. By E. EDWARDS BEARDSLEY, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

³ *The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine.* By WILLIAM STIGAND. In two volumes. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

⁴ *Sir William Herschel: His Life and Works.* By EDWARD S. HOLDEN, United States Naval Observatory, Washington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

THE ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA.¹

It is unfortunate for a book to be misnamed. Mr. Lodge, when he delivered his course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston, had an attractive and by no means a hackneyed subject. For our Western world, certainly, no more interesting and expressive conjunction of affairs appears than existed when the English colonies were growing to have a comprehension of a possible nation. There were more stupendous material results in the war which unshackled the slave, but the principles involved were not so far-reaching, nor was the transformation of peoples so promising of effects. Three millions of British colonists drawing together more from principle than from a common oppression, and resolving themselves into a nation, is a phenomenon which has in respect to potentiality as great a significance as modern history shows. The condition of these colonists at the time when the spirit of independence was rapidly ripening is a study of the utmost importance in the history of liberty and as indicative of a principle of autonomy. Phases of it have of course been studied by local historians, and it has come within the scope of the general historians. The growth of it in a comprehensive way has hardly, however, been followed except in Mr. Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic*, — a work of careful research, deserving more consideration than it has received or is likely to acquire, in view of its somewhat unengaging style. It lacks, moreover, in treatment just what Mr. Lodge's opportunity opened to him, — a picture of the social condition of the diverse peoples whose communities, distinct and grouped, stretched along an

extended sea-board, coming near one another by sea communication, while a varied composition kept them foils or made them complements of one another. Nothing could be more picturesque than this contrast, which was not like that of the Northmen, for instance, in the Mediterranean, nor did it resemble the Latin and the Moor in Spain; but it was a more suggestive one, because these colonists formed varieties in the same race. In them the Roundhead and Cavalier of midland England were transformed into the Yankee and Virginian, and were left free to develop — and this is important — without constant contact. It was this contrast and conglomeration which was Mr. Lodge's proper theme. He had to show what were the conditions of society, the manners of life, the material environments, which made New England intensify herself in Sam Adams; which drew no lines of social demarkation between rank and file when the gathering bands of men shut up Gage and Howe in Boston; and which made most of the fine houses of her towns the homes of Tories. He had to show a society which nurtured such extremes in New York as the youthful Hamilton and the Bourbonic Judge Jones, taking cognizance of that patrol society and the military understanding which made Philip Schuyler so different a character from Israel Putnam. He had to show how the English Quaker, the Protestant Swede, and the Moravian fused into the colonial Pennsylvanian; how the roystering solitary dwellers in the Virginia river bottoms produced on the one hand a Lord Fairfax, and on the other a George Washington; how the Huguenot and the English planter fortified their family citadels against the poor white and the negro slave in South Carolina.

¹ *A Short History of the English Colonies in America.* By HENRY CABOT LODGE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

All these and many more symptomatic indications went to create a peculiar indigenous and almost tribal difference, marking off with the distinction of isothermal lines the latitudes of the coast. All along this verge the fate of these peoples had sometimes been accidental, always for a time uncertain. If Gorges' plan had not miscarried, the descendants of the companions of Endicott and Winthrop and Bradford had not been roused by the fear of bishops so much as by the imposition of stamp duties. The opportunity coming of Captain John Smith and the immigration which his reports had incited only saved Voshaven and Crane Bay from remaining permanently on our maps where the English planted Boston and Plymouth. The Gulf Stream and the turbulence of Nantucket shoals are responsible for the sturdy yeoman courage which had exchanged Yorkshire for Holland finding its way to the pine forests of Southeastern Massachusetts, instead of planting communities on the shores of Jersey or on the banks of Delaware. The flight of birds which induced Columbus to change his course to the southwest prevented Carolina and Virginia from becoming the seat of Spanish power.

These are but a few of the striking events, insignificant as they must have seemed at the moment, which luckily or lucklessly turned the currents as they did. In the waters of Delaware Bay, there would have been no occasion for that primal political compact signed in Provincetown harbor. The Yankee ship-builder and shoe-maker might, in such an event, have tilled a peach orchard. It may be a curious, if not profitable, speculation to forecast the future of New England, had the Pophamists of the Maine coast been vital enough to emulate the colonists of James River.

The very chance that things might have been different from what they were had a certain influence in fashioning events; and all the differential ele-

ments set off the contrasts bodily along the sea-board, with as little blending at the territorial conjunction as human nature would admit. Here was Mr. Lodge's field, and the only valuable part of his book is found in the interjected chapters in which this comprehensive picture is wrought. In these portions he has worked with a full purpose, free from make-shift, or make-weight, and the result is a valuable contribution; we do not know where to find a better in the same field. He says in his preface, "When I had finished these chapters for which the work was undertaken, I felt that it was essential to my purpose to give an outline of the political history of each colony, in order to present a complete picture of the various communities;" and so he intercalated sundry chapters, tracing briefly, under the head of each colony, the events of its previous history, to lead up, as he seemed to think, to the moment (1765) when he desired to analyze the condition of them all. Then, to cover this perfunctory work, he named his book in a way which completely conceals its real significance.

That there was some "leading up" necessary may be admitted, but it was unfortunately done too obtrusively, though hardly so much so as the misnomer on the back of the book would indicate. In those better chapters which illustrate the points of support of the coming Revolution, which survey the vantage-ground of liberty in the training in manners, thought, and business of the colonies, united but not yet confederated, the author has preserved not a little of just this retrospection, essential to a perfect comprehension of his subject. It may be a question of judgment, though not by any means capable of but a single solution, how much of this "leading up" was necessary. There was still room, certainly, for larger grafts in the essential text, without forcing a new division on the book; and that some such preparatory sketching was desirable is easily

shown. The difference between New England and Virginia in 1765 is doubtless understood better when we contrast the early and eager solicitude of the one to reinforce the ministry by the college, with the rude maxim of the typical Virginian which enjoined him to grow tobacco and damn his soul. We may not admire the whine and cant of Northern conventicles; nor may we esteem, on the other hand, the robust barbarism of the land of turpentine. We must, to be wholly intelligible in such a study, go back and trace to the prerogative party, as championed by Joseph Dudley in Massachusetts, the loyalist fervor which made Tory-Row in Cambridge: but we must equally track the small New England immigration which kept tough Yankee freedom safe in Georgia, and, when the time came, carried it over to the whigs. We must recede a century, surely, if we would comprehend the difference between toleration under Penn and license under Roger Williams, and see how each colony worked out its salvation accordingly. Persecution was no exclusive heritage, and it should be shown. There was the witch delusion in Massachusetts, the negro massacre in New York, Quaker and Baptist enormities in Virginia; and though these several communities had outgrown such barbarisms,

there were traces of the old spirit still, and it needed to be studied.

But the question for the author really was an artistic one. A good book is made as a picture is painted, and should have proportion, perspective, things conspicuous by absence, and things salient and telling. The truth is, Mr. Lodge's book lacks a good deal of these artistic qualities of make-up, and fails by striving for too much. His insignificant but title-giving chapters blur the design. They do not comport with the plan. They show all the faults of the callow dramatist, who crams his plot with incident, instead of vigorously excluding everything which does not tend to advance the story. Not a crowding together of all events of the colonial progress (that is the work of the analyst), but the grouping of epoch-marking ideas and deeds, the selecting of everything tending to evolve the colonial unity, — this was what was wanted to make the retrospective part of the book fit to introduce the grand panorama of the Stamp Act period. As we said in the beginning, the title is a misnomer, and the book wants unity and proportion. It is unfortunate that so much honest work should not have been helped by the construction, and been made prominent by an indicative title.

TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

THE spiritualists have taken heart to a great degree by the accession to their ranks of several men of considerable scientific repute. These men are William Crookes, F. R. S., the discoverer of the radiometer, and the author of a brilliant paper on Radiant Matter; Johann Carl Friedrich Zöllner, professor of physical astronomy at the University of Leipsic, one of the first scientific men to call at-

tention to the photometry of the stars, for which he invented an ingenious photometer; William Edward Weber, professor of physics, and one of the first authorities in the subject of electricity and magnetism; Professor Scheibner, of Leipsic, a mathematician; Gustave Theodore Fechner, professor of physics at Leipsic; and Lord Lindsay, of astronomical fame. These men are certain-

ly notable converts to spiritualism, and one naturally examines with great interest the evidence they give for the faith that is in them. Professor Zöllner comes forward with a book which is entitled *Transcendental Physics*,¹ and presents this evidence to the world. Not only does it require moral courage to take the step which these men have taken, but it also requires a certain moral courage to touch the subject of spiritualism in literature; for the opponents of spiritualism regard the writer who endeavors even to expose its fallacies as one who shows a want of form; and the followers of spiritualism do not emulate the meekness of the early Christians, although desiring to class themselves with them as martyrs to a faith. The rigors of martyrdom have been much softened in these later times, and perhaps we should expect a corresponding absence of humility. It is true that there is a disinclination among scientific men to examine the subject of spiritualism. There are those, however, who regard it the bounden duty of scientific men to explain its phenomena or to give in their adherence to the faith.

We fear that the conversion of these scientific men to spiritualism is calculated to do considerable harm among those who do not weigh evidence carefully and are not in the habit of thinking for themselves. One opens this work of Zöllner with great interest, in the expectation of something substantial and more edifying than the dreary accounts of table-tippings, and the insane conversations of great men who, entering into a Nirvana, have apparently forgotten all they learned in this world, and have nothing better to do than to move chamber furniture. One hopes that no reference will be made to materializations of unhealthy and puffy spirit hands, — to the spirit of Colonel

Smith, who has a *penchant* for getting under card-tables, and suddenly trundling them off. Unfortunately, this hope is not realized, and we must relegate this work on *Transcendental Physics* to the limbo where we have consigned the physico-physiological researches of Baron Reichenbach. One rises from its perusal with a feeling of sorrow. Is there anything in this book which purifies the heart? No. Is there anything which elevates the mind? No. Does the intellectual faculty grow keener by reading it? No. Why, then, should one spend time in discussing it? Simply because it is calculated to do harm from the weight of authority of the scientific men who support the utterances in the book, and because it is an evidence of certain psychological states of mind.

Zöllner's investigations begin with a coloring of scientific reasoning. He discovers that the habitat of the spirits is the fourth dimension in space. We say to ourselves, "Come on, this is interesting. In common with the rest of the world, the non-come-at-able has great charms for us too." In an interesting preamble which leads us to expect more, he explains what might possibly be done by beings who have the sense, so to speak, of the fourth dimension in space; who are able to conceive of motions in a realm shut to ordinary mortals. Place a string in the form of a circle on a table: a being who had the sense of but one dimension in space, who could move only on a plane like that of the table, could not straighten this string save by movements in the plane of the table, and could not conceive of beings like ourselves who could straighten the string by simply lifting it by one end, perpendicularly to the table. Following the same train of reasoning with respect to a complicated knot, beings like ourselves cannot untie a knot, except by move-

¹ *Transcendental Physics*. An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZÖLLNER.

NER. Translated from the German by CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY. London: W. H. Harrison. 1880.

ments in three dimensions, whereas beings with the sense of four dimensions could untie a knot as simply as we straighten the string which lies in a circle on the table.

This is interesting and suggestive, and we look for more, but are woefully disappointed. The scientific gloss has been given, and it is very thin. There may be beings who have this ability to work in four dimensions, or in n dimensions; perchance there are inhabitants beneath the fiery envelope of the sun; or gnomes beneath the crust of the earth. These suppositions appeal to an audience of children rather than to full-grown men. The rest of the book is made up of accounts of the usual spiritualistic manifestations, *bouleversement* of furniture, platitudes upon slates, raps under tables and behind tables, untying knots, appearance of pale, olive-green hands, penetration of wooden rings through wood, and so on, with a jargon of commentary colored by metaphysics. We ask ourselves involuntarily, Why do the lucubrations of spiritualists have such a strange likeness to each other, an unhealthy thinness, a nightmare atmosphere born of indigestion? Why is it that spiritualism never advances beyond pandering to the wonder element of mankind, and never builds a foundation? The reason for these peculiarities must be sought in the science of psychology.

In a company of ten one can often find one or two who can be carried out of themselves, so to speak, by the emphasis and force of conviction of one man. We know how a person of certain attributes can carry an audience with him even to the point of persuading men to believe what their calmer sense tells them to be untrue. We do not call in spirits to account for this action of man on man. We call it animal magnetism, which means simply that this action is a mystery, but does not imply that there is any resemblance between this impression of man on man and the attraction

of two magnets. It is evident that the scientific way of investigating this impression of man on man is by the study of the human mind. This study builds up the science of psychology, and when a peculiar action of the brain is once analyzed and understood, it takes its place among the accumulations of our knowledge, and can be verified at any time. By the addition of fact to fact and experiment to experiment all human knowledge advances. Whenever a new science arises we apply a criterion to it, — the capability of having its facts verified; and if it does not satisfy this criterion we are forced to conclude that it is not a science. Spiritualism makes no addition to our knowledge; for it does not satisfy the above criterion. It is not logical to call in the aid of spirits to account for phenomena which may be peculiar states of mental action, or the impression of the nerve centres of one person by those of another. The first step is to study mental action. Our ignorance of the functions of our brains alone should make us reject spiritualism for the present: we have yet no bridge across this chasm of mystery, and we need no piers at present in spirit land.

The accession of scientific men to spiritualism counts for nothing, since scientific men can be deluded as well as other men. The faculty of being impressed by a person with certain attributes can reside in them as well as in untrained minds. Eminent jurists have joined the ranks of the spiritualists, and have been foremost in believing what we have set forth as having no criterion of truth. Their acumen while upon the bench is laid aside under the action of different mental states. Therefore the complaint of scientific men that they do not investigate spiritualism is a petulant one. Is a physicist or a chemist necessarily a student of mental phenomena? What fits a scientific man, who is not a psychologist, for the study of spiritualism? Certainly nothing but a trained

skepticism : and this skepticism exerted in one direction may tend to make him overlook the peculiar mental conditions which have not been brought to his attention during his life-time of study in physics and mathematics. The spiritualist points to Zöllner, Weber, Fechner, and Crookes, and asks, Are these men not brilliant men in science? Are they not trained observers? Are they not eminently well qualified to judge of the best conditions for experiment? In the same breath he answers the skeptical scientist thus : "Scientific men are unfitted to investigate spiritualistic phenomena, for they are unwilling to put themselves into a receptive attitude; they desire to judge of a new class of appearances, which require peculiar treatment, by old so-called scientific methods, which are utterly inadequate to cope with the new facts." Thus we are asked to respect the authority of scientific men when they believe in spiritualism and do not employ scientific methods, and to discredit it when really scientific methods are applied. Truly this argument is a two-edged sword!

Spiritualism starts with assumption, reasons upon assumptions, and ends with assumptions. Some one has said that a belief in spiritualism adds a new terror to death. Certainly none of us desire to be set at table-tipping, or to be at the beck of ignorant mediums, in an after state. On the other hand, we earnestly desire to be the pioneers in our search for knowledge. If there is any new manifestation of energy, any so-called force between man and man, we wish to be among the first to investigate it. How shall we train ourselves for our new quest? Simply by forgetting the old adage, "Knowledge is power," and by reducing the mind to a blank in order that the spirits may play their pranks along paths of no resistance. Here the psychologist must answer the questions, How far can the equilibrium of the mind be shaken, and

yet allow of a return to reason? What corresponds in the mind to the state of elasticity of metals? How far can we play the imbecile before the permanent set takes place? You "do not require any preparation to become the medium of spiritualistic phenomena," replies the spiritualist; it is an inborn receptivity. It is not true that you bring more to that land of mystery than the land brings to you. Ignorance is better than so-called knowledge; for the knowledge of the world is misleading when a new order of facts is to be interpreted. To this point thus speaks Mr. Massey, the editor of *Transcendental Physics*: "We do not know all the conditions under which anything is said to have occurred; we cannot properly speak of it as opposed to our experience. We do not know which of the circumstances attending even the most familiar facts of experience are conditions, and which are entirely irrelevant. Transport yourself to an imagined infancy of experience, and you could not predict from the fact that fire had burned you in one place or time that it would burn you in another." True, we reply; but how do we rise from this infancy of experience, this blank of the mind? We educate ourselves and learn to distinguish between the true and the false by exertion, not by remaining passive in order to allow the indefinite to stream through us.

When the mind of man is better understood, perhaps we shall perceive that what we call spiritualism must necessarily exist. In the progress of development the brutish past forms a superstitious horizon, where we relegate all that strikes us as mysterious in our environment. On that horizon is the shrine of spiritualism, and the love of the supernatural bids us minister there. Man must have a limbo for the unexplained, and the mind, imperfectly comprehending its own phenomena, naturally imputes to outside influences what it is not ready to recognize as its own action.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I SUPPOSE I express the feeling of hundreds of your readers in saying that I was intensely interested in Mr. Richard Grant White's article On the Acting of Iago; nay, more, — that I was absorbed and fascinated by it. One might search the magazines for a year without discovering a more brilliant essay on any subject. And with the substance of most of it I heartily agree. Iago's outer personality is depicted with vivid justness; and Mr. White's argument amounts to exact demonstration when he shows how essential the Venetian's frank and winning manners were to the accomplishment of his schemes, and therefore how faulty is the performance which makes his hypocrisy apparent, and deprives him of his peculiar power of gaining and inspiring confidence. *Per contra*, Mr. White's analysis of Iago's inner nature seems to me so grossly incorrect that I can account for its existence only upon the theory that he allowed a desire to complete his own clever parallel between Iago and the selfish modern society man to run away with him, and to "seel" his "eyes up, close as oak," to what is plainly written on the poet's page. Upon this part of his theme, naturally, he does not argue at all, condescends to cite neither chapter nor verse, and contents himself with straightforward and, as I think, unverified assertions.

Mr. White's propositions with regard to Iago's character are in substance these: that he is a "heartless," "selfish," "cold blooded," "unprincipled," "good-natured," "utterly unscrupulous scoundrel;" but that he is *not* "malicious" or spontaneously "malignant," and, by implication, has *not* a "soul full of hatred." In one place Mr. White says that Iago shows "no disposition to malice, or even to needless mischief;"

in another that "he had no inclination to do harm to any one;" and in still another that he had "no special preference for wrong-doing." Mr. White finds that all of Iago's villainy springs from selfishness, pure and simple, working itself out in a nature absolutely unscrupulous, and having "for right and wrong in themselves neither like nor dislike." In opposition to this ingenious theory I assert that Iago was malevolent, malignant, and exceedingly malicious; that his soul was full of envy, cruelty, and hatred; and that, while supremely selfish and scheming always in the first instance for his own advantage, he took intense delight in evil and evil-doing for their own sake.

When Mr. White applies his theory of Iago's moral constitution to Iago's conduct, the theory goes to pieces at once on the rocks of the dramatist's text. Let us see if it does not. Mr. White says, Iago's "main purpose, indeed his only real purpose, was to ruin Cassio and get his place:" and this extraordinary statement is the real key-stone of his comment on the plot. In the first of the soliloquies Iago, direct as always when talking to himself, goes straight to the central truth. And what is his foremost word?

"I hate the Moor;

And [not *for*, observe] it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, *for mere suspicion in that kind,*
Will do as if for surety."

Could the spirit of malignancy be more perfectly uttered than in the words which are in italics? But go farther in the speech, and trace the working of Iago's mind: —

"Let me see now;

To get his [Cassio's] place *and* to plume up my
will
In double knavery."

That is to say, to secure my own pro-

motion and to accomplish my will to injure Othello. And soon after, in his second soliloquy, he returns to the same idea in the words, —

"The Moor, — howbeit that I endure him not,"
etc.

Both before and afterward in his talks with Roderigo he shows his hatred for Othello, assigning his non-promotion as the cause, but by his intensity plainly indicating other reasons. Just how far Iago believed that his wife had played the wanton with Othello, and just how much he was moved by his belief, it would be hard to say. But Mr. White's comment is quite inadequate and misleading: "He did not quite like it, for some unexplained reason, that there was reason to suspect his wife with Othello." (Let me say, in passing, that Shakespeare nowhere says or implies that there was "reason to suspect" Emilia of infidelity.) But see how Iago utters his "not quite liking it: " —

— "the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my in-
wards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife.
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure."

In the whole of the great soliloquy from which the above quotation is made the getting of the lieutenantancy is only once mentioned, and then indirectly: gratification of his hatred and his desire for revenge is the mainspring of his purpose. His particular disappointment may have struck the spark, but the magazine had been stored and the train laid long before, and some other occasion would have served the same end. Mr. White's inability to account for Iago's "not quite liking" the idea of his wife's unfaithfulness is of a piece with his unphilosophical view of Iago's nature. But rightly viewed, how simple it all is! A cynical, selfish, and malevolent nature is almost always furiously jealous and envious. And this is just Iago's case: he

knows his own wickedness, and therefore suspects every one; he does not care theoretically for any woman's purity, but the idea that any one should get an advantage over *him* fills him with rage; he hates so easily that "mere suspicion in this kind" serves for "surety," and with such absurd eagerness that he "fears Cassio with" his "nightcap too." Moreover, in obedience to the great law of life, he detests those whom he sees, in spite of his cynicism, to be of a noble strain.

It is as plain as can be that Iago's hatred of Othello is rooted in a consciousness of the Moor's moral superiority; the two ideas are constantly coupled in the text. Even Cassio he dislikes principally because of the Florentine's fair nature: —

"If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly."

(Act V. Scene 1.)

Desdemona's virtue he rejoices to "turn into pitch," and "out of her goodness" to "make the net that shall enmesh them all." Roderigo, a man of no moral worth, as well as of no force, he does not condescend to hate.

But it is especially in his maliciousness that Iago shows his true spirit. Instead of "having no inclination to harm any one," he plunges into the doing of injury with the intensest relish. It seems almost absurd to verify this statement by quotation, for Iago's speeches and actions are literally saturated with malice. But a few citations will not be amiss. Hear a bit of his dialogue with Roderigo, as he moves that foolish youth to set the story of Othello's elopement afloat: —

"Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him [that is, Othello]: make after him, poison his delight.
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As it may lose some color.

Roderigo. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous cities."

In the scene with Brabantio, which follows, Iago runs the serious risk of discovery for the purpose merely of torturing the senator, and addresses himself to the business with the keenest gusto, his own intervention being in no way material to his schemes. In his practice upon Othello and Desdemona, with all his hypocritical smoothness, he shows the same passionate maliciousness over and over again; and the badgering of Roderigo he evidently looks upon in the light of a comforting recreation.

If I am right in my view of Iago's character, the impersonation of the part is more difficult than Mr. White admits. For the actor is bound not only to show how Iago appeared to others, but what he actually was. Through the soliloquies and asides the deeper malevolence of Iago's nature is to be displayed, and while the actor follows Mr. White's admirable advice as to his bearing toward the other persons of the drama, he should lose none of the countless chances of speech and action to exhibit Iago's intense, satanic maliciousness. Our performers have erred, no doubt, in dwelling upon one half of the truth, but it will be unfortunate if they run to the opposite extreme, and represent the man as other than the great lover and promoter of evil whom Shakespeare has drawn. Mr. Booth, in my judgment, comes very near the just and desirable mean.

— Among the Russian exiles in the mines of Siberia about the year 1848 was one young man who accepted his lot and its terrible surroundings with an admirable courage. He did the labor, ate the poor fare, and dragged the chain of the galley-slave in the daily companionship of ordinary criminals, assassins, incendiaries, and villains of the worst sort.

Instead of avoiding these miserable beings, he observed them with a powerful penetration, which was yet so tender and so patient that it made its way into the darkest places of their hearts. What he there found confirmed in him the convictions and ideas for whose sake he was in bondage with them; and the thrill of hope for Russia felt in these moral discoveries recompensed him for the physical degradation and suffering of his exile.

Thirty years later came to this convict's widow the sympathetic message of Alexander II., granting to her a life pension and to her children education by the state, in return for the invaluable treasure of her husband's life work; and she read through her tears the reverent greeting of the grand duke, now Alexander III., and from the younger grandsons of the Czar Nicolas this eloquent tribute:—

"We compassionate with our whole hearts the sorrowful loss that has befallen you. We knew your husband personally, and we have always appreciated his grand powers, his heart so filled with love for his country and his neighbor, and the salutary influence he has exercised. We share deeply in the universal mourning, and we comprehend the grandeur of this loss. May God sustain you in your profound affliction.

"SERGE.
PAUL."

In the year 1845, a young man, hardly more than a boy, sought out an eminent editor of St. Petersburg, M. Nekassoff, to whom he timidly offered for publication a manuscript novel entitled *The Poor People*.

The celebrated critic Bielinsky, to whom the manuscript was in turn submitted, took it up with the usual coldness of a much-manuscripted man, but was electrified by its power and originality, and pronounced it a masterpiece, the work not of an imitator but of an independent student and lover of the great

Gogol. To the small but gifted literary circle of St. Petersburg then grouped around Bielinsky belonged the brilliant editor Nekassoff and M. Dimitri Grigorovitch, author of *Anton Goremika* and *Ribaki*, which graphically picture the life of the Russian lower classes. These young writers sat up all night reading *The Poor People* together, and were so carried away by the generous enthusiasm it excited that they ran at day-break to the young author's lodgings and wakened him in his bed to give him instantly their testimony of admiration. Thus delightfully came to Théodore Dostoïevsky the first greetings of a fame and love which, keeping pace with his labors, has been commensurate with his splendid desert.

The day of the publication of *The Poor People* — written when Dostoïevsky was only twenty-three years old — the author's name flashed through Russia. Everybody was asking who, what, and where this Dostoïevsky was. He was young, surely, for the book was hot with a fervor which belongs only to youth. But its theme, the history of the struggling lives of a group of poor people, such as nineteen years later Victor Hugo classed under the name, henceforth generic, of *Les Misérables*, was this the theme a young man would choose? And its wonderfully tender and calmly resolute vindication of the rights of the humble and disinherited of earth had the authority and the courage of ripe experience. The emotion excited by this book was the grander because of the benumbing surveillance sitting like the Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of Russian literature, lest sentiments already suspected of wide germination in Russian minds should get to the surface and develop into organization.

But he who could thus agitate Russia's repressed thought was a marked man.

Three years passed, and in them ap-

peared three more novels from Dostoïevsky's pen; then the young author was arrested on the charge of complicity with Petroshevsky in the revolutionary "plot" of 1848.

It is now well established that this plot was in reality nothing worse than the meeting of a considerable number of young men who dreamed and talked over social reforms which should as a matter of course entirely regenerate Russia by the simple process of eliminating all elements adverse to her moral progress. Petroshevsky, principally by reason of the strong personal attraction felt by all who approached him, was the natural centre of this group; and even if he advocated or would have carried into effect rash and dangerous measures, his adherents stopped at the point of passionately desiring a better order of things, and of innocently experimenting toward the good end. Nevertheless, Dostoïevsky, who was among these guileless enthusiasts, was condemned, with more than thirty others, to death; and only at the last moment, and in sight of the pillars where the condemned were to be bound for execution, was his sentence commuted to hard labor.

During four years of the prime of his early manhood he endured the slavery of the Siberian mines. Then, passing into the category of the simply deported, he was permitted to enter the military service, and was enrolled in the local body of troops then known as the Battalion of the Line, in which he served wearing the uniform of a common foot soldier until the opening of Alexander II.'s reign. He was finally promoted to be an officer, and a little later allowed to retire, with authorization to return to European Russia, but to remain exclusively at Tver. Early in 1860 this last restriction was removed, and he was free, after twelve years of exile, to return to St. Petersburg.

The restriction laid on his literary activity had been lifted in 1856, and his

work entitled *One Resuscitated* had appeared, followed by *The Uncle's Dream*, *The Manor of Stepantchikovo* and its *Inmates*, and other writings of minor importance. It was known that he had brought from the mines the terrible evil of epilepsy, and it was feared that his rare creative faculty had succumbed to the half paralysis of his physical and mental tortures. Under the shadow of these sympathetic apprehensions the exile arrived in St. Petersburg; and just when the splendid announcement that twenty-two million serfs were set free was kindling every patriotic Russian's heart with the most ardent hope for his country's future, Dostoevsky felt the silent but powerful rush of new currents in the life channels of his thought. The next year, in connection with his brother Michael, he started a monthly review entitled *The Times*. At that time the literary impulse of St. Petersburg was imitative, and especially imitative of English characteristics. Michael Katkoff led this movement at the head of his review, *The Russian Messenger*. Yet Gogol's *Dead Souls* had shown that wit, humor, satire, and the subtle power which welds these weapons into one keen edge could be genuinely Russian; and Turgenieff's strong, gloomy, but suggestive *Fathers and Sons* (first published in 1861) is so Russian as to evade English translation.

Another key was struck in the programme of *The Times*. Dostoevsky adopted a simple formula. The soil, he said, must first be understood, in order to know how to build anything solid upon it. He resisted the popular current mightily. He affirmed that if Russians, with their marked and diverse characteristics, their distinct and ineradicable peculiarities, were ever to attain the higher individual development which results in national coherence and progress, it must be first through the study

of Russia and Russians; and that from this study no time could at this epoch be spared for the imitation of foreign literatures, or for reflection upon evils and reforms which did not touch, and could afford neither inspiration nor relief in the grave questions that concerned Russia's future.

In the midst of hot discussions provoked by this new doctrine appeared, close upon each other, blow upon blow, *The Misunderstood* and *Prison Memories*, books which will remain the most perfect and permanent of Dostoevsky's works.¹

Russians have not yet forgotten the emotion produced by these two new creations of the author of *The Poor People*. It was the unexpected and glorious fulfillment of the promise of his youth. These works were a touching and sublime proof that while in the gloomy school of the Siberian mines Dostoevsky had hardly observed his own sufferings, as they silently took their abiding hold upon his life, so deeply had he been engrossed in studying the sources and causes of human misery; and he had come forth, not to move the public with eloquent repinings, but to show Russians to themselves, in pictures so startling and by an appeal so powerful as to stir the dullest comprehension, and galvanize the slenderest moral purpose. Russia had indeed a great genius and a courageous champion. And still this Great-Heart of the weak and the oppressed did not urge resistance or violent redress. He sought to convince, as an advocate pleading with a jury whom he believes ill-informed and prejudiced, but whose desire for justice he will not doubt.

He held his immense audience with irresistible power while the curtain rose upon the darkest scenes enacted on the stage of Russian history; and while the heart quivered and the imagination

¹ So far as we are aware, only one of Dostoevsky's novels has appeared in English translation,

Buried Alive, or Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia. (New York: Henry Holt & Co.)

shrank, the same curtain rose on the possible transformation for which he labored. In this advocacy, so burning yet so calm, so patient yet so unhesitating, Dostoevsky differed essentially from all who felt and labored in the same cause with him; by it he gained the mighty moral influence which he exercised during twenty years over a society composed of the most irreconcilable elements; for the social turmoil in Russia, if not well understood, is certainly widely known. His novel *Crime and Punishment* added yet new lustre to the author's fame.

"This terrible and heart-rending epopee of the intellectual proletariat of Russia," says a leading St. Petersburg journal, "stirred up all hearts from their depths. By a singular coincidence, in studying attentively the moral surroundings of the characters in his new novel, Dostoevsky foreshadowed the possibility of a crime which some months later was actually committed, under circumstances almost entirely analogous to those he had described. The chapters telling of the murder of a usurer by Raskolnikoff appeared in *The Russian Messenger* just as the details of the murder of a usurer in Moscow by a student named Danieloff became known to justice. The coincidence was so striking that the publication of the novel was checked for some months, until it had been positively ascertained that the last chapters published were yet in the hands of the editors as manuscript at the time the crime actually occurred."

In the full tide of success, *The Times* was suppressed for its publication of an article upon the Polish question. Dostoevsky started *The Epoch* in its stead, with the same editorial staff, but was obliged to suspend because of the death of his brother Michael, whose affairs were found in a bad condition. The novelist assumed the liquidation of his brother's debts, and from this date published most of his works in the *Russian*

Messenger, which, having abandoned its previous policy, now sought for great names.

The Gamester, *The Idiot*, and *The Demons*, somewhat less coherent than his earlier novels, but of unabated power, appeared successively in *The Russian Messenger*. In *The Demons*, Dostoevsky put in action a whole group of young conspirators, and the universal comment was, "Oh, how improbable!" But a few months afterward the legal proceedings in a celebrated case revealed the actual existence of just such a group. For many reasons the author could never have visited this coterie; he had literally divined its existence by the alchemy of his thorough knowledge of the elements at work.

His next book appeared in *The National Annals*. Then came the events of 1876-77. Sharing in both the agitation and enthusiasm of the time, Dostoevsky, desiring to speak with entire freedom, founded his unique periodical, *The Diary of a Writer*, a publication written wholly by himself. Its success, deemed so problematical, surpassed not only the public's but the founder's expectation. These serious, fervid monologues, which had the peculiar charm of appearing to be, as in the deepest sense they were, personally addressed to the individual reader, were eagerly sought for. In them Dostoevsky said the hardest things with an immovable conviction of having the right to speak them, which held the attention and commanded the reflection of those who liked them least.

He continued to issue this periodical for two years, during the second year occupying himself more particularly in battling with the propaganda of the revolutionary party; and in this struggle he was indeed grand, deliberately risking his moral ascendancy over young Russia, which so ardently loved him. Believing in the reforms they desired with an earnestness that transcended theirs,

he could not approve their methods, and there was a quality in the passionate sincerity of his words which made them insusceptible of other than his own interpretation. It seemed that he could not be misunderstood, and instead of being estranged by his unswerving fidelity to conviction, the youth of Russia attached themselves more and more to the man who did not withhold from them the sharpest truths. He relates a little incident, showing the perfectness of this relation, which deeply touched him. In 1879 a pamphlet attacking Russian students of both sexes appeared in Central Russia. It was written with energy and sarcasm, and caused a great sensation, resulting in a furious polemic. A great portion of the press seemed disposed to defend the students. But it was not to the papers that the students looked for their defense; by one impulse they turned to Dostoevsky. "I cannot defend you," said Dostoevsky to their appeal. "In this *brochure* there are absurd calumnies, intermixed with incontestable truth. In refuting what is false I should be obliged to admit that the rest was true, and this would do you more harm than the brochure itself."

"That is true, Théodore Michaelovitch!" exclaimed the students.

Some months after, when Dostoevsky took part in a public reading, he became the object of the warmest ovation from a body of these same students, who crowded around him with every mark of veneration, confidence, and affection.

The Diary of a Writer was temporarily neglected that he might complete *The Karamasoff Brothers*. Afterward he went to Moscow (in which city he was born, October 30, 1821), to take part in the fêtes to the memory of Pushkine. He delivered a noble oration, and received warm demonstrations of the public love. Yet he had in no wise disarmed his adversaries. His exceptional ascen-

dency over the Russian public did not mean an equally universal acquiescence in his ideas, and it is probable that the reappearance of *The Diary of a Writer* would have intensified the contest. But only one number of this republication has appeared, and it will have no successor.

There is in St. Petersburg a little narrow street, famous because of one modest dwelling, with the way to whose threshold the feet of all young Russia have long been familiar, and which no Russian, young or old, of whatsoever distinction, party, or opinion, has touched but with venerating thoughts. It is the home of Théodore Dostoevsky. Here, after the triumphs of last summer, his popularity deepening under tests which had seemed seriously to threaten it, life began for the first time to appear to him in itself sweet and desirable. His championship of truth had risen to a pedestal where none assailed it. His wife and his little son and daughter were with him, his work opened freshly before him, his financial situation was less difficult, and the future seemed to smile on the man whose existence had hitherto been one of constant suffering. But the exile and hard labor in youth, the battle and the poverty in ripe years, epilepsy with its consequent acute physical distresses, — these, no public love, no private peace, no smile of fortune, could undo.

The sudden rupture of an artery in the lungs was followed by copious hæmorrhages. These, alternating with apparent improvements, lasted four days, and then, on the evening of Wednesday, January 28 (February 9), 1881, he died, sinking away softly and without agony.

The news of Dostoevsky's death electrified the Russian public. It had happened almost without being observed. Early the next morning the room where his body lay — august with the scars of the convict's chain and the enfeebling rig-

ors of slavery — was filled with people. Drawn from the most divergent circles of thought and condition, the throng grew, till not only the house but the whole street was packed, and by evening the press had become so great that the lamps went out for lack of air. Between the hours of seven and nine that night more than six thousand people — among them the highest public functionaries, *littérateurs*, artists, and celebrities of all grades and views — had saluted in common lamentation the mortal remains of this beloved Russian.

— The authorities connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have set about making a collection of costumes for the use of art students and artists generally. They started with the costumes of the "olden times" in New England, and by a system of diligent inquiry, aided by voluntary contributions, which have begun and are most likely to continue, they expect to make a very valuable and, eventually, nearly complete collection. The idea was suggested by resident artists who desired to paint historical *genre* illustrative of events and home life in old New England, and who had met with the greatest difficulty in procuring trustworthy information upon the details of the costumes worn in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and the first years of the present century. The complaint among figure-painters in America, that historical and legendary motifs are practically inaccessible on account of the extreme difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the necessary details, is very general, and the fact has undoubtedly deterred capable and ambitious artists from attempting to delineate such subjects. The assistance that can be furnished only by the testimony of accessories — whether original and authentic or accurate reproductions — is precisely what the committee hope to be the means of providing. They intend to collect whatever they can in the way of old costumes, or even the

smallest parts of old costumes, beginning as far back as possible, and to select the most desirable for exhibition and use in the life classes. It is proposed to place them at the disposal of artists, under proper restrictions, and to make such a display of the articles as will best interest visitors. In the neighborhood of those localities in Massachusetts which were first settled there are many families who treasure among their heir-looms parts of costumes or bits of embroidery dating back two centuries, and efforts will be made to secure the loan of them, if they cannot be bought.

At the same time the committee are at work in another direction, which from the very beginning has been fertile in valuable results. In connection with the school a course of lectures upon Greek costumes was given in Boston last winter, and the costumes, made according to the most trustworthy data, became the property of the Museum. This plan is to be followed out until a study has been made of the costumes of all nations. The white costume worn by *Œdipus*, in the Greek play performed at Harvard, in May, was loaned from this collection. In continuing the study of Greek and Roman costumes, attention will not be confined to the costumes of any particular class or sex. The soldiers, gladiators, and slaves, the poorest as well as the most opulent and honored citizens, will be carefully studied, and the costumes prescribed for the different stations and occupations in life will all be reproduced and retained as the property of the Museum. When completed it will be such a collection as does not now exist either in this country or abroad. Any art school, or persons who are sufficiently interested, will be privileged to duplicate what has already been done in part or whole, and every facility will undoubtedly be afforded those who apply.

— I was talking, the other day, with a literary man about novels of the old

school, notably Miss Burney's. Can anybody read them now? Yet look at the popularity they had in their day, the encomiums Dr. Johnson growled over them, the flutter they created in London; and to-day they are crude and dull. Miss Austen's admirers are dying out, too, though I remember the late Mr. Edmund Quincy once saying to me that he measured the mental status of any new acquaintance by asking if he liked Miss Austen's novels; if he did not, he was put out of Mr. Quincy's good graces instantly. To me the strong mannerism of the stories is unpleasant; character is subtly drawn and situations are sharply painted, but there is a repetition of phrase, a sort of verbal monotony, that deprives the narrations of sparkle, vivacity, life-likeness.

— Borrowing the ring of Canace for a little while, the other day, I obtained, through its magic agency, much curious gossip afloat in the feathered world. Among other results of my eavesdropping, I ascertained that every winged creature, from the eagle to the titmouse, has strong convictions on the subject of fire-arms and the posterity of Nimrod. I was not so much surprised at this information, since it completely tallied with all my previous observations and surmises. Had I not frequently noted the hysterical outcry of my old friend, the robin, at the report of some marksman's pistol, not so very close at hand, and certainly not in itself a more ominous sound than many constantly occurring in the neighborhood? The rambler who carries a field-glass with him, and uses it in pursuance of a closer acquaintance with the birds, may have observed that he becomes the object of universal suspicion. They doubtless imagine he is leveling some new destructive patent at their silly heads, — the tradition of the "optic glass" being slow to obtain against the older tradition of the shot-gun. Disarming his eye of the offensive instrument, he is fre-

quently permitted to push his investigations much more familiarly and successfully. It is a well-known fact that sportsmen, when in the vicinity of a covey, keep their guns out of sight until the moment of requisition, a fact which would indicate a precocious intelligence and wariness in the bird's-eye view of the situation.

In this connection, I recently heard of a very ingenious hunting strategy. It was a "wild goose chase," — one, however, that succeeded. A certain farmer saw a splendid specimen of the anserine family in the border of his wheat-field, and resolved to secure the prize. His method of procedure was novel and suggestive: instead of calling up his yeomen, unleashing the pack, or setting the falcon free, the man took his gun, went through the barn-yard, and drove his cattle out into the lane close to the field of enterprise, himself walking among them. The bird was not afraid of the cattle, and did not perceive the man. The artifice was successful, and ultimately the commodore of many autumnal migrations, suspended by his glossy neck at the market door, became the wonder and admiration of the village.

If the birds have not this tradition of fire-arms among them, are not suspicious of sporting proclivities in every member of the human family, why should they not manifest the same distrust and shyness in their associations with the cow and the horse and other large animals? It is plain that the bird of the air is on terms of exceptional confidence with the beast of the field. I can readily believe the somewhat apocryphal story Herodotus tells of the amiable and obliging conduct of the trochilus towards the crocodile; also the modern traveler's story about the little bird in the African jungle that warns his leonine friend of the hunter's approach. Elsewhere I read significant testimony in the account of a traveler who had

penetrated to a portion of the Ethiopian interior which, it was believed, had never before been visited by man. He found the birds and other small animals, usually accredited with a large share of cautionary instinct, absolutely without fear of the new arrival.

I fancy, if bird-shooting were to become a lost sport, that an Orpheus of quite indifferent musical accomplishment would be able to gather the birds about him. When the kingdom of Arcadia comes (as in that virginal, mid-African region), there will be no fear of the fowler or of the trapper.

— It is hard for lovers of domestic animals, dogs and horses especially, to believe that there is no future life for creatures found capable of being made companions of by man in a very real though imperfect way. If their existence end with their short span on earth, there seems something in their lot that does not exactly square with our ideas of just dealing towards them. It is sad to think there is no compensation in store for the trials of their dependent condition. Dogs and horses have too much genuine sensibility for the human superior who pretends to sensibility himself to acquiesce in the notion that they are created solely for his use and pleasure, and have no rights that he is bound to respect. But it may be that with some of us this is the deepest source of our kindness of feeling to our dogs and horses. If there is to be nothing beyond for them, we say, let us at least do what we can to render their poor brief lives here happy. And it is for this reason that I am often troubled on their account; where there is so much sensibility I wish there were more intelligence, for it is really impossible at times to avoid hurting a good dog's feelings for want of a better mode of communication between us.

Those who have made dogs their intimates must have noted the marked individuality to be found in them, which

seems one of the arguments in favor of their possible evolution into higher existences. There is my friend Roderick: he is like a man of whom we say that he will be a boy all his life, if he lives to be eighty. There is an incurable childishness of nature in him: a simple, merry, affectionate, slightly stupid boy he will be to the end of his days. In contrast with him was a dog I once owned. It may seem specially absurd to associate dignity with a small Skye terrier, yet this terrier's chief characteristic was his personal dignity; and to remark upon his intelligence in his presence, as implying that he could be without it, would have seemed almost as much of an insult as to speak thus of any gentleman of my acquaintance. Buck was without exception the most thorough little aristocrat imaginable. He was never known to provide against possible hard times of scanty fare by burying the bones of to-day's dinner; in the absence of his family he refused to console himself with the company of servants; he disdained the fellowship of plebeian canines altogether. There was always in his carriage the unmistakable *air noble*; a tinge of reserve marked his manner with strangers, while with his friends he was affable and cordial; but it was only in the family circle that he ever relaxed into genial joviality of intercourse. It was impossible for Buck to commit a *gaucherie*; his *savoir faire* was perfect. His pride was his only fault; though it kept him from low associates, at the mere sight of whom indeed his tail curled high with contempt, there is no doubt that with him it was a virtue in excess, leading him sometimes to despise the proffered friendship of a worthy animal against whom there was nothing but the lack of a pedigree as clearly traceable as was the little gentleman's own. Another dear dog friend was my lamented Colin, who possessed an individuality as distinct, although less easily describable.

Refined to the tips of his paws, his refinement was less the result of birth and breeding than the flower of native sensibility; he was above all things a dog of sentiment, as one look into his large melancholy brown eyes would reveal to the discriminating observer. He was a beautiful creature, but entirely without pride; of a sensitive, loving nature, devoted to his family, but extremely shy of strangers. Buck, although far too dignified to pick quarrels, was always prompt to maintain his honor against the greatest odds, and when hostilities seemed imminent, head and legs would grow fairly rigid with proud determination; but Colin, though sufficiently courageous, and even a fierce combatant when driven to engage, decidedly preferred peace if possible.

No words could have told more plainly than his conduct the distress and struggle of mind he underwent on one occasion, when another dog of ours with whom Colin had lived from puppyhood was being punished for the crime of chicken-killing. The offender, Fritz, was a handsome, fascinatingly saucy, but

unintelligent Spitz, a perfect devil-may-care of a chap. He was being severely castigated, but the scamp was tough in body and mind, and it took a good deal to draw a cry from him. Poor Colin hovered about the scene in an agony, yet compelled to remain a miserable spectator, until at last Fritz uttered a howl of pain, when Colin, unable to endure the sight of his comrade's suffering any longer, made a frenzied dash at the leg of his beloved master and tore his trouser through to the leather of the boot beneath; then, overwhelmed with the sense of what he had been impelled to do, he fled in despair, and did not reappear till nightfall. The incorrigible Fritz meanwhile, reckless of disgrace, and forgetful of his pain the moment he was released, betook himself unconcernedly to his usual sports, wondering a little, it may be, what had become of his mate. They were an incongruous pair to be chums, certainly, but that the gentle Colin was fond of such a ne'er-do-weel as Fritz proves the power of the habit of early friendship among dogs as among men.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The first volume of *L'Art* for 1881 (New York: J. W. Bouton) deepens the impression which the perusal of the separate numbers must have produced on the reader: that *L'Art* is quite without a rival in its own kind. The excellence and variety of its engravings and etchings are admirably supplemented by the letter-press. — Perhaps the next best thing to visiting the Paris Salon of 1881 is the privilege of examining the Illustrated Catalogue, edited by M. Dumas, and obtainable in this country at Mr. J. W. Bouton's, No. 706 Broadway, New York. The Catalogue is a handsomely printed volume of three hundred and fifty pages, and contains about three hundred and eighty reproductions in *fac-simile* after the original drawings of the artists represented. The work is sold at \$1.25 per copy, but the American publisher fairly warns the public that the price may be increased after the closing of the Salon. — The ninth part of M. Racinet's *Le Costume Histo-*

rique is especially rich in its colored engravings. Too much praise cannot be given to the plates illustrating the Venetian costumes of the latter half of the sixteenth century and the Japanese costumes of the present period. Among the valuable things in the letter-press is an interesting and careful description of a Pompeian house. (J. W. Bouton.) — The American Art Review for July (Estes & Lauriat) is an admirable number of that magazine. The publication deserves the warmest encouragement of all who are interested in art matters.

Education. Algebra for Schools and Colleges, by Simon Newcomb, Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, forms the third volume of Newcomb's Mathematical Series. (Henry Holt & Co.) The line of study marked out by the author does not differ in essential respects from that pursued at our leading preparatory schools and colleges. The student who masters both divisions of

this work, the Elementary Course and the Advanced Course, will find himself well prepared to undertake the most difficult branches of the science under consideration. — Under the general title of School Classics, Clark and Maynard are issuing a carefully edited series of little pamphlets containing selections from the best English poets and prose writers. These books are designed for supplementary reading, and are admirably adapted for the purpose, the text of each author being intelligently annotated, and the derivation of all the most difficult words given. Among the writers represented in the seventeen parts already published are Byron, Milton, Shakespeare, Macaulay, Scott, Coleridge, Burns, Goldsmith, and Campbell. — Charles Scribner's Sons have published a very valuable and exhaustive manual for the use of the navy, merchant service, and yachtsmen. The author, E. F. Qualtrough, master, United States Navy, deserves the thanks of every one who takes to salt water for business or for pleasure. The work has evidently been prepared with the greatest care and knowledge. It will be a very experienced sailor who fails to find fresh information between the sea-blue covers of this compact little volume. The book is generously illustrated with diagrams and colored plates, and comprises nearly six hundred pages. — Clark and Maynard's New Manual of General History, by John J. Anderson, Ph. D., promises to be a valuable series of hand-books for high schools and academies. The initial volume of the course treats of ancient history, is fully, though not very skillfully, illustrated, and contains a sensibly arranged index. — The Young Folks' Astronomy, by John D. Champlin, Jr. (Henry Holt & Co.), is an admirable little text-book for beginners, who ought to find it as entertaining as a fairy tale. The same publishers send us Mr. S. H. Scudder's book on Butterflies, an exhaustive study in a department of natural history where Mr. Scudder is *facile princeps*. — Punctuation and other Typographical Matters, for the use of printers, authors, teachers, and scholars, by Marshall T. Bigelow, is a little work which it would be difficult to overpraise. Mr. Bigelow, for a long time a member of the great printing firm of Welch, Bigelow & Co., is an accomplished proof-corrector. The accuracy and elegance which have always characterized the typography of the University Press were in the first instance due to him. There is no work that requires more careful training or a greater number of rare qualifications than proof-reading. Mr. Bigelow's book is a practical treatment of the subject, and enlarges the reading public's obligation to him.

Fiction. Mr. Howells's new volume is a collection of short tales or sketches. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) In addition to the initial story, which gives the book its title (A Fearful Responsibility), it contains Tonelli's Marriage and At the Sign of the Savage, both of which originally appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, one in 1883 and the other in 1877. — Octave Feuillet reached his high-water mark in *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* and in his two volumes of *Proverbes and Comédies*. The History of a Parisienne (T. B. Peter-

son & Bros.) is a sad falling off from those works. The story itself is insignificant, and is poorly told. Feuillet seems to have lost the art which once made his prose delightful. We are speaking of the French text: the translation, as careless as it is, does but little hurt to the original. At the close of his rather reckless narrative the author suddenly takes the attitude of a moralist. Whenever a French novelist claims to have a purpose with a large P, it is safe to assume that he intends to be particularly indecent. — In *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. W. H. Mallock does a great deal to prove that he is not so clever as we thought him. — Baby Rue, the latest issue of the popular No Name Series (Roberts Bros.) is a novel of frontier life thirty or forty years ago, and will satisfy the reader who has a taste for wild adventure and dramatic situation. — Mr. Cable's *Madame Delphini* (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one of those stories of early Creole days in New Orleans which Mr. Cable likes to tell, and tells so charmingly. Time and change have lent to this period a quality of romance which Mr. Cable turns to excellent account. *Madame Delphini*, however, is greatly inferior to *The Grandissimes*, not only in intent but in execution. The author of *Lorimer and Wife* (G. W. Harlan) has written several novelettes which have just missed being clever in plot, though the execution has always fallen far short of cleverness. Of *Lorimer*, who spoiled the gorgeous name of Claire Gascoigne when he married that young lady, there is not much to be said. — The masked author of *Patty's Perversities*, the fourth issue of the Round Robin Series (J. R. Osgood & Co.), tells a bright, light story of a kind that finds favor with summer readers. It is not so good as *A Nameless Nobleman* and *A Lesson in Love*, the first and second novels of this series, which is already a success. — *Once a Year, or the Doctor's Puzzle*, by E. B. S. (Robert Clarke & Co.), is a pleasantly written little tale. On laying down the book, however, one can scarcely help thinking of the mild mineral waters which enter so largely into the composition of the story. — *Mildred's Cadet* (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) is a pointless story of West Point.

History. Mr. John Durand's translation of Taine's *The French Revolution* (Henry Holt & Co.) has reached its second volume. It is too early to speak of the work, though its defects and merits are obvious. It is not necessary to say that the translation is carefully done.

Miscellaneous. There must be persons who consult manuals of dress and millinery, or such elaborate books as *Miss Oakey's Beauty in Dress* (Harper & Bros.) would have no *raison d'être*. If any one expects to find fine writing in works of this class, *Miss Oakey* will not disappoint: for example: "The golden blonde with the roseate skin and the golden blonde with the pale luminous skin must choose their colors differently." — The reader will come across some serviceable hints in Mr. Oakey's *Home Grounds*. (D. Appleton & Co.) The chapters on lawns and grass plots and trees are to be commended to persons who are fortunate enough to have country homes.